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THE NEW YORKER

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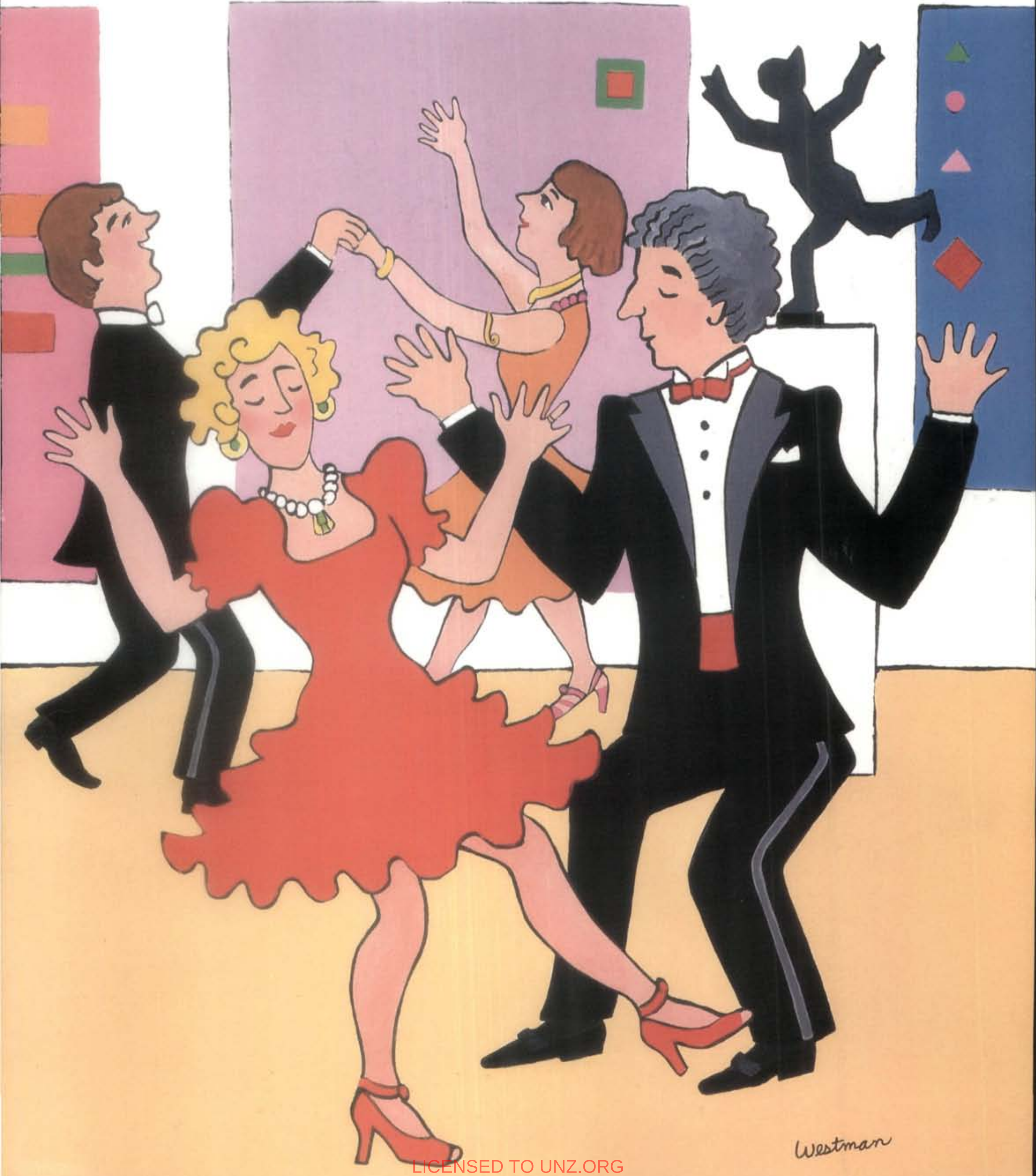

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

NOBODY ever asks us to produce a list of Christmas-book ideas, but if they did Faber and Faber's "The Well-Known Troublemaker" would be right at the very top of it. Published in England last year, and brought out this fall in an American edition, "The Well-Known Troublemaker" is an annotated version of the 1755 memoirs of Colley Cibber's youngest daughter, Charlotte—failed actress, eccentric, and notorious transvestite.

First published in installments under the title "A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Charlotte Charke," the memoir is an *apologia pro vita sua* in the tradition of the one that Charlotte's father—poet laureate, playwright, literary manager of the Drury Lane Theatre (as well as the highest-paid actor in that company), and pillar of the mainstream commercial theatre—had bestowed upon the world. The "Narrative" was also, however, an attempt to forge a reconciliation with Cibber, whom Charlotte had alienated by mocking him publicly (in burlesques by his arch-rival, Henry Fielding), and by openly flouting him. In the dispute (known as the Stage Mutiny of 1733) over who should control the Drury Lane, Charlotte had joined forces now with her brother, now with Fielding, and always against her father. (A lawyer friend of ours would call this a career-limiting gesture.) Unable to get parts at either of London's two legitimate theatres, and perpetually in debt, Charlotte, who had made rather a specialty of playing men's roles when she could get them, disguised herself as a man offstage, partly to avoid bailiffs and creditors and partly, it would seem, out of natural inclination.

"The Well-Known Troublemaker," which Faber and Faber reprints with a chapter of historical background by Fidelis Morgan following each installment, reads like a cross between "Moll Flanders" and "Twelfth Night." It confirms Brigid Brophy's statement that "the two most fascinating subjects in the universe are sex and the Eighteenth Century."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Art of Success—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 comedy by Nick Dear. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Baba Goya—Estelle Parsons and her daughter Martha Gehman in a revival of Steve Tesich's 1973 comedy. Opens Dec. 5 at 8, and runs through Dec. 10. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second play of the season is SUNSHINE, by William Mastrosimone. John Dossett, Jordan Mott, and Jennifer Jason Leigh make up the cast, which is directed by Marshall W. Mason. Previews begin Dec. 6. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

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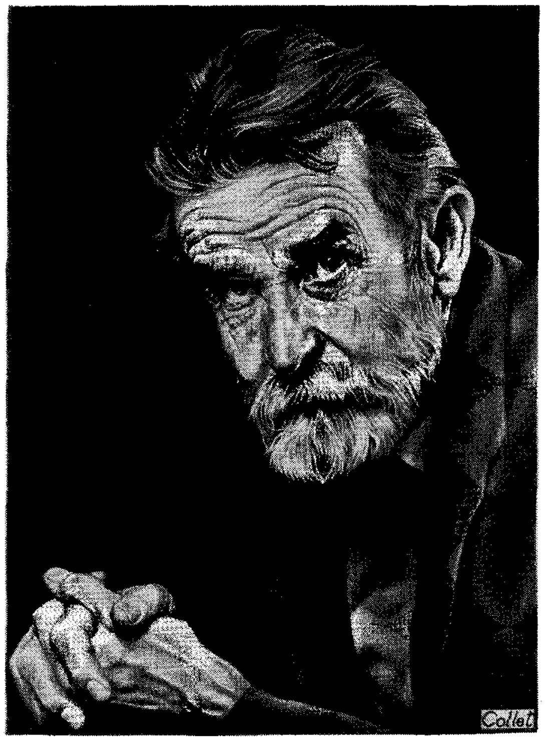
City of Angels—James Naughton and Gregg Edelman in a musical comedy by Larry Gelbart (book), Cy Coleman (score), and David Zippel (lyrics). Directed by Michael Blakemore. Previews through Dec. 10. Opens Dec. 11 at 6:30. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Georg Osterman's version of the strange case, presented by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. With Mr. Osterman, Everett Quinton, and Eureka, among others. Preview Dec. 6. Opens Dec. 7 at 8. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)



Athol Fugard

Lambs Theatre Company—The sixth annual presentation of THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI, a musical adapted from two O. Henry short stories. Opens Dec. 7 at 7, and runs through Dec. 31. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Machinal—A play by Sophie Treadwell, presented by the theatre company known as Naked Angels. With Jodie Markell; directed by Michael Grief. Previews Dec. 5-6. Opens Dec. 7 at 8, and runs through Dec. 19. (The Space, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0020.)

The Merchant of Venice—Dustin Hoffman heads the cast of this production imported from London's West End and directed by Sir Peter Hall. Among the other players are Geraldine James, Leigh Lawson, and Nathaniel Parker. In previews. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

My Children! My Africa!—John Kani, Courtney B. Vance, and Lisa Fugard in the American première of a play written and directed by Athol Fugard. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. In previews. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

Progress—A comedy by British playwright Doug Lucie. Previews through Dec. 9. Opens Dec. 10 at 7. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

Romance in Hard Times—Lillias White and Cleavant Derricks star in William Finn's musical, which is set in a nineteen-thirties soup kitchen. Previews through Dec. 10. Opens Dec. 12 at 6:45. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Tenth Man—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's 1959 play, directed by Ulu Grosbard. The large cast includes Phoebe Cates, Bob Dishy, and Jack Weston. Previews through Dec. 9. Opens Dec. 10 at 6:30. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Tru—Robert Morse in a one-man play about Truman Capote, written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. In previews. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Up Against It—A musical based on a screenplay that Joe Orton wrote for the Beatles in 1967. Adapted by Tom Ross, with music and lyrics by Todd Rundgren. Philip Casnoff, Roger Bart, Alison Fraser, and Toni DiBuono have the leads. Opens Dec. 4 at 6:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Artist Descending a Staircase—A play by Tom Stoppard, with Harold Gould, John McMartin, Paxton Whitehead, and Stephanie Roth. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Away Alone—Recent illegal Irish immigrants are the subject of a play by Janet Noble. With Bronagh Murphy and Michael Healy. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Dec. 23.)

Bradley and **Beth**—Two one-acts by Steven Sater, which are part of "Carbondale Dreams," a five-play series about an American Jewish family. With Jeffrey Bender, Anita Keal, James Lish, and Cheryl Thornton. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Briar Patch—A new play by Deborah Pryor about a rural-Virginia housewife (Elizabeth Berridge), her lover (William Ragsdale), and her jealous husband (Victor Slezak). (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes Dec. 16.)

A Bronx Tale—A one-man play about growing up on Arthur Avenue and 187th Street. Written and performed by Chazz Palminteri. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Chris Durang & Dawne—Mr. Durang and company play Tuesdays through Thursdays at 10:30. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Closer Than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. That there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

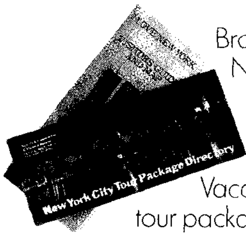
Feast Here Tonight—A musical by Ken and Daniel Jenkins, which is set in a small Kentucky town. The cast includes two bluegrass musicians, Don Brooks and Kenny Kosek. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues like justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful

No other city has so much character.



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—the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be the happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway: you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Hyde in Hollywood—An endless melodrama about the tribulations of a homosexual movie star, among them the presence of a vindictive gossip columnist. With Robert Joy, Keith Szarabajka, and Julie Boyd. Peter Parnell wrote the play. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 10.)

Kate's Diary—A comedy by Kathleen Tolan, with Lizbeth Mackay. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Lisbon Traviata—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Lotto—A comedy by Glenn O'Brien, directed by Carlos Almada. The cast includes Bill Rice, Thomas Voth, Chris Kapp, and Jenny Lumet. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Dec. 17.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with Nancy Marchand and Fritz Weaver Dec. 5-10, and with Kate Nelligan and David Dukes starting Dec. 12. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

Mastergate—Larry Gelbart's comedy, which takes off from the Iran-Contra hearings, doesn't quite achieve satire, but it does make for quite a lot of good jokes. The performance, under Michael Engler's direction, is excellent. (10/23/89) (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Mountain Language and **The Birthday Party**—This Pinter double bill, directed by Carey Perloff, offers a chance to see the much lionized British playwright as it should be produced. The first play is an American première, the second a revival of the production CSC presented last year, with one notable cast change—Jean Stapleton in the role of Meg. The actors, with the exception of Peter Riegert, are all superb, particularly Miss Stapleton and David Strathairn, who give brilliantly complex performances. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Dec. 23.)

Oh, Hell—A double bill consisting of Shel Silverstein's "The Devil and Billy Markham" and David Mamet's "Bobby Gould in Hell." With Dennis Locorriere in the Silverstein work and Treat Williams in the Mamet; both directed by Gregory Mosher. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Orpheus Descending—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Closes Dec. 17.)

Richard III—Austin Pendleton has the title role in this production by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (West-Park Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 86th St. Closes Dec. 10. For information about tickets, call 877-6810.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the poems of Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

Strawberry Fields—A revival of Stephen Poliakoff's play, with Mary McCann and Neil Pepe. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 529-1646. Closes Dec. 10.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Tempest—As an experiment, the English director Jude Kelly has staged the play as if it had been written yesterday, but without skimping on any of its eloquence. Frank Langella is Prospero and B. D. Wong Ariel. (11/27/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Dec. 17.)

3 Penny Opera—Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's savage fable of bourgeois capitalism packaged as a vehicle for a rock star. Were it not for the casting of Sting in the role of Macheath, John Dexter's revival would be exactly like a school production. (11/20/89) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

The Three Sisters—The Pearl Theatre's production of Chekhov's play. With Joanne Camp as Masha, Laura Rathgeb as Irina, and Donnah Welby as Olga. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Dec. 10.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting a slightly updated version of Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Dec 7-9 at 8 and Dec. 10 at 2.)

The Widow's Blind Date—Israel Horovitz's very well-written recent play tells a story about two men and a woman in their mid-thirties who are former high-school classmates, and about an act of brutal violence that took place many years before and involved all of them. This moderately interesting tale is very well played by Christine Estabrook, Tom Bloom, and Paul O'Brien, but the men are bores. Mr. Horovitz directed. (11/20/89) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

EAST MEETS WEST

We've noticed recently that bandannas are back. And if the spring fashion collections are any indication veils will soon be upon us, too. Exotic head coverings are seen most commonly on people going to exercise class these days, and exercise class itself is changing (Goodbye, aerobics! So long, free weights!) to accommodate instruction in another comeback fad—the belly-dancing wave that has swept Europe and is starting to wash up on our shores. We had a happy thought: with all the talk lately about defense cuts, maybe these shimmyings will become the nineties' preferred form of navel maneuvers.

The Witch—Benjamin Zemach is the director and author of an adaptation of the century-old musical folktale by Abraham Goldfadn. A cast of eleven includes Emily Loesser, Daniel Neiden, and Priscilla Quinby. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667. Closes Dec. 10.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, and Tovah Feldshuh are among the members of the splendid cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **ONLY KIDDING!:** Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Mercedes Ruehl plays his adversary (with a difference). With Scotty Bloch, Arch Johnson, and James Murtaugh. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. The play moves to the Ethel Barrymore on Dec. 13; its last performance at the Broadhurst is Dec. 10. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

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DANCE

SUPPOSE a curious youngster wanted to see with his or her own eyes whether the Bolshoi and the Kirov have really declined from the standards of twenty and thirty years ago, as American critics have observed. With all the new Russian ballet videotapes, some of which have been issued just in time for Christmas, you'd think that time-travel comparisons would be easy. But no. Too often, we're comparing apples and oranges—or apple cores and orange rinds.

Consider the Kirov. (We'll take up the Bolshoi next week.) On tape, ballerinas of Makarova's generation and earlier are strangers to us. True, one can now buy Irina Kolpakova's performance in the evening-length version of "The Sleeping Beauty" and test it out against one's impressions of the Kirov's various younger Auroras from the United States tour this year. But the Thorn EMI tape shows Kolpakova in 1983, when she was in her late forties. Kultur's "The Magic of the Kirov Ballet," an anthology of divertissements from the nineteen-seventies and eighties, includes a more vivid Kolpakova, from 1976, in "Beauty" excerpts. (Her partner is Yuri Soloviev—a legendary classicist of Baryshnikov's generation—of whom there is very little film in the West.) Better, but not ideal. And how about the Aurora of the great *young* Alla Sizova? The Soviets made a film of her in "Beauty" in 1964, which cannot be seen even at the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. There is one Sizova performance on tape in V.I.E.W. Video's "Kirov Ballet: Classic Ballet Night." She dances the ballerina role in "La Vivandière," and she's still enchanting, even though the footage, undated, seems to be from the nineteen-eighties, long after her reputedly debilitating back injury. The current generation is not well served, either. No one has yet brought out a tape of Altynai Asylmuratova in a leading role. At the moment, the only valuable Asylmuratova footage available is her ravishing Street Dancer on Kultur's evening-length "Don Quixote." That 1988 tape is a good example of what the Kirov, under its current director, Oleg Vinogradov, can and cannot do.

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 5-7 at 6; Dec. 8 at 8; Dec. 9 at 2 and 8; Dec. 10 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 12-13 at 6. The company's season will continue through Feb. 25.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Dec. 31. Dec. 6 at 7:30: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Sarong Paramaribo" (company première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Streams," "Reflections in D," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: "Landscape," "Shards," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2: "Streams," "Reflections in D," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Shards," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3: "Landscape," "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Reflections in D," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: "Landscape," "Episodes" (American première), and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Zenon Dance—A Minneapolis company, also known as Jazzdance, directed by Linda Z. Andrews and Danny Buraczeski. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 5 at 7:30; Dec. 6-8 at 8; Dec. 9 at 2 and 8; and Dec. 10 at 2 and 7:30.)

Stephan Koplowitz and Company—Presenting the New York première of "I Met Someone," and other works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 7-9 at 8, and Dec. 10 at 3.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Presenting a program that includes premières of works by Gerri Houlihan, Genia Melikova, and Doug Varone. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Dec. 8-9 and Dec. 11 at 8, and Dec. 10 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

IT took the Innocence Mission seven years to come from out of nowhere. "We really had no idea how it was done," the singer, songwriter, and keyboardist Karen Peris explained recently, adding that in the rather improbable pop breeding ground of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a career in music used to seem "like something from a different planet." Still, the group's self-titled album, which came into our possession a few months back and hasn't left it since, is an exquisite début run through with murmurs of the Cocteau Twins and Kate Bush. The Innocence Mission, which will perform at the Knitting Factory on the tenth and at Maxwell's on the fifteenth, is led by Ms. Peris and her husband and co-writer, the guitarist Don Peris. The group's style of instrumentation is not unfamiliar: chiming acoustic guitars, airy synthesizers, far-off backing vocals. Ms. Peris, however, has a gorgeous, breathy voice, and her lyrics—nineteenth-centuryish ruminations on themes like faith and the family—have pretty much upended pop's priorities. The Innocence Mission has been playing in the Lancaster area since 1982, and even then, it seems, was taking a lot of people by surprise. "We've played some places where the audience was expecting something a little more hard-core," the soft-spoken twenty-six-year-old Ms. Peris told us. "But that just made us want to win them over. Even in the biker bars they were very polite."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; *it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.*)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of cabaret singer **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** who is appearing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen. At eleven-fifteen, **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** picks up the microphone, with **BILL MAYS** (piano) and **STEVE LA SPINA** (bass) accompanying. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. The pianist, composer, and crossover king **CHICK COREA** leads a group here Dec. 5-10; and **PHYLLIS HYMAN,** a singer whose shows usually include some mugging and whistling, starts up on Dec. 12. Music from nine. Dining.

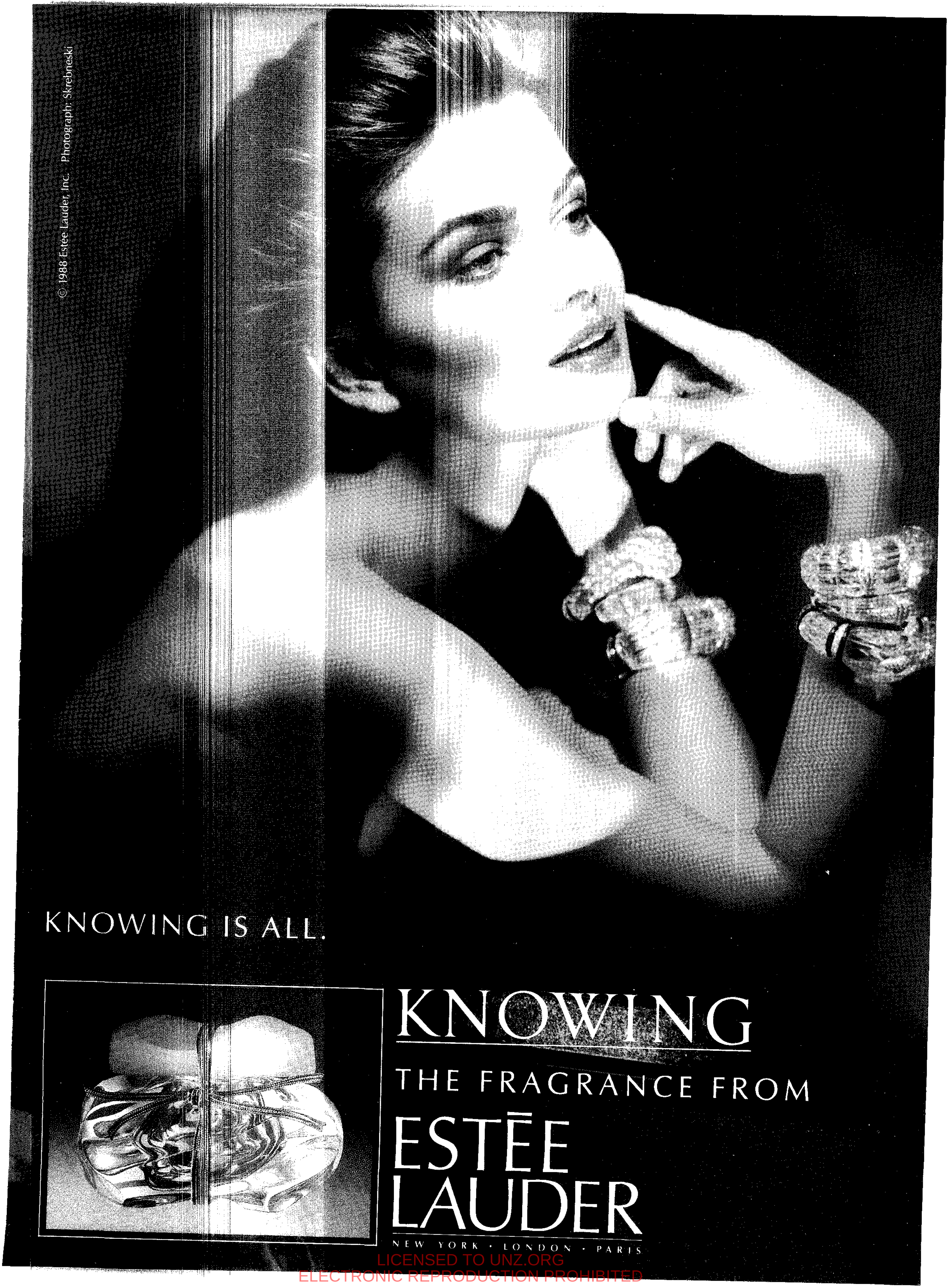
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and, on Dec. 8, followers of **JOAN BAEZ,** whose thirty-second album, "Speaking of Dreams," includes news from China and El Salvador, as well as collaborations with Paul Simon, Jackson Browne, and the Gipsy Kings. Dec. 9 belongs to **CHRISTINE LAVIN,** a quirky, woe-is-me folksinger whose love life can't possibly be as bad as she'd have us believe. Singer-guitarist **DOC WATSON** comes in on Dec. 10; and **TOWER OF POWER** begins a four-day stand on Dec. 11. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** claims the piano through Dec. 9, with **CECIL MC BEE** on bass. The piano-bass team of **MULGREW MILLER** and **RAY DRUMMOND** takes over Dec. 11. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Pretty much everything about this jazz room is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Pianist **HANK JONES,** of the famous Pontiac, Michigan, Joneses (*he's the brother of Elvin and the late* Thad), is appearing Dec. 5-10. The pianists **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** bring in their trios starting Dec. 12. Music from nine-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Once, after a show at Lincoln Center, **BOBBY SHORT** was asked why the crowd seemed a little cold and he replied, 'Sober, honey.' Visitors to the Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, will be under Mr. Short's influence through the end of this month. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and



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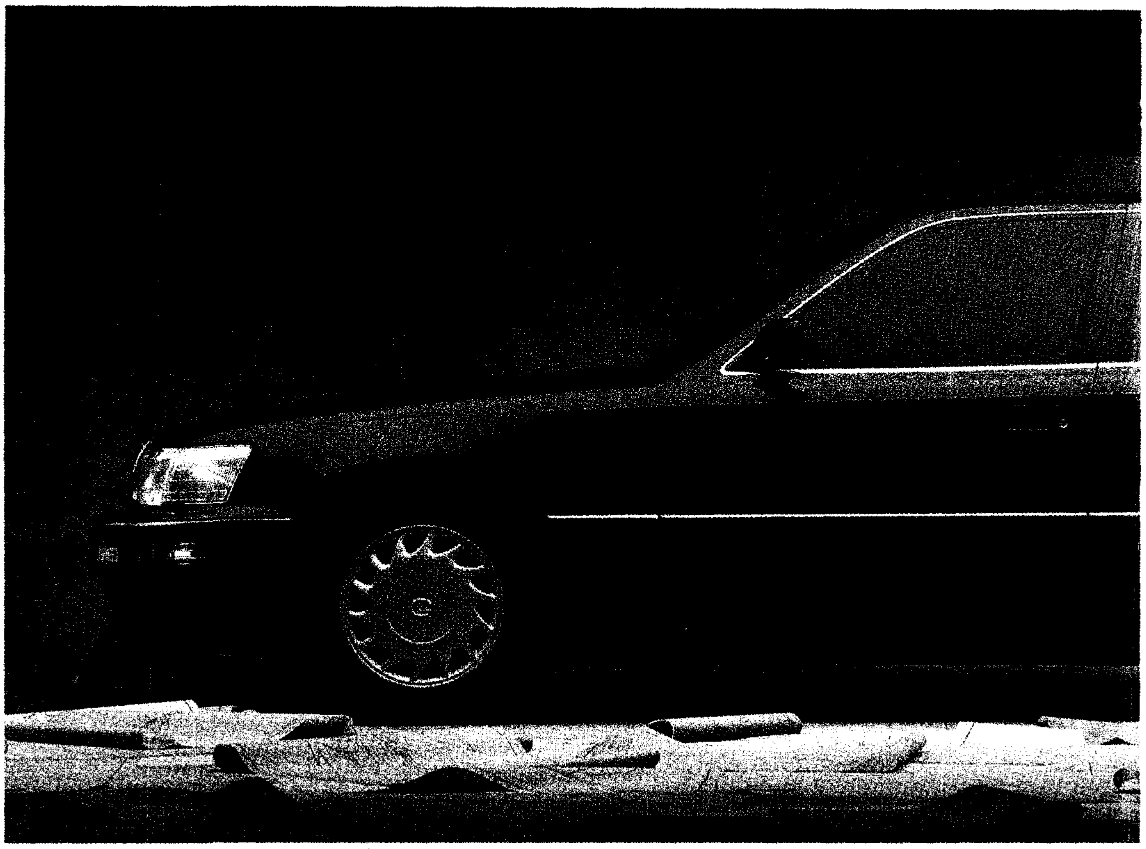

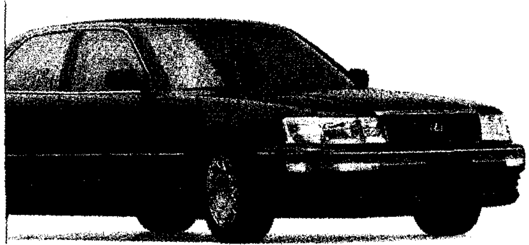

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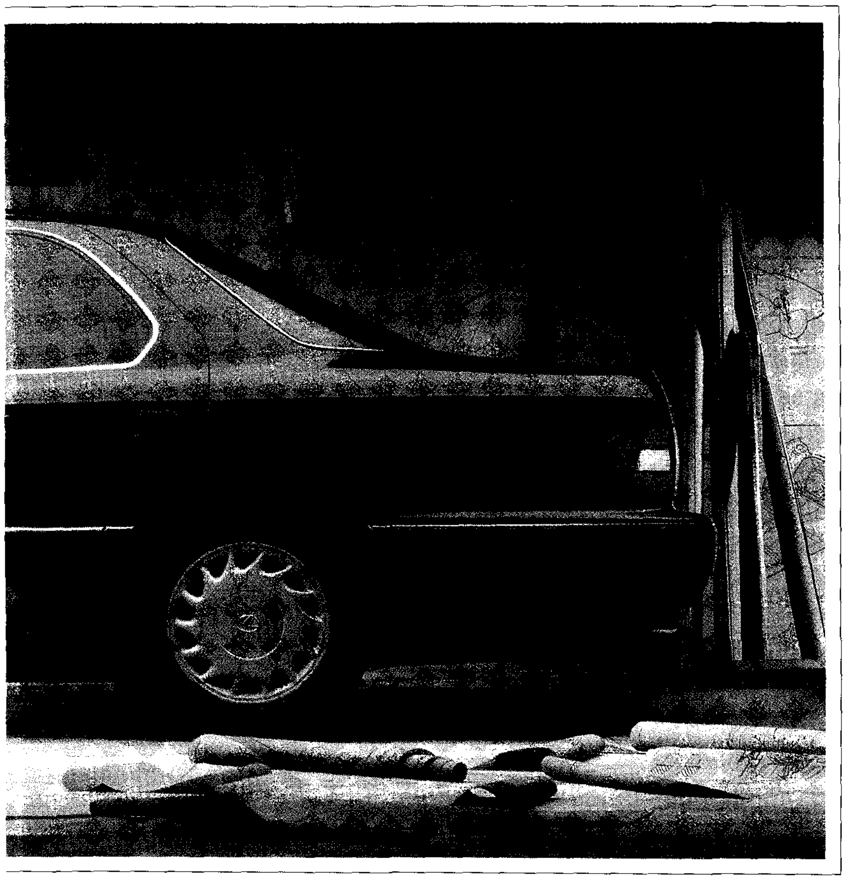

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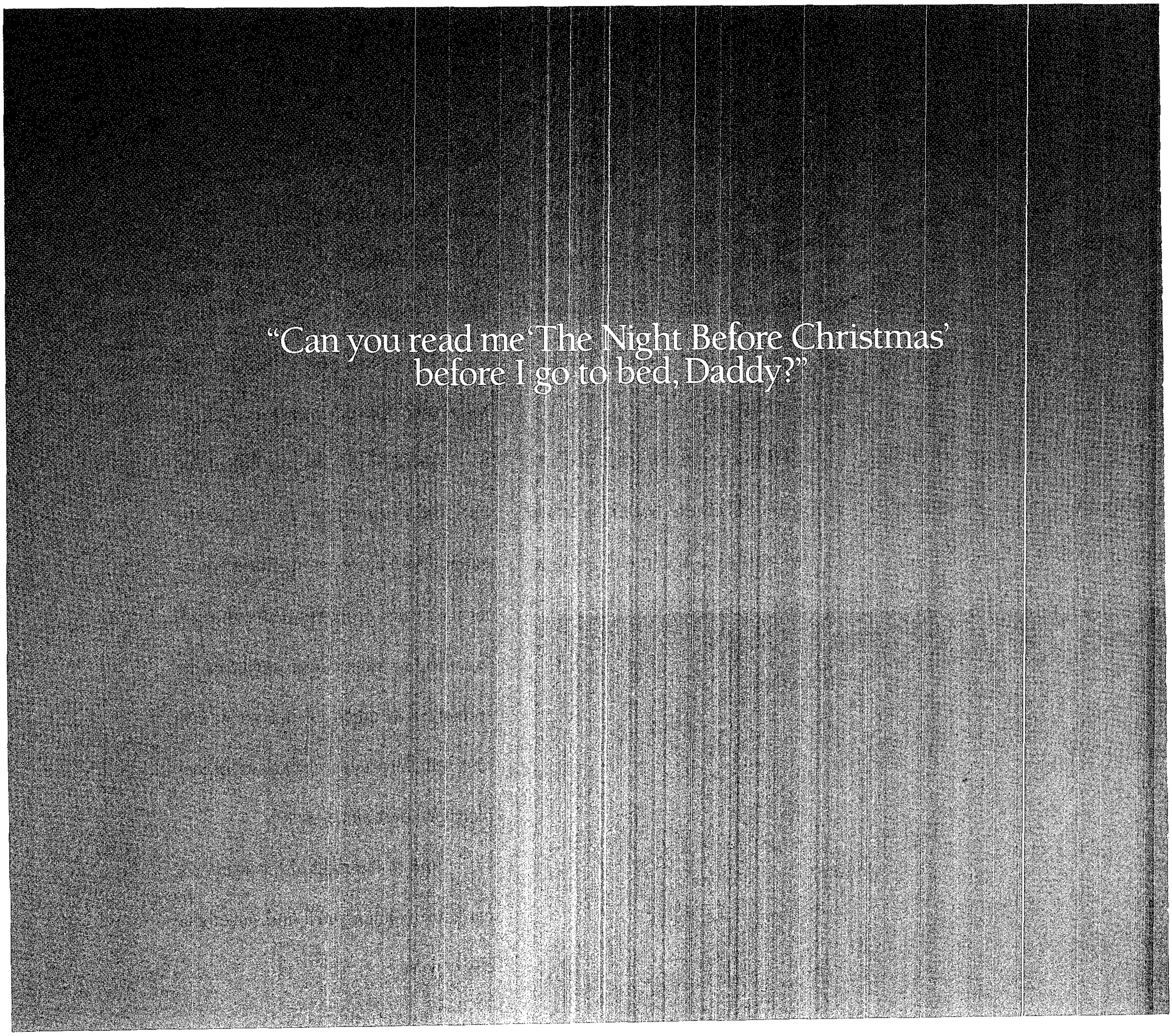
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cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these gatherings; on Dec. 10, it brings in the Jorge Anders band. Music from eight.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and a bartender who, on a recent evening, was sporting a T-shirt that read "Die, Yuppie Scum." The Dragsters perform on Dec. 7, the Waldos on Dec. 8, and the Funky Knights on Dec. 9. Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesdays at ten, and Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven. Dining.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed hubcap-awninged, soul-food serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, R. & B. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

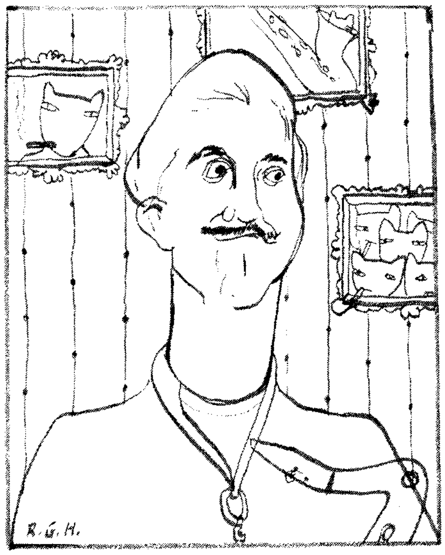
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** the breathy First Lady of bossa nova, is in residence here Dec. 5-10; and, as of Dec. 12, the floor belongs to a quintet led by **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a saxophonist about whom an article entitled "Scott Hamilton Grew Up in the '70s but Swing's His Thing" was once written. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL,** who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—The kind of classy place where no sooner do they give you a plate than they take it away. Fortune Garden is decorated for a greenhouse effect, and the priorities here are Chinese food, hanging plants, and jazz. Trumpeter and flugelhorn player **CLARK TERRY** will be here with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** and guitarist **MARK ELF** through Dec. 8; pianist Ted Rosenthal and bassist John Goldsby are at work Dec. 9-11; and **DOROTHY DONEGAN,** whose performances are a foot-stomping, whirligig display of Art Tatum-style piano, begins a week-long gig on Dec. 12. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The schedule: Jon Weiss on Dec. 7; the Judy Barnett quartet on Dec. 8; Ken Peplowski on Dec. 9; Kent Raine on Dec. 10; Dick Hyman on Dec. 11; Spike Robinson and Jack Van Pol on Dec. 12; and Mike Renzi on Dec. 13. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** author of "Judy Carmichael's Complete Book of Stride Piano," begins an engagement here on Dec. 12. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music and performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer; up front is a small stage, occupied by Miracle Room on Dec. 8, and on Dec. 10 by the **INNOCENCE MISSION,** who will have a seven-o'clock show. Music ordinarily starts up after nine.



Scott Hamilton at Fat Tuesday's

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. The Roadhouse is now the only Lone Star in town, and a bleary-eyed patron here was recently heard remarking, "I don't know about you people, but I'm feeling a lot of love in this room." The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET** will be here Dec. 6-7; **NILS LOFGREN,** a Chicago-born guitarist who was Neil Young's sidekick during the Crazy Horse years, performs on Dec. 8; and Dec. 9 belongs to **BLUE RODEO,** a country-rock collective from Toronto that's one part rough-and-ready and one part shiny-smooth. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory may give them a boost.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A new, shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. **DEBBIE SHAPIRO,** who recently snagged a Tony for her work in "Jerome Robbins' Broadway," finishes up on Dec. 9; **LORNA LUFT** will be in residence as of Dec. 12. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

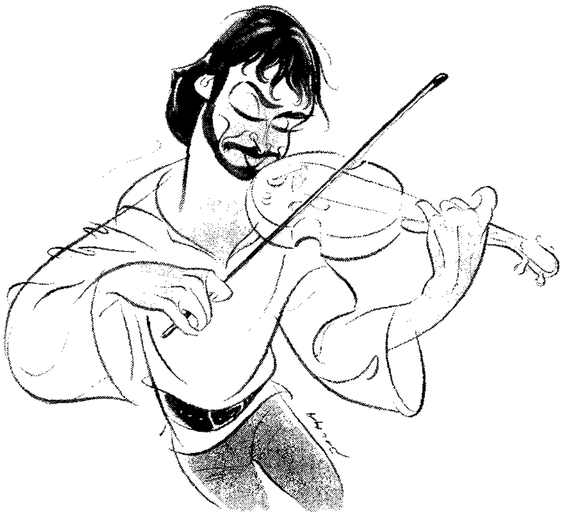
Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. The French violinist **JEAN-LUC PONTY** makes a stand here Dec. 6-7. Ponty, who likes to soup up his violin with electronic effects, has a varied résumé—he did a stint with Frank Zappa in the early seventies—but he's chiefly known as a jazz-rocker. Dec. 9 belongs to Electric Hot Tuna; on Dec. 13, **KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS** offer their cosmopolitan hybrid of Latin, funk, rap, calypso, and more. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds above the stage—and perhaps the city's most international booking policy: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. There's salsa Dec. 6-7, with **EDDIE PALMIERI;** soca (soul-calypso) Dec. 8-9, with **ARROW;** Brazilian pop on Dec. 12, with Belchoir; and samba on Dec. 13, with **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the South African pianist, flutist, and saxophonist, kicks off a two-week engagement here on Dec. 5. He and his band, **EKAYA,** will serve up a stirring blend of swing, soul, and gospel. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A thirty-three-year-old three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded gentleman named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. **DR. JOHN,** the gravel-voiced son of an appliance-store owner, works out in the mess-hall-size basement Dec. 8-9. Tenor-sax man **BENNY GOLSON,** who has performed with everyone from Benny Goodman to Miles Davis and who has penned his share of jazz standards ("I Remember Clifford," for instance), steps in on Dec. 11 at eight-fifteen with the N.Y.U. Concert Jazz Ensemble. The program includes works by Mr. Golson and by N.Y.U. faculty members. Back upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, **JOHN HICKS** is at the piano beginning Dec. 5. On Tuesdays, he trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten. At the Top of the Gate, **L.A. WALDEN,** a pop-style singer whose backing band is an Apple computer, performs on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9. Ms. Walden has a sweet, "Send in the Clowns" sort of voice, but her material is rather schmaltzy and all that high-tech computer backing can make her seem like someone with a really expensive Mr. Microphone.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the late Max Gordon, and that Mr. Gordon, who was a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. The alto saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON** leads a quintet Dec. 5-10, and a foursome led by saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS**—son of Ellis, brother of Wynton, worked with Miles, worked with Sting—begins work on Dec. 12. Mondays, as always, are in the able hands of drumming luminary **MEL LEWIS** and his seventeen-piece jazz orchestra. Music starts at ten.



Jean-Luc Ponty at the Ritz

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

PARTY promoters often sneer about how New Yorkers will go anywhere for an open bar. It is more heartening to know that they will also go anywhere for a good cause. On Saturday, November 18, the obstacles to such a party in the financial district were formidable. It was the first tie-a-scarf-around-your-face-and-don't-go-out-without-a-hat night of the season. The wind racing through the downtown site was capable of fast-freezing any as-yet-unclimatized thin blood cowering under a fading suntan. It was the perfect night to nuke some popcorn and curl up in front of a Duraflame. Instead, more than a thousand people dug out their gloves and hailed taxis (and then, in some cases, walked a brutal six blocks: the address on the invitation was confusing) to the spectacular but rarely used United States Custom House for one more party to raise money to fight AIDS.

There was no special lure to get them to come to so inconvenient a place. Elizabeth Taylor wasn't making an appearance. In fact, the small organization that had worked for months to create this event, New York Forward Action, was virtually unknown outside the circle of people who attended. Almost everyone there had lost too long a list of friends, coworkers, lovers, or relatives to the disease. The party was called Decade. Everyone agreed it was the toughest one they had ever lived through. The evening, however, was not for reminiscing but for partying. "Everyone here is aware of the significance of the name without having to belabor it," said one sweaty guest. "You can still dance and care. You have to dance and care." And so both activities went on until about 6 A.M., when one of the guests walked outside and wondered how hard it would be to take down the party banner affixed to the building and wrap it round himself for warmth. When his friends refused to boost him up to unhook it, he shivered, and then looked up and said, "Oh, well, I didn't want to be wrapped up in this decade, anyway. I'll wait for the new one. It can't get any colder, and it can't get any worse. I hope." We do, too.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

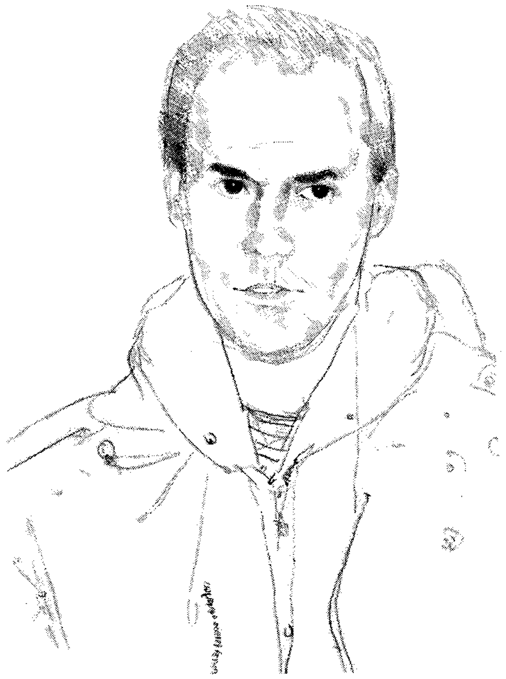
Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes, of course) continue through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—Projecting images onto the exterior of the Whitney Museum, as part of the "Image World: Art and Media Culture" exhibit. (Madison Ave. at 75th St. Dec. 11-12 from 5:30 to 9:30 P.M.)

Dancenoise—In "Wonderful Life," a performance work inspired by the holiday season. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 7-9 at 10. Through Dec. 16.)

"White Man Fever"—A performance work by Louise Smith. (Ethnic Folk Arts Center, 179 Varick St. 691-5788. Dec. 9-11 at 8:30.)



Self-portrait by Richard Prince

ART

WHEN the robber baron Henry Clay Frick was assembling his collection almost a century ago, the outlaw Caravaggio was not perceived as a painter of quality. Nor was George Stubbs, though his immaculate portraits of the horses, dogs, grooms, and grounds of the eighteenth-century English gentry surely earn him the title of proto-capitalist tool. Both of these artists were napping through a stretch of history when Frick acquired his Gainsborough socialites and lascivious gods by Veronese. Now, however, and until mid-January, the Frick Collection is extending a welcome to this once forgotten, unmatched pair. The occasion is an exhibition titled "In Pursuit of Quality: Twenty-Five Years of Collecting Old Masters," which consists of seventeen uncommonly good paintings on loan from Fort Worth's celebrated Kimbell Art Museum. Though the Kimbell has great twentieth-century holdings, only works from the fifteenth through eighteenth centuries were sent on this visit, in order to complement the strengths of the Frick. Works by Fra Angelico, Domenichino, Georges de La Tour, Louis (or his brother Antoine) Le Nain, Poussin, Tiepolo, Chardin, and Goya, among others, are thus included.

Unlike the Frick, the Kimbell is an active collector, and is surpassed only by the Getty in buying power. All but a few of the Kimbell paintings on view, for instance, were acquired in the last seven or eight years. Several very unresounding anniversary dates are given as reasons for this show, but the main point seems to be to make New Yorkers feel lucky and pampered around holiday time—while two rather grand, copacetic curators happily show off. These paintings, installed in the skylighted Garden Court, look amazingly young and vital. In particular, you might note the expressions on the faces of "Brutus and Portia," an unusual little work (circa 1490) by Ercole Roberti; the sexy stuff in the clouds in the wild blue-and-rose "Venus and Adonis," by Poussin; and the drop-dead elegance of Goya's "The Matador Pedro Romero." Our favorite single moment is from Murillo's "Four Figures on a Step" (circa 1655-60): the woman on the right seems to be wearing Philip Johnson's thick, round "Corbu" glasses.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

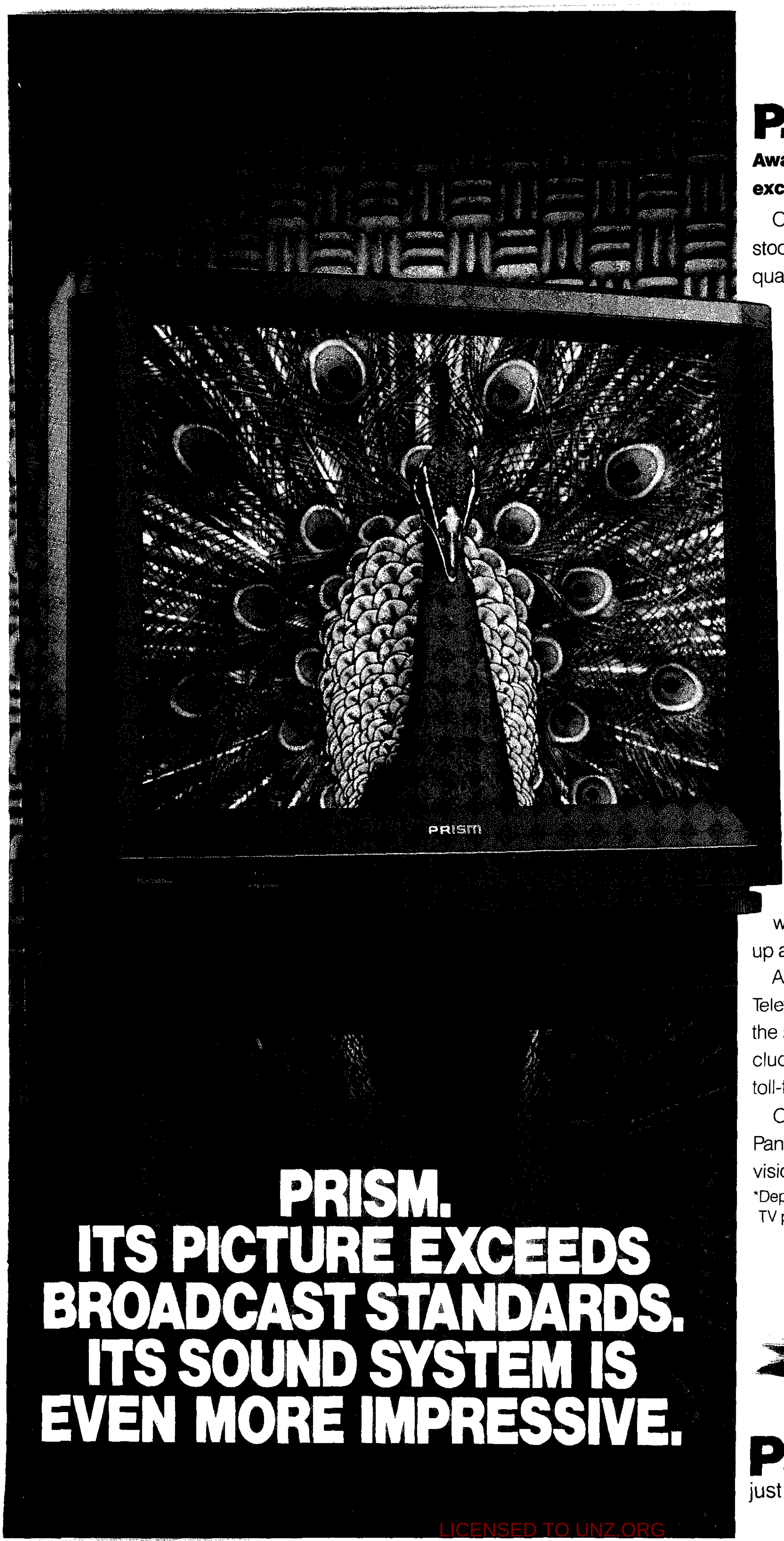
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical, dark and moody view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Bonnard's graphic work includes his designs for advertisements, theatre programs, and book jackets. Also, illustrated books, drawings, and so on. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars." Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural *duty*, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum will be closed until Dec. 12, the day a show of works by Jenny Holzer will open. On Dec. 15, a dozen Mondrian paintings will go on view in a display of works from the permanent collection. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In his best paintings, Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975), chronicler of rural American life between the wars, created a swirling space on the verge of being sucked in, like a mannerist composition gone tilt-a-whirl. When Benton strayed into depictions of mythology (a sleeping Persephone ogled by a lecherous farmer) and Nazi-baiting (lots of fire-and-brimstone gore), the results were pure kitsch. There is more significance in the drooping eyelid of an old and poor black laborer named Aaron than in all the symbolism of "Susanna and the Elders"; Benton was truest to his vision when depicting hunger—physical and otherwise. His scenes gained force in the panoramic views of American labor, arts, and life in his murals, three of which are on view at the Whitney's branch at the Equitable Center (787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St.). Through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of seventy costumes from three turn-of-the-century Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ The



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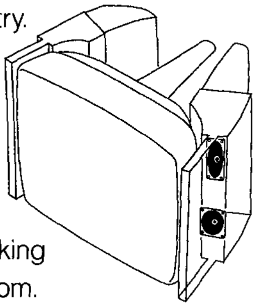

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twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme "projects and portfolios," which allows for some organizational creativity. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On view in the Akeley Gallery are fifteen paintings by Francis Lee Jaques (1887-1969) that originally illustrated a reference work, "Oceanic Birds of South America," published by the museum. These renderings, of a "Wandering Albatross," say, or of some "Blue-Footed Boobies with Turkey Vulture in Flight," are sometimes strong and always charming. Jaques's realistic Romanticism can also be found in more than half the dioramas in the building. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, and prints by fifty-three contemporary artists. The Academy-Institute will buy a selection of the works and donate them to various museums throughout the country. Through Dec. 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Paintings on loan from the Kimbell Art Museum. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, recorded music, and all the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge University, is an epicure's delight. One of the world's best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliam covers a lot of bases, and objects ranging from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch by the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currently on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famous Pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England" is included, along with a charming rococo genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérard and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There are a pair of lovely watercolors by Turner, two dramatic and typical "Death" themes by Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of two male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis de Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor by J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Norfolk." The scene-stealer might just be the almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "Hen and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at the Chelsea factory around 1755—but there's plenty of strong competition. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Giacomo Balla (1871-1958)—This show displays the Italian Futurist at his swirling, mobile best, with exquisite drawings, made in the teens, of pure dynamic motion, including a number of Boccioni's herculean fist, and product designs for a lampshade and a screen. Even the artist's "futur Balla" trademark signature, which appears on a number of the works, has a superhero forcefulness. Through Dec. 16. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

The Italian Presence in American Art, 1860-1920—Most of the paintings of Italian subjects in this exhibition are terribly staid, prosaic, predictable. There are a couple of Pre-Raphaelitic chortles, however, to be had. There is also a quite beautiful painting by Thomas Moran, titled "Morning, Outskirts of Venice," and six paintings by an American weirdo, Elihu Vedder, that are very, very good in their way. Through Dec. 29. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

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Short List—**glenn goldberg,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Jan. 4); **robert m. kulicke,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 21); **henri matisse,** La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (through Dec. 16); **raphael soyer,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave. (through Jan. 4).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gino De Domenicis—The maverick De Domenicis, based in Rome, is obsessed with phenomenology—death, the ephemeral, the perceptual, the literal, the immortal. In the artist's first American show, we find a human skeleton on its back, with roller skates on its feet and a huge, pointy-tipped steel cylinder hovering above one finger. It is presided over by a bizarre relief figure—part Cyclops, part Pinocchio, part Tinker Bell—painted black, yellow, and purple. There are also some beautiful neoclassical drawings (Madonnas, an "Urvasi e Ghilgamesh") of various sizes executed on tempera-primed black grounds or on plain wood, one spotlighted—dramatically, with halogen—for extra effect. Through Jan. 10. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nicola De Maria—Titled "Testa di Fuoco, Spirito Bianco, Musica Interna" ("Head of Fire, White Spirit, Internal Music"), this gorgeous installation relies on the artist's intense and pristine sense of color. De Maria's individual abstract paintings here are of a piece with his sumptuous treatment of the gallery walls. The colors themselves are inspired by Giotto by way of Raoul Dufy. The content of the work, for all its spiritual grandeur, which Giotto perhaps inspired as well, can easily be taken as sublimely decorative entertainment. Through Dec. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—Thirty paintings by an artist whose abiding interests seem to have been progressive politics and curvaceous women but whose sense of composition intercepted the possibility of knee-jerk reaction or bathos. Through Dec. 16. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jan Fabre—Like Yves Klein, Fabre, too, has his blue. It's BIC-pen blue that permeates everything on view here. The exhibition consists of two big, vaultlike chambers that might be used as a form of tranquillity therapy, BIC-ink-blotch drawings that suggest Rorschach-style insects, two busts of the artist's dandyish great-grandfather—a botanical illustrator—and four manically scribbled-upon photographs whose underlying images are of salamanders and bats. Fabre, known also for his neo-symbolist choreography, has always been a bit silly. Through Dec. 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly / Jack Barth—Kelly's paintings—shaped canvases of rectangles elegantly paired with ones of curves—at first seem to lack the precision usually associated with the artist. But the farther away from them one gets—in space and in time—the better they look. / Using a draftsman's exactitude and a dreamer's romanticism, this painter creates desert landscapes and secular ascensions by vertically layering chains of bridges, aqueducts, terraces, and trees that are lifted from Central Park's Bethesda Terrace but that are miles away from it in spirit. Through Dec. 9. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—A fun exhibition of works by a likable and flashy painter whose strong period flavor has recently come back in vogue. Kuhn was never a particularly interesting artist, but he had a flair for hot, saturated color and an eye for clowns and Spanish-looking dancers—so who cares? Through Dec. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—The most intriguing work in a focussed selection is a dark and perplexing painting, by Troy Brauntuch, of the slaughter of a boar. Leaning against the wall opposite it are ten of the twenty-five very elegant etched granite panels by Matt Mullican that are part of his ever-compelling project "The City" and that were originally created as a floor. Also included are some handsome photographs by James Welling of details of the architect H. H. Richardson's works. Through Dec. 29. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**claudio bravo,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **eduardo chillida,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **robert greene,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **conrad marca-relli,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 9); **denny moers,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **grandma moses,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13); **dennis oppenheim** and **gordon matta-clark,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **giuseppe penone,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **charles pollock,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 9); **dorothea rockburne,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **julian schnabel,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **turku trajan,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 6).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Albers—Beautiful paintings of precisely rendered microscopic organisms floating in space with their tendrilous roots hanging down. Each work is paired with a cosmic pentimenti-filled painting suggesting chemical diagrams. Through Dec. 13. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Miquel Barceló—Two shows. Sketchbook drawings done in Mali; they have a touching immediacy and reveal a sensitive hand. . . . ¶ When the work gets big and ambitious, as in his paintings, the artist reveals himself to be a Johnny-one-note, portraying flies and snowy rocks. Through Dec. 21. (Castelli, 578 Broadway and at 420 West Broadway.)

John Beerman—Presentable luminist views of the desert, with tufts of dry growth and lots of pregnant clouds. Through Dec. 16. (Lorence Monk, 578 Broadway.)

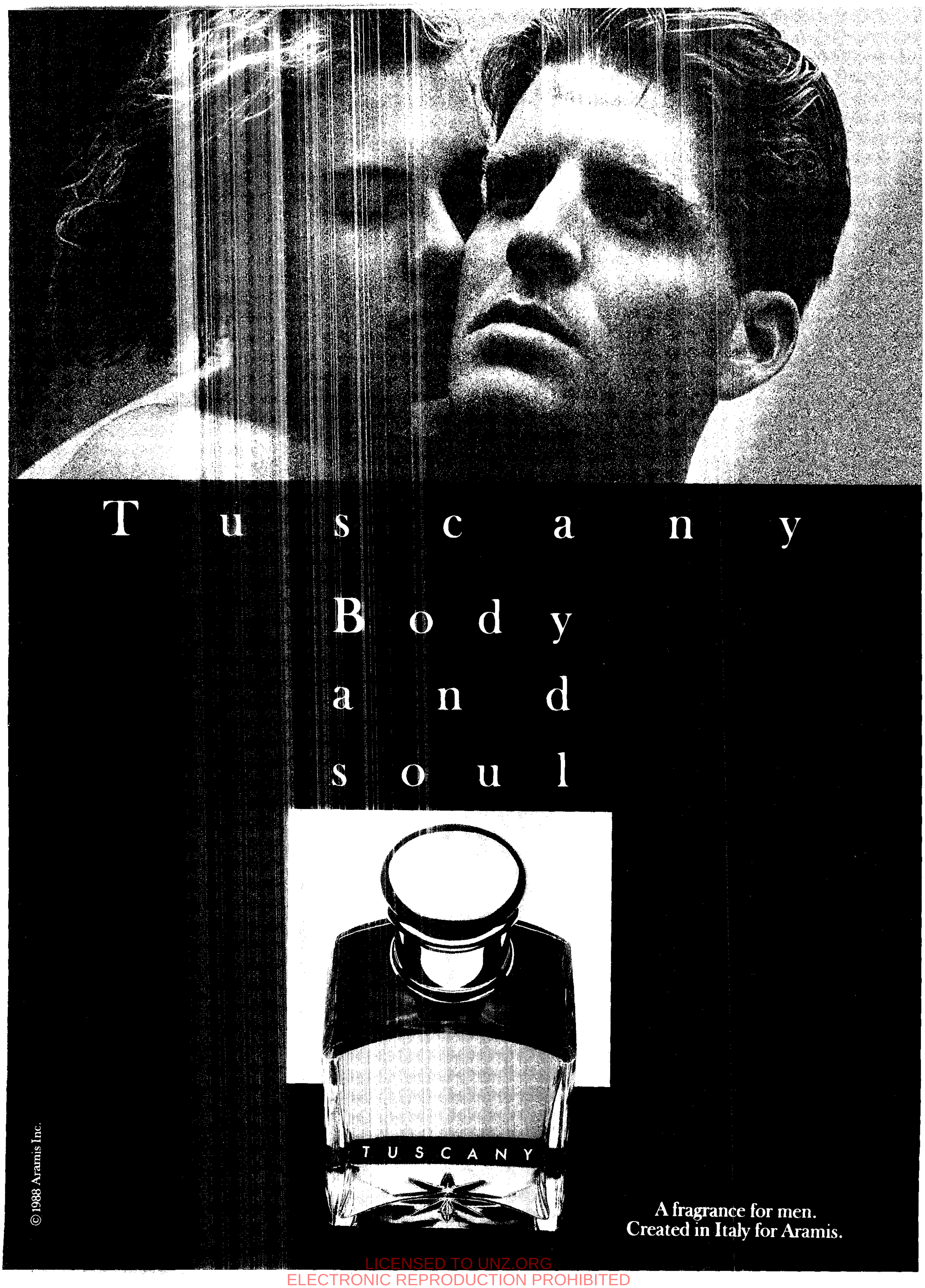
Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Most of the works in this dense show of the collection of Beuys' friend and biographer Caroline Tisdall are minor by typical standards. But they can be as potent as voodoo fetishes (which many of them resemble) and—with everything from coyote droppings and plants from the Bavarian bogs to the artist's toenail clippings and his hat—provide an excellent survey of Beuys' ideas. Through Dec. 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

David Carrino—Some of these canvases with ink drawings of scrambled penmanship attached to them are overaestheticized and annoyingly facile. But the artist can also create works of stirring beauty with a touch of visual haiku. In one work, most of the paper has been moistened, so that the writing blurs into a stormy sea of inky Japanese smudges; all that can be read in the two dry Rothko registers in the center are "yours in life and death through all transformations" and "Faithfully yours, David." Through Dec. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Claudia De Monte / David Sandlin—All of these junky little paint-slathered boxes are intended as shrines to various places around the world. / In Sandlin's large and small cartoony paintings of fire-and-brimstone sin, it is unclear where the irony kicks in. Through Dec. 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

Christian Eckart—New wall sculptures. Three exquisite and elaborate gold-leaf rectangular wood pieces that suggest a modern-day parable of the golden calf, and three generic thick wood boxes, each of which is painted a different beautiful, deep color. Through Dec. 9. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Luciano Fabro—This Arte Povera artist pays homage to New York with a cheery installation work in which he places himself in a European-American continuum. The piece, entitled "Two Nudes Descending a Staircase Dancing the Boogie-Woogie," takes its image from Duchamp and its colors from Mondrian, and includes two highly polished marble slabs that are carved to look relaxed and that lie on a fallen, no longer hierarchical staircase. The highly aestheticized piece, perhaps in keeping with the artist's view of New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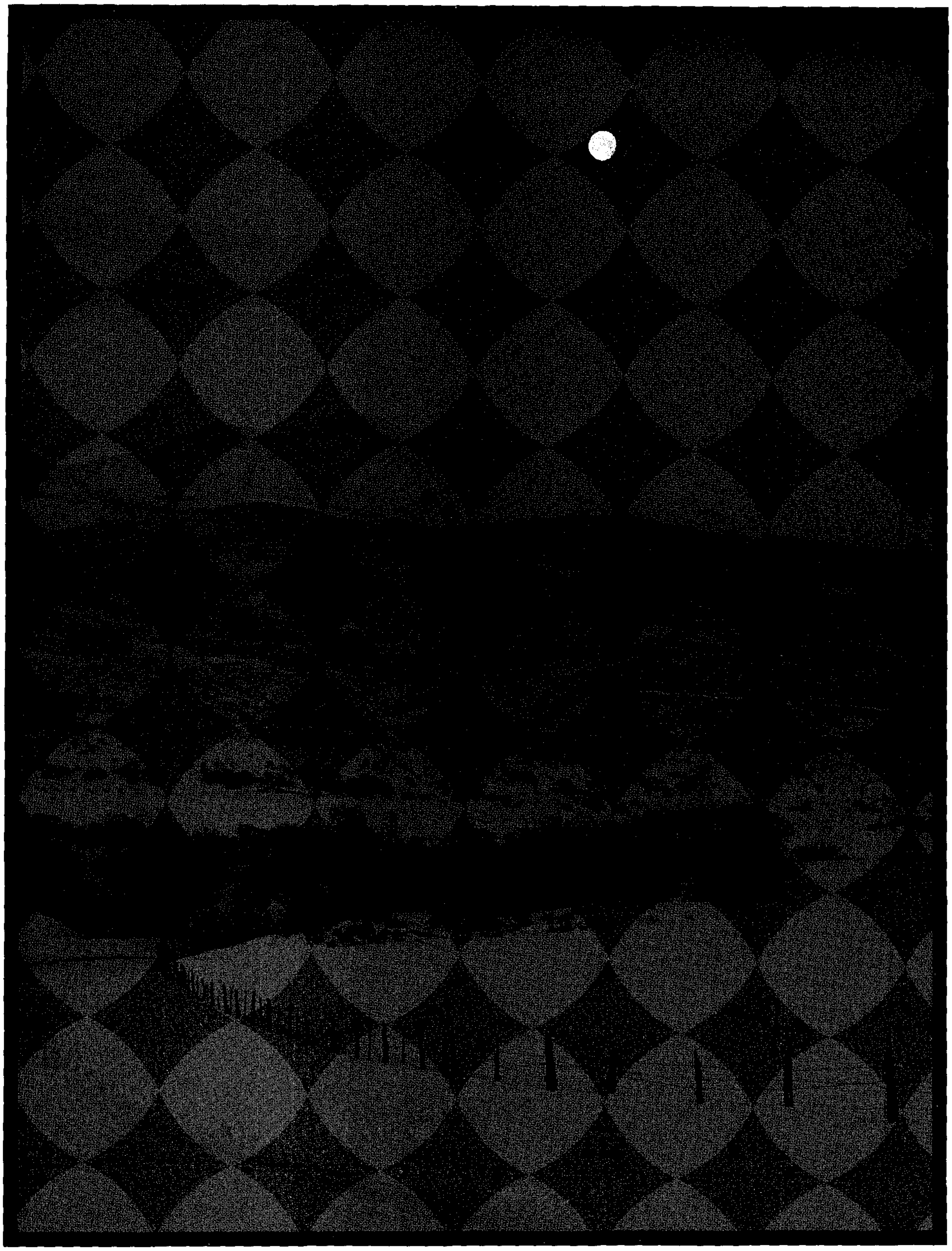

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York, is metallic and frivolous. Through Dec. 16. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Giuseppe Gallo—Drawings and watercolors by an Italian artist who seems to be an amalgam of the three "C"s. He uses mostly red, some black, and a little green to depict waves that look like hands, scissors, keys, little heads at the tips of smoke wisps, numbered peas, and lots of horses and rams. Drawing doesn't get more decadent, more self-possessed, or more beautiful than this. Also, some exquisite but less memorable bronzes of a tassel-edged pillow, a long spoon, and a lemon in a chalice. Through Jan. 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Isa Genzken—These broken-concrete-block structures on tall steel stands are fiercely confrontational—virtually authoritarian—and difficult to like. The artist takes on issues of gender identification by presenting traditionally female configurations through a typically male language, a path chosen by a number of German women artists. Presented only in fragments in New York, the artist's work could benefit from a fuller view. Through Dec. 24. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Sam Gilliam—Elaborate constructions of broken aluminum circles coated in layers of paint in every imaginable color. It seems as if the artist were trying to do Stella, but he has ended up with mush. Given the imagery, perhaps the work describes the artist's search for a way out of his groove of meaningless abstraction. Through Dec. 16. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Peter Halley—A sense of humor characterizes the artist's new paintings, which are a lot more optical than usual. There are more conduits emanating from the enigmatic stucco squares in the center of each of the canvases, and Halley's palette now includes Day-Glo colors, while making references to Newman and Rothko. The artist is solidifying his position as the Stella of neo-geo, and will likely be subject to the same high-powered praise and attack. Through Dec. 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Maren Hassinger—Two bristly sculptures of partially unravelled metal cables that form a bush in one case and a field in the other. These poetic works come out of a post-minimalist aesthetic but are also implicitly political. Through Dec. 9. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Margrit Lewczuk—Good, old-fashioned American abstraction of the Hartley-Dove kind seen through a yellowed palette and with a solid dose of Albert Pinkham Ryder's loner spirit. Through Dec. 23. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

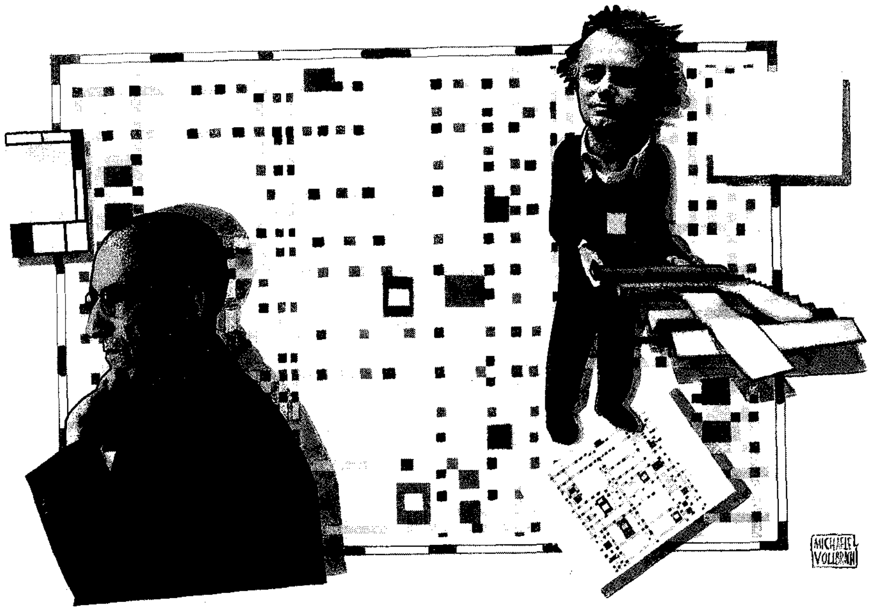
Lisa Milroy—An English artist's first major New York show, consisting of paintings in which hyperrealist, Pop subjects (automobile tires, for instance) are patterned across a surface, à la Larry Poons. This work has a following but seems depressingly comic and pointlessly unpleasant. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Ed Moses—These new paintings by the father of California abstraction are full of bravura. They are a virtual history lesson, recalling Tàpies, Mitchell, Twombly, Ryman, Richter, and many others, and are so gesturally ambitious they're exhausting. Through Dec. 16. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Catherine Murphy—A quirky range of deadpan realism, including two perplexing paintings of windows—about as good as contemporary realism gets. Through Dec. 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Pino Pascali (1935-68)—An interesting, spare installation of perversely naturalistic and very self-assured works from the late sixties, made mostly of steel wool and wood and evoking footbridges and drawbridges. Of the Arte Povera generation, perhaps Pascali corresponded most to American sensibilities. Some of his work seen elsewhere, for instance, seemed to anticipate the plush phantasmagorias of a Mike Kelley. Through Dec. 9. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Richard Prince—A double show. Unexpected new wall reliefs, made of fibreglass, wood, oil, and enamel, that are actually altered automobile hoods—the kind you might order through *Hot Rod*. They are in fifties, kindergarten colors. There is also a more characteristic Marlboro Man-type Ektacolor print. . . . ¶ Paintings (acrylic and silk screen) that consist of deadpan verbal jokes and literary cartoons. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99



Luciano Fabro (and Mondrian)

Greene St., and Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Antoni Tàpies—When looking at these eloquent objects and assemblages by the Spanish master, one can't help but think of the political climate in Fascist Spain, where they were made in the late sixties and early seventies. One, for example, consists of a washbasin filled with a stack of newspapers topped by a bloody red paint stroke, ready to be cleansed. The works all resonate with references to art-making, and the paint stroke can be read as satisfying an ancient urge. Through Dec. 30. (Cervera, 470 Broome St.)

Short List—**terry allen,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **bernard chaet,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **dale chihuly,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 23); **david diao,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 16); **duncan grant,** 303 Gallery, 127 Spring St. (through Dec. 23); **roni horn,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Dec. 23); **david mach,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Jan. 6); **mary obering,** Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through Dec. 30).

OTHER GALLERIES

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—This show—of paintings and drawings by a former New York City teacher and his high-school collaborators—is a glorious sight. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

AIDS and Art—The primal need to leave one's mark shines through in an unnecessarily controversial exhibition at Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing" is an eloquent memorial to those who are ill or have died, and includes particularly poignant work by Vittorio Scarpati, Kiki Smith, David Wojnarowicz, Tom Chesley, Mark Morrisroe, and Shellburne Thurber. The show and catalogue compose a portrait of a community of artists who care for each other, mourn their losses, express anger, and seek to convey the reality of the illness to a sometimes indifferent, sometimes ignorant public. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A stirring retrospective of small box constructions by Rod Rhodes (1944-89) at The Clocktower Gallery, 108 Leonard St., includes the fourteen "Stations of the Cross" that the artist—the son of a fundamentalist preacher—made after he was diagnosed with AIDS. The miniature tableaux in the cross-shaped boxes are beautiful, pure, and personal. The artist died shortly before the exhibition opened. Also here are the peculiar "Technological Reliquary" sculptures made in the mid-sixties by Paul Thek (1933-88). Each work is a Plexiglas column sliced open to reveal a short section of bloody arteries. Some columns have Formica coffins sitting behind them. Through Dec. 24. (Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**reverend howard finster,** PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6, through Jan. 5); **dena schutzer,** Union Square Gallery, 32 Union Square E. (Fridays, 1 to 7, and Saturdays, noon to 5, through Dec. 16).

PHOTOGRAPHY

"I'M really happy to help you with your project, but if you want my honest feelings, for the most part that's not me I recognize in those pictures." So says Larry Sultan's father, Irving Sultan, about his son's photographs. We know what Sultan's father thinks about this work because that's what Sultan is all about—giving us personal details in wall texts that accompany his pictures. His latest show of color photographs and stills of home movies, at the Janet Borden Gallery (560 Broadway), includes a long quotation from his father and a story of the photographer's own, about sneaking some pictures of his mother while she was taking a nap. It is the inclusion of this kind of material—information that we associate more with a psychoanalytic session than with an art show—that makes Sultan's photography so touching, fresh, and multi-dimensional.

Sultan is one of the strongest photographers of family dynamics, a subject that's omnipresent in photography today. His pictures, like much of the other work in this genre, have a distinct "returning to the scene of the crime" quality. But more than anything the camera seems to be Sultan's partner in his struggle to understand himself. Some of the prints in the Borden show were seen last summer at the Museum of Modern Art's group exhibition about California photography, but, coupled here with new selections, they're still well worth a visit.

Berenice Abbott—Photographs spanning five decades; for the most part they're not nostalgic. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays, from 10 to 6.)

Short List—**jean kallina,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **michael kenna,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 16); **sylvia plachy,** Twining, 568 Broadway (through Jan. 27); **laurie simmons,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **andy warhol,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **wallace wilson,** Marcuse Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through Dec. 21).

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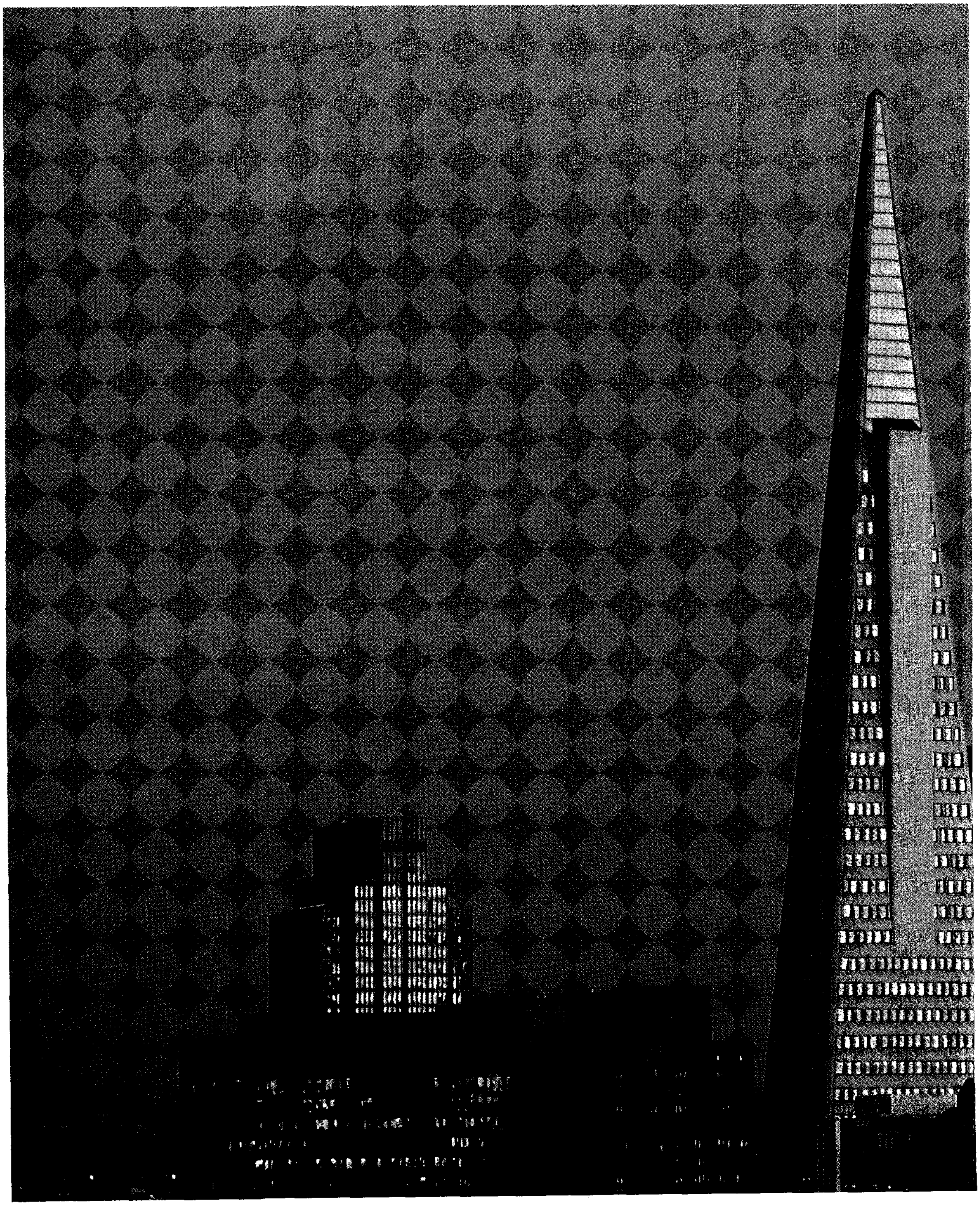

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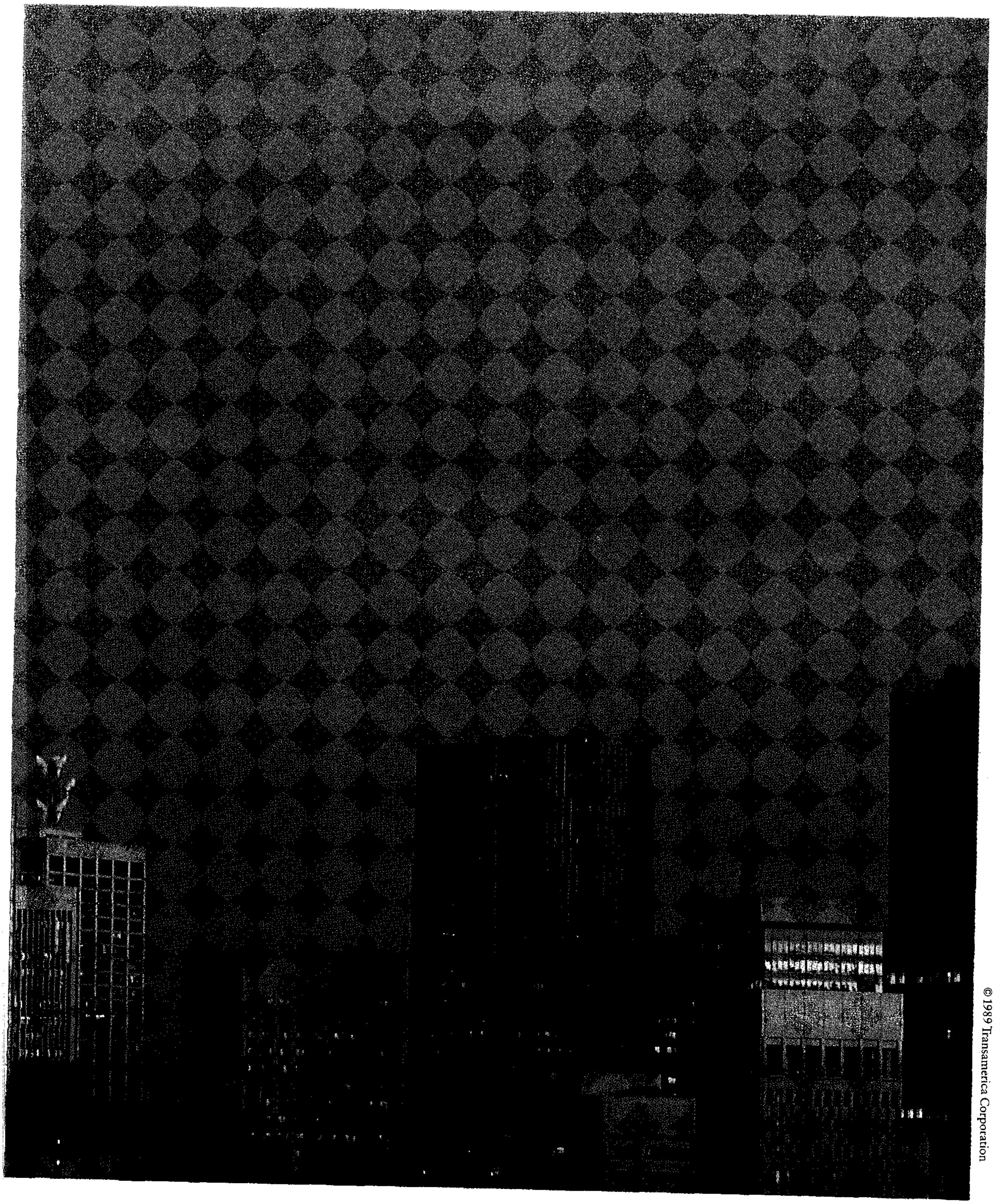

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MUSIC

READING Virgil Thomson, which we never tire of doing, we get the impression that he did not fully approve of Robert Craft, Stravinsky's longtime aide and later an outspoken critic of music and letters. Thomson was typically tart and to the point about the younger man's role in the Stravinsky-Craft compilations of conversation, anecdote, criticism, and whatnot: "The latter personality," wrote Thomson of the "remarkably sharp musical observer" that Stravinsky had "revealed himself" to be in the nineteen-sixties, "let us call Craft-Igor." Paragraphs later, he offers this tribute to the man's critical acumen and its influence on Stravinsky: "Craft, right along with his alertness to music, is a *fin lettré* aware of trends in literary prestige." Elsewhere, Thomson shows us how to esteem an opinion about "The Rite of Spring" when he introduces the comment as coming from "Robert Craft, who has heard and conducted the work possibly too often."

Virgil Thomson is gone, and nothing like his barbed, effortless precision is to be looked for elsewhere. Robert Craft is with us still. Oddly, we retain no impression of either Craft's or Craft-Igor's opinions of Thomson's music, though one or the other must surely have said something about it sometime. Perhaps the nonimpression constitutes a small barb itself. Mr. Craft is embarking on a series of programs of "20th-Century Classics," conducted by himself and beginning on December 10, at Alice Tully Hall, with music of Varèse, Carter, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky. Mr. Craft has named several composers for possible inclusion in future programs, ranging as far afield from the aforementioned as Philip Glass; Mr. Craft doesn't say he won't do any Thomson, but he doesn't bring him up. Continuum, the new-music ensemble directed by Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, will do that on the evening before in the same hall, with works for vocal ensemble and for chamber orchestra. Some of these are good and neglected; Mr. Craft's program is good and not neglected. We find both inviting.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting Christmas carols and excerpts from "Fiddler on the Roof." With Bob Carroll, baritone; Marcia Rodd, soprano; and the Connecticut Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 8 at 8 and Dec. 9 at 2.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing music from Latin America and Spain. (El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Dec. 10 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Riverside Choral Society—David Castleberry directing Vivaldi's "Gloria" and Saint-Saëns's "Christmas Oratorio." (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Dec. 10 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Fiori Musicali—A new series. David Shuler conducting the Choir of St. Luke In-the-Fields in music by Monteverdi, Gabrieli, and Grandi. With the Fairfield Period Instrument Academy. (Church of St. Luke In-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St. Dec. 10 at 4. For information about tickets, call 633-2167.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the Folger Consort in a program of medieval chamber music. With guest artists. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Dec. 10 at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Les Arts Florissants—*Performing* works by Charpentier. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—**MUSICA SACRA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** Richard Westenburg directing. With Dawn Kotoski, soprano; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 11 at 8.) . . . **ST. THOMAS CHOIR:** Gerre Hancock directing. With Jane Adler, soprano; Johnson Flucker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke, tenor; and Nathaniel Watson, bass. With the Concert Royal Orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Dec. 12 and Dec. 14 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.) . . . **NATIONAL CHORALE:** Martin Josman directing the annual sing-in. With Karen Smith Emerson, soprano; Pamela Warrick-Smith, alto; Gregory Mercer, tenor; and James Sergi, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 13 at 7:30.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**AIDA,** with Leona Mitchell, Dolora Zajick, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Christian Badea. (Dec. 4, Dec. 8, and Dec. 13 at 8.) . . . **DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN,** with Johanna Meier, Janis Martin, Robert Schunk, and Bernd Weikl; Christof Perick. (Dec. 5 at 7:30 and Dec. 9 at 12:30.) . . . **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Ruth Welting, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Alfredo Kraus, and José van Dam; Sylvain Cambreling. (Dec. 6 at 8.) . . . **IL TRITTICO,** consisting of three short operas —"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Stratas, Luis Lima, and Timothy Noble; "Suor Angelica," with Ms. Stratas, Florence Quivar, and Joyce Guyer; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Hei-Kyung Hong, Bruno Pola, and Vinson Cole. James Levine conducting. (Dec. 7 at 8, and Dec. 12 at 8, when Ms. Stratas will sing the role of Lauretta in "Gianni Schicchi.") . . . **DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER,** a new production, with Mechthild Gessendorf, Gary Lakes, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Dec. 11 at 7.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Louis Salemno conducting the Manhattan Philharmonia in a staged production of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Dec. 6 and Dec. 8 at 8, and Dec. 10 at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, ext. 497.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost directing fully staged performances of Gian Carlo Menotti's work "Amahl and the Night Visitors." (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 6 at 6 and 8, and Dec. 7 at 6.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting a new production of "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 9 at 7:30 and Dec. 10 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting. Dec. 5 at 7:30: The New York première of Bruno Cerchio's "Aurora," *among* other works. . . . ¶ Dec. 7-8 at 8 and Dec. 12 at 7:30: Works by Mussorgsky, Paganini, and Schumann. With Gil Shaham, violin.

Armenian Philharmonic—Loris Tjeknavorian conducting. With André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Paul Lustig Dunkel conducting works by Frank Tichelli, Michelle Ekizian, Wallingford Riegger, and George Rochberg. With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 10 at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—With Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 12 at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Jens Nygaard conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Dec. 7 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Symphony—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting works by Gluck, Haydn, and Dvořák. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Symphony—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Dec. 13 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performing Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Toru Takemitsu. With Joel Marangella, oboe; Theodore Arm, Dong-Suk Kang, and Carmit Zori, violin; Lewis Paer, contrabass; Robert Wolinsky, harp; and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 5 at 7:30.)

Chester String Quartet—Playing works by Zhou Long, Haydn, Karl Weigl, and Hugo Wolf. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 6 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—In an all-Beethoven program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 6 at 8.)

Michael Blum—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Playing works by Beethoven and Schubert. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 7 at 8.)

John O'Conor—Piano, in the last concert of his Beethoven-sonata series. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 8 at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Playing works by Dohnányi, Arnold Bax, and Mendelssohn. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Continuum—In a Virgil Thomson tribute. With Ellen Lang, mezzo-soprano; Mia Wu, violin; and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 9 at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—With Syoko Aki, violin; David Shifrin, clarinet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 9 at 8.)

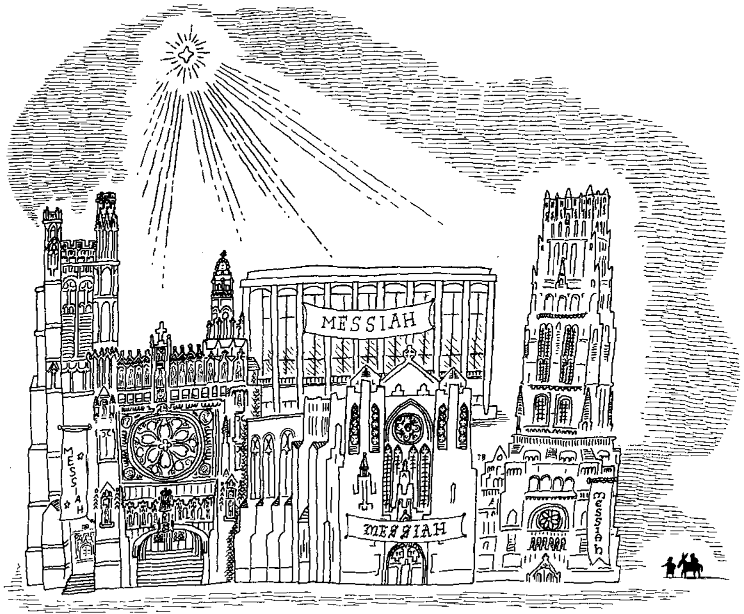
Paula Robison—Flute, with Timothy Hester, piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 9 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—In a program of works by Mozart, Berg, and Dvořák. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 9 at 8.)

Eroica Trio—Playing works by Haydn, Kirchner, and Dvořák. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Dec. 10 at 2.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 10 at 3.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 10 at 3.)



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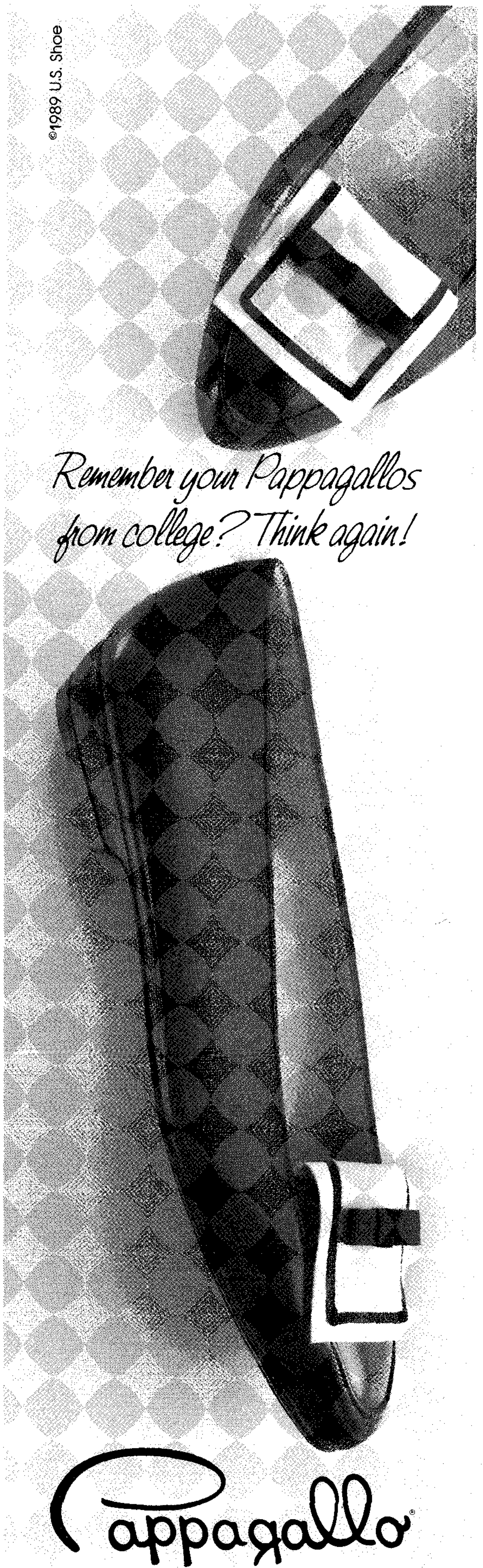

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MUSIC—Cont'd

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra performing chamber works by Ibert, Fauré, and Beethoven. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 10 at 3.)

Jean Guillou—Organ. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Dec. 10 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Twentieth-Century Classics Ensemble—Robert Craft conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Chamber Music by Brahms—With Isaac Stern and Cho-Liang Lin, violin; Jaime Laredo and Michael Tree, viola; Yo-Yo Ma and Sharon Robinson, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 10-11 at 8.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 11 at 8.)

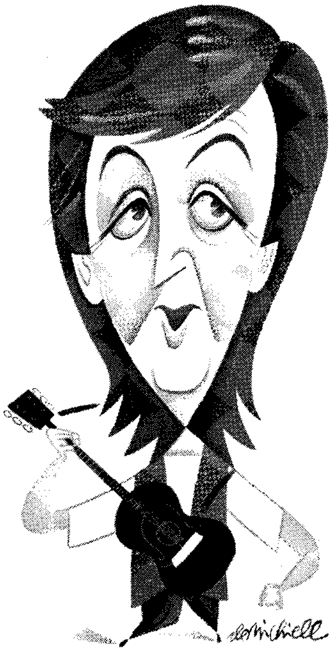
New York Chamber Ensemble—In a program of contemporary works, along with slides of the paintings that inspired them. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 8 at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Playing works by Gabrieli, Oskar Böhme, and others. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Dec. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Richard Goode—Piano, playing Schubert, Bach, and Chopin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 13 at 8.)

Partita Chamber Ensemble—*Hunter College's resident* ten-member group performing works by Bruch, Carl Nielsen, Poulenc, and Johann Nepomuk Hummel. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Dec. 13 at 8.)

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival Ensemble—Playing compositions by Smetana, Beethoven and others. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 13 at 8.)


Paul McCartney

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—The Black Axe ("Mambazo" in Zulu) from Ladysmith, a town in the veldt of South Africa's Emnambithi district, is a visual and musical magic act. The visual magic is the perfectly synchronized dancing of this male a-cappella chorus, featuring rapid steps that convey the illusion of lighter-than-air forward motion. The musical magic is *Ngomabusuki*, the migrant mineworkers' songs of the night, which proclaim a mournful yet buoyant and defiantly humane gospel of remembered and hoped-for good times. These heroes of Paul Simon's "Graceland" caravan are not to be missed. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 9 at 8.)

Mötley Crüe—Their mega-buck metal posturing owes a great deal to Deep Purple, and their songs, rousing anthems of teen-age sexual mayhem, are just plain silly, but none of this has stopped this veteran Los Angeles band from selling more than two million copies of their latest album, "Dr. Feelgood," in little more than two months. Onstage, they can build up a good head of steam, and professionally bash out power chords for all they're worth. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Paul McCartney—After a thirteen-year touring absence, pop music's greatest underachiever is hitting the road with a fine band (including Hamish Stuart and Robbie McIntosh on guitars and Chris Whitten on drums) and renewed resolve. Maybe McCartney's amazed that on his recent available-only-in-the-U.S.S.R. album—a collection of old rock standards—he shook it up like he never had before. And maybe the collaborations with Elvis Costello on McCartney's "Flowers in the Dirt" LP have inspired him to leave behind that amiable-chap demeanor for something edgier and less secure. Whatever his motivation, this is a tour aimed at credibility, and armed with oldies. He should get by. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Dec. 11-12 and Dec. 14-15 at 8.)

Victor Borge—Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Dec. 5-8 at 8, Dec. 9 at 2 and 7, and Dec. 10 at 3.

"Highlights in Jazz"—Presenting Jimmy Witherspoon, David (Fathead) Newman, Harold Ashby, and others. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Red Rodney—New School. 66 W. 12th St. Dec. 8 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Max Roach and Cecil Taylor—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 8 at 8.

Hoodoo Gurus—With the Connells. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 645-5156. Dec. 9 at 8.)

Harry Connick, Jr.—With Marc Shaiman and his orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Dec. 9 at 9.)

"Bending Towards the Light . . . A Jazz Nativity"—A musical dramatization of the Christmas story, written and conducted by Anne Phillips. With Ron Carter, Tito Puente, Charles (Cookie) Cook, Loretta Abbott, Dave Brubeck (tentative), Bill Mays, Gail Wynters, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Dec. 10 at 5 and Dec. 11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-1616, ext. 219.)

Jimmy Buffett—With Mac McAnally. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Joan Baez—Town Hall. Dec. 10 at 8. . . . ¶ Beacon Theatre. Dec. 11 at 8.

Lenny Pickett—Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242. Dec. 10 at 9.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Brooks Atkinson Theatre. Dec. 12-13 at 8. Through Dec. 17.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 10 at 1.

Rangers—Vs. the Devils, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Dec. 13. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, Dec. 12. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Dec. 13. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, Dec. 9. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Dec. 12. (Game time, 8.)

(The Jets, the Devils, and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway; Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

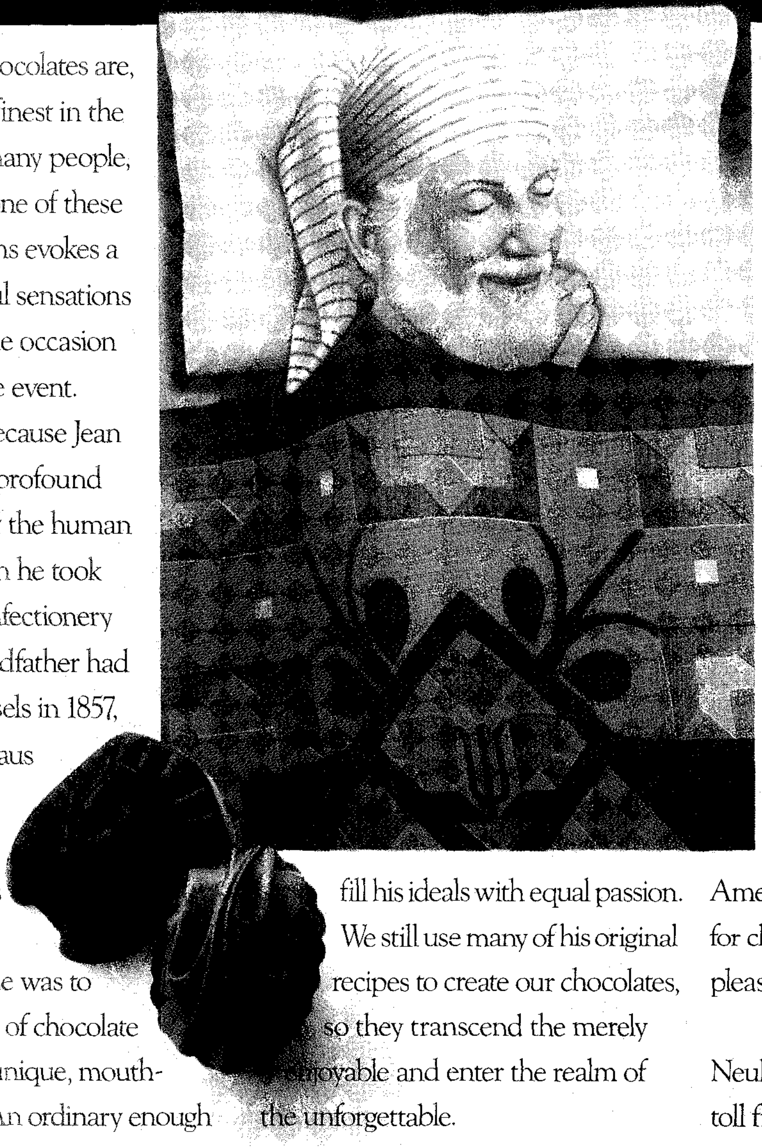
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Cartoonists—Drawings by Jules Feiffer, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Arnold Roth, Ed Sorel, and Gahan Wilson are on display at the Circle Gallery (780 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. 765-6975), starting Dec. 13.

Gift Idea—A hand-printed book wrapped in handmade paper. The Center for Book Arts (626 Broadway, near Houston St.; fifth floor) will hold its annual sale of such volumes on Dec. 9, from noon to 6.

Tubular—Four hundred tuba players from the tri-state area, led by Harvey Phillips, will deck their instruments with garlands and ornaments and gather on the skating rink at Rockefeller Center for a Christmas-carol blowout. (Dec. 10 at 3:30.)

JEAN NEUHAUS DREAMED IN CHOCOLATE.



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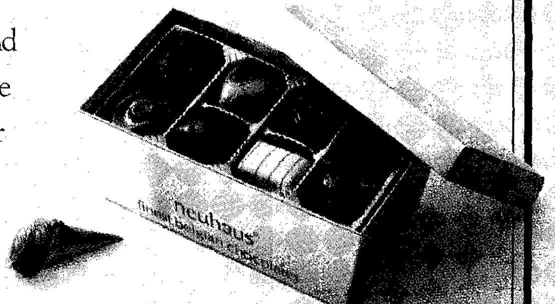

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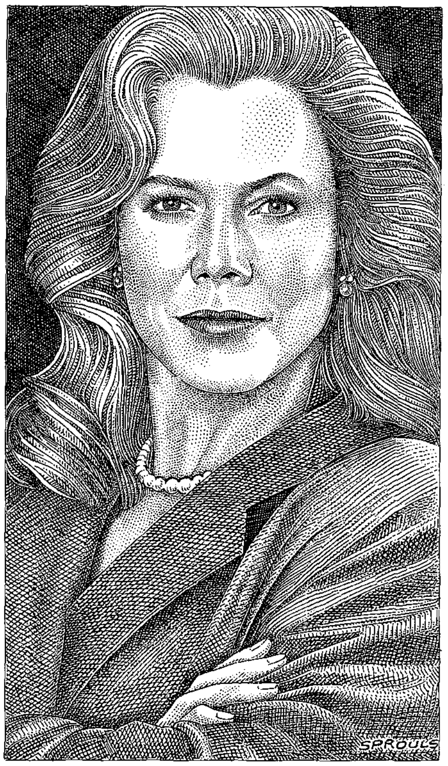


Kathleen Turner in "The War of the Roses"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "Look Who's Talking" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley. From Dec. 8: "Tom Jones" (1963, Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: Nine short films by students in the film division of Columbia's School of the Arts.
Theatre 5: "Mapantsula" (Oliver Schmitz; a South African film).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Dec. 5-7: (Separate admission) "Romero" (John Duigan), with Raul Julia; "Dance of Hope" (Deborah Shaffer); "The Suspended Vocation" (1977, Raul Ruiz; in French); and "Dog's Dialogue" (1977, Ruiz; in French) and "Of Great Events and Ordinary People" (1979, Ruiz; in French).
Dec. 8-10 and Dec. 12-14: (Separate admission) "Romero"; "Dance of Hope"; "On Top of the Whale" (1982, Ruiz; in Dutch); and "Dog's Dialogue" and "The Penal Colony" (1971, Ruiz; in Spanish).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 35 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation."
Theatre 3: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through Dec. 7: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.
From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 3: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 4: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 7: "High Stakes" (Amos Kollek), with Sally Kirkland. From Dec. 8: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 12: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 7: "Harlem Nights." From Dec. 8: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 7: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Bear" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 12: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Dec. 13: "Enemies, a Love Story" (Paul Mazursky), with Anjelica Huston, Ron Silver, and Lena Olin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Dec. 7: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, and Tim Quill.
From Dec. 8: "Bloodhounds of Broadway" (Howard Brookner).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 7: "Sea of Love" (†). From Dec. 8: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell; and (evenings only) "Cage."

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "Valmont" (†). From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 7: "Dad" (†).
From Dec. 8: "Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen. From Dec. 8: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Everlasting Secret Family" (directed by Michael Thornhill).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (Monika Truet and Elfi Mikesch).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 7: "Dad" (†). From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

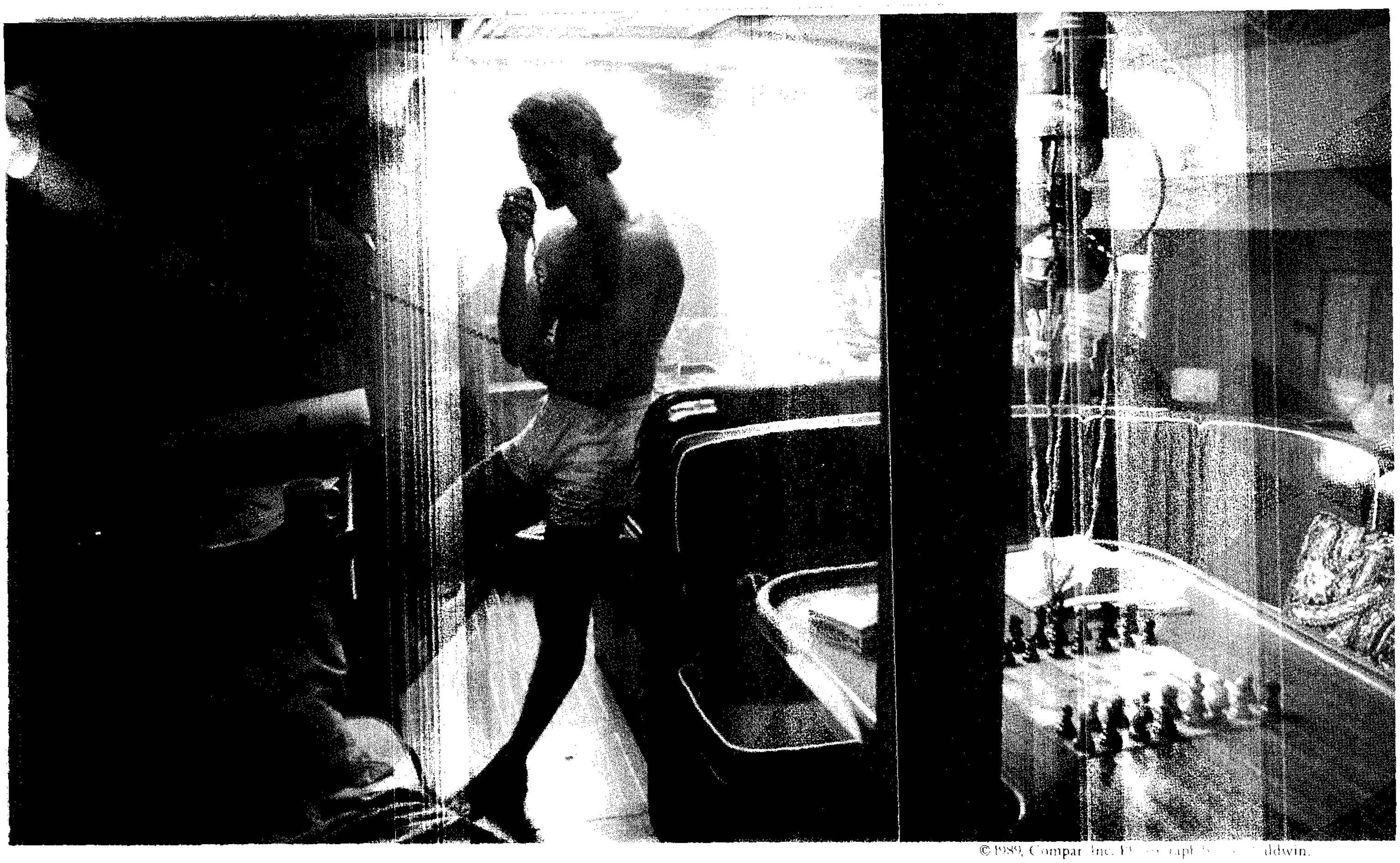
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 12: "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner. From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sidewalk Stories" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 7: "Steel Magnolias." From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Cage."
Theatre 2: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell; and (evenings only) "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 34.



© 1989, Compar Inc. Photograph [illegible] ldwin.

Hello?

How would you like to come and make a dishonest woman of me?

Where are you?

If you look out the window…

Porthole.

…porthole, you'll see a pink stucco hotel overlooking the bay. My plane just got in. I'm in Room 16. First bed on the right.

You told me you hated flying.

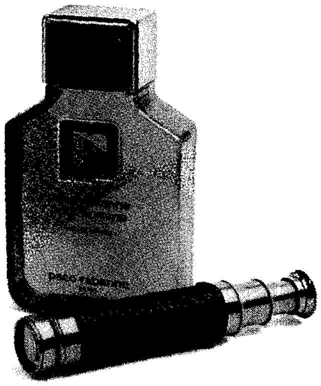
I didn't know I'd miss you this much.

I never thought I'd hear you say that.

I said to myself, "What am I doing up here while he's down there in the islands? He's probably wearing that Paco Rabanne cologne of his—and damned little else—and flashing that smile at all those able-bodied and weak-minded women he's meeting."

Listen, you've caught me at a bad time. I've got a cabin full of doe-eyed women in skimpy sarongs plying me with papaya and passion fruit. They've been teaching me the secret island ways of love, as handed down from generation to generation. Only four more lessons and I…

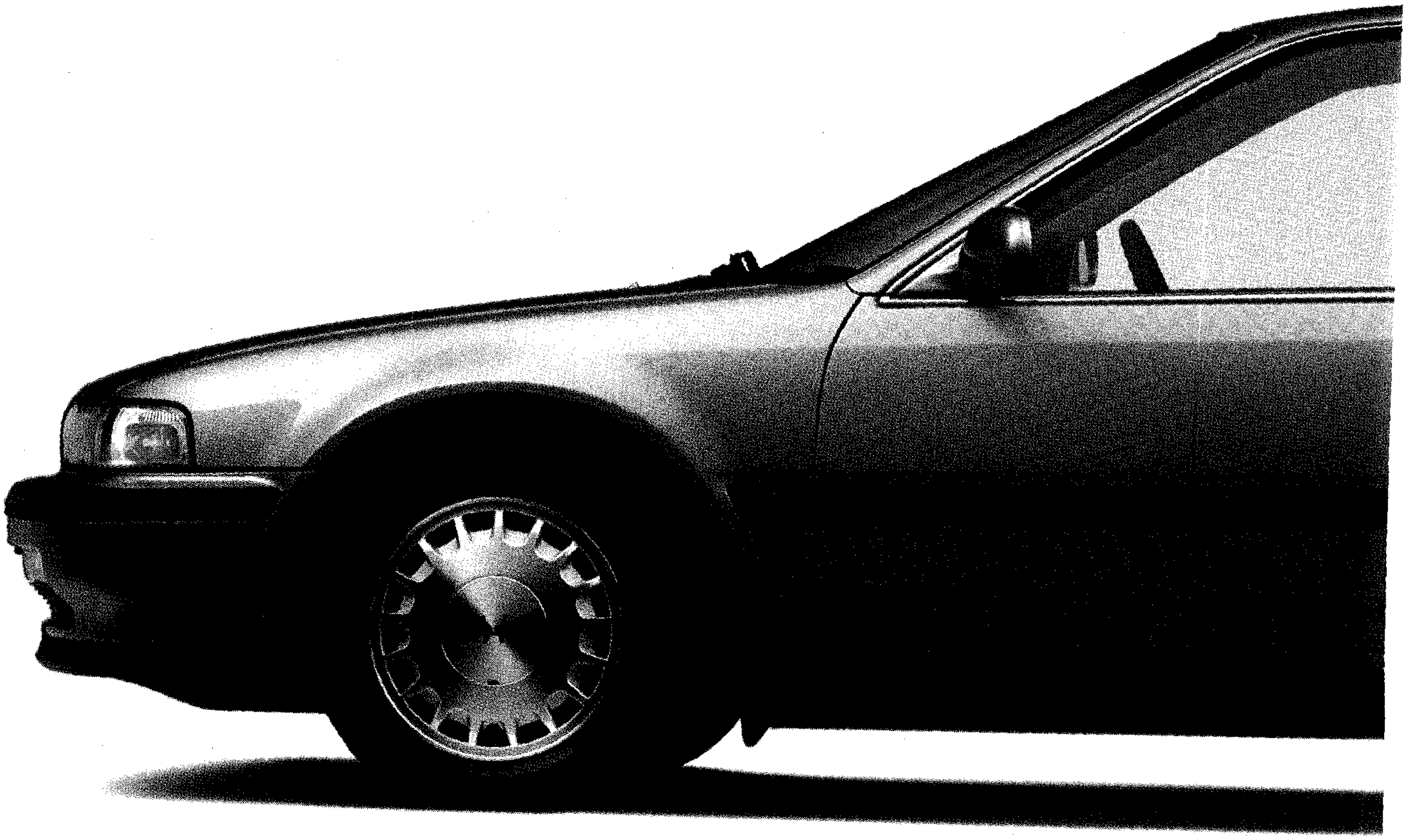
Oh, shut up! Room 16. And step on it, sailor!



Paco Rabanne
For men
What is remembered is up to you

Available at Lord & Taylor

There's no
for exp



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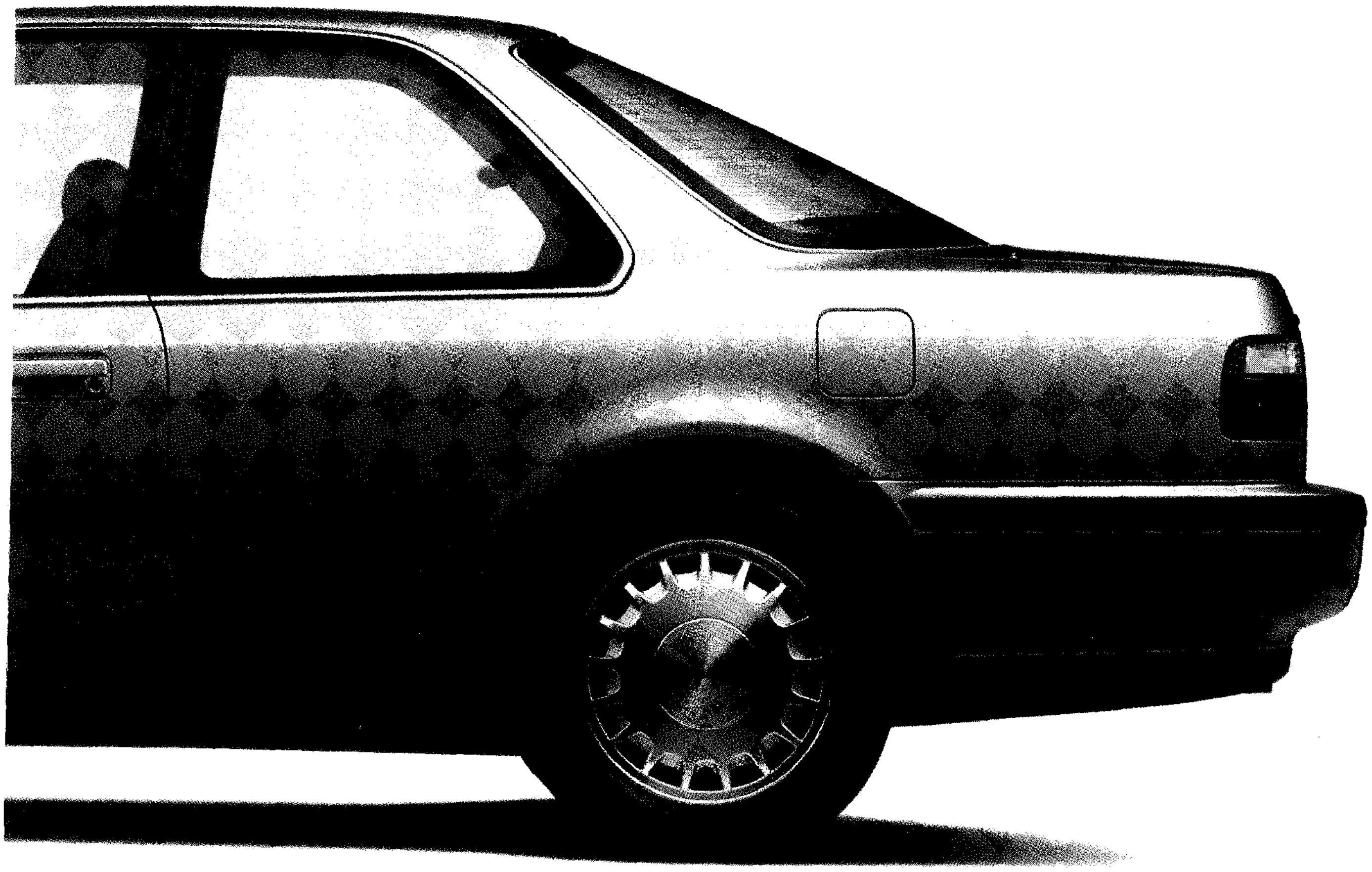


The new Accord Coupe. You have to drive it to believe it. HONDA

IF YOU BUY A CAMCORDER THAT ISN'T VHS COMPATIBLE THERE'LL BE DELAY OF GAME PENALTIES.

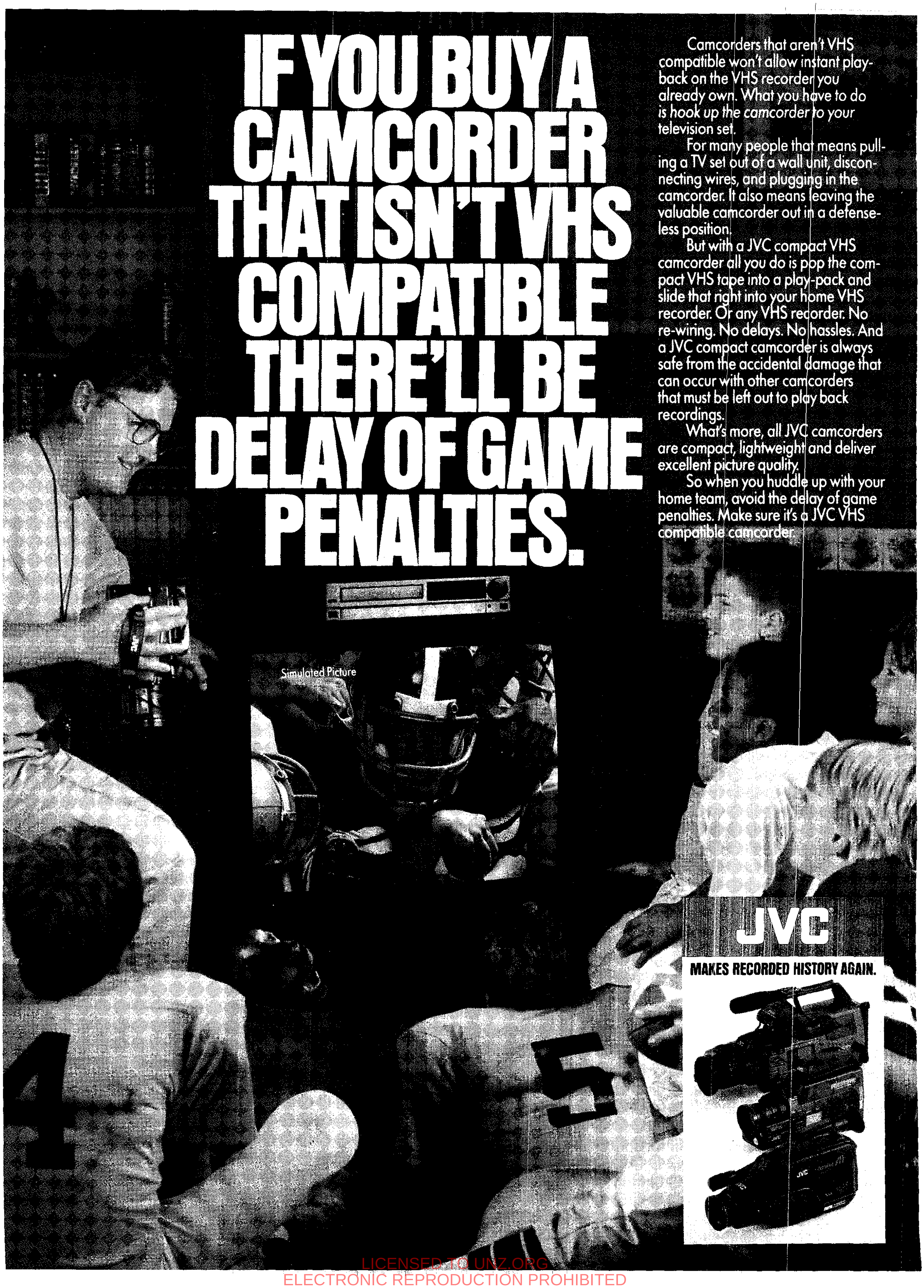
Camcorders that aren't VHS compatible won't allow instant playback on the VHS recorder you already own. What you have to do *is hook up the camcorder to your* television set.

For many people that means pulling a TV set out of a wall unit, disconnecting wires, and plugging in the camcorder. It also means leaving the valuable camcorder out in a defenseless position.

But with a JVC compact VHS camcorder all you do is pop the compact VHS tape into a play-pack and slide that right into your home VHS recorder. Or any VHS recorder. No re-wiring. No delays. No hassles. And a JVC compact camcorder is always safe from the accidental damage that can occur with other camcorders that must be left out to play back recordings.

What's more, all JVC camcorders are compact, lightweight and deliver excellent picture quality.

So when you huddle up with your home team, avoid the delay of game penalties. Make sure it's a JVC VHS compatible camcorder.



JVC

MAKES RECORDED HISTORY AGAIN.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 1: "Dad" (†).

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Theatre 4: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.

Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).

Theatre 6: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Little Mermaid" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Bear" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas, Andy Garcia, Ken Takakura, Kate Capshaw, and Yasaku Matsuda.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Tora-San Goes to Vienna" (Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Henry V" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Dec. 7: "Salvador" (†).

From Dec. 8 (tentative): "Dad" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).

Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).

Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Valmont" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.

Theatre 4: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Dec. 7: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Harlem Nights." From Dec. 8: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dad" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Communion" (directed by Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "Cage." From Dec. 8: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Theatre 3: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Theatre 5: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.

Theatre 6: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.

B Roberts

Meryl Streep and Roseanne Barr in "She-Devil"

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through Dec. 12: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Dec. 8: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 7: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas, Andy Garcia, Ken Takakura, Kate Capshaw, and Yasaku Matsuda. From Dec. 8: "She-Devil."

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 7: "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell. From Dec. 8: "Black Rain."

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Shocker" (Wes Craven).

WEST SIDE CINEMA I AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.

Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Dec. 4: "21 Days Together" (1937, directed by Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier; and "That Hamilton Woman" (1941, Alexander Korda), with Leigh and Olivier.

Dec. 5-6: "The Betsy" (1978, Daniel Petrie), with Olivier, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, Tommy Lee Jones, and Jane Alexander; and "Dracula" (1979, John Badham), with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence.

Dec. 7: "As You Like It" (†); and "The Divorce of Lady X" (1937, Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

Dec. 8-9: "Clouds Over Europe" (1939, Tim Whelan), with Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson, and Ralph Richardson; and "Carrie" (1952, William Wyler), with Jennifer Jones and Olivier.

Dec. 10-11: "Richard III" (†).

Dec. 12: "A Little Romance" (1979, George Roy Hill), with Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, Sally Kellerman, and Diane Lane; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957, Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe, Olivier, and Sybil Thorndike.

From Dec. 13: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965, Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward; and "The Marathon Man" (1976, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th (924-3363)

Through Dec. 5: "Fahrenheit 451" (1966, François Truffaut), with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner; and "Two English Girls" (1972, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Dec. 6-7: "Eat a Bowl of Tea" (1989, Wayne Wang); and "Slaves of New York" (1989, James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

Dec. 8-9: "A Taxing Woman" (1988, Juzo Itami; in Japanese); and "The Family Game" (1984, Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Dec. 10: "La Traviata" (1983, Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo; and "The Mikado" (1967).

Dec. 11-12: "Casualties of War" (†); and "84 Charlie Mopic" (1989, Patrick Duncan).

From Dec. 13: "Queen of Outer Space" (1958, Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming; and "Picture Mommy Dead" (1966, Bert I. Gordon), with Don Ameche and Martha Hyer.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Dec. 4: "Time of Indifference" (1965, Francesco Maselli), with Rod Steiger; and "An Affair of the Skin" (1963, Ben Maddow), with Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy, Lee Grant, and Diana Sands.

Dec. 5: "Pépé le Moko" (1937, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Man on the Eiffel Tower" (1948, Burgess Meredith), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Meredith.

Dec. 6: "Not Wanted" (1949, Ida Lupino and Elmer Clifton), with Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle; and "Back Door to Heaven" (1941, William K. Howard), with Wallace Ford and Jimmy Lydon.

Dec. 7: "The Devil's Wanton" (1949, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Persona" (1967, Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

Dec. 8-9: "The French They Are a Funny Race" (†); and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941, Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Dec. 10: "Rififi" (†); and "Panique" (1946, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Dec. 11: "The Night Has Eyes" (1942, Leslie Arliss), with Wilfrid Lawson; and "A Place of One's Own" (1949, Vernard Knowles), with James Mason and Margaret Lockwood.

Dec. 12: "The Woman in Green" (1945; Roy William Neill), "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943, Neill), and "Terror by Night" (1946, Neill), all with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

Dec. 13: "Three Weird Sisters" (1948, Daniel Birt), with Nova Pilbeam; and "The Beachcomber" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 4: "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Ginger and Fred" (1986, Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 5: "Dragonwyck" (1946, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan; and "My Cousin Rachel" (1952, Henry Koster), with Olivia de Havilland and Richard Burton.

Dec. 6: "Bus Stop" (1956, Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953, Henry Hathaway), with Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

Dec. 7: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967,

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Doctor Faustus" (1968, Nevill Coghill and Burton), with Burton and Taylor.

Dec. 8-9: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951, De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.

Dec. 10: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 11: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Björnstrand.

Dec. 12: "Swamp Water" (1941, Jean Renoir), with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore; and "The Golden Coach" (1953, Renoir), with Anna Magnani.

Dec. 13: "General della Rovere" (†); and "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Dawn Patrol" (1930, directed by Howard Hawks), with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6: "Little Caesar" (1930, Mervyn LeRoy), with Edward G. Robinson and Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "The Neighbor's Wife and Mine" (1931, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "Dancing Girl of Izu" (1933, Gosho; a Japanese silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "An Inn at Osaka" (1954, Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6 and Dec. 9 at 2: "Growing Up" (1955, Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5: "An Inn at Osaka." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "Where Chimneys Are Seen" (1953, Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: "The Neighbor's Wife and Mine." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Dancing Girl of Izu." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6: "Where Chimneys Are Seen." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Dispersing Clouds" (1951, Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "An Innocent Witch" (1965, Gosho; in Japanese).

Theatre 2: Films from Canada. Dec. 5 at 3: "Bar Salon" (1974, André Forcier; in French). . . . Dec. 5 at 6: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973, Jacques Leduc; in French). . . . Dec. 8 at 3 and 6, Dec. 9-10 at 2:30 and 5, and Dec. 12 at 3 and 6: Four different programs (each shown twice) of animated films from Canada. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 3 and 6: "An Empty Bed" (1988, Mark Gasper), with John Wylie. . . . ¶ Dec. 9-10 at noon: Two different programs of "Sesame Street" episodes. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6:30: "Lived in Quotes" (1987), "A Western" (1987), "West Germany, U.S.A." (1988), and "Journalism Conducts a Tour" (1989), all by Laurie Dunphy, who will be present.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Dec. 5-9: F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon" (1951, NBC), with Robert Montgomery, June Duprez, and Judy Parrish. . . . From Dec. 12: John O'Hara's "Natica Jackson" (1988, PBS), with Michelle Pfeiffer, Hector Elizondo, and George Murdock. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Dec. 5-9: Episodes 36-40 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From Dec. 12: Episodes 41-45 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, *women in New York* as portrayed on film and television. Dec. 5 at 2: "The Arthur Murray Party" (a 1954 episode), hosted by Kathryn Murray; and the "Summer Memory" episode of "Ford Theatre" (1954), with Claire Trevor. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "That Kind of Woman" (1959, Sidney Lumet), with Sophia Loren, Tab Hunter, and George Sanders. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: The "Mind Over Momma" episode of "The Elgin TV Hour" (1955, Lumet), with Gertrude Berg as Molly Goldberg. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 1: "Woman's World" (1954, Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, Lauren Bacall, Van Heflin, June Allyson, Fred MacMurray, and Arlene Dahl. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 3: The "A Succession of Heartbeats" episode of "Naked City" (1960), with Felicia Farr and Faye Spain. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 4:30: "The Best of Everything" (1959, Negulesco), with Hope Lange, Suzy Parker, Diane Baker, Joan Crawford, Stephen Boyd, and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 7:30: "Desk Set" (1957, Walter Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Gig Young, Joan Blondell, and Dina Merrill. Miss Merrill will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 1: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947, Otto Preminger), with Crawford, Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, and Ruth Warrick. Miss Warrick will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3:30: The "Formula for Trouble" episode of "Mr. and Mrs. North" (1953), with Barbara Britten and Richard Denning; and an episode of "Decoy" (1957), with Beverly Garland. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: "Torch Song" (1953, Charles Walters), with Crawford, Michael Wilding, and Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2: "A Succession of Heartbeats." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2: "Woman's World." Miss Dahl will be present.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Dec. 6 at 8 and 10, Dec. 7 at 6, Dec. 8-9 at 10, and Dec. 10 and 13 at 8: "Film Before Film" (1986, Werner Nekes; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 7-9 at 8: Three different programs of films by Dore O. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "The Struggle" (1931, D. W. Griffith). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "Freud" (1962, John Huston), with Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 7: "The Book of Logic" (1988, Lionel Ziprin). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 and 13 at 10: Two different programs of James Broughton films.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Dec. 5 at 1:30: Coverage of the lunar landing of Apollo XI (1969) and an episode of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 3:30: "Hollywood Television Theatre: Steambath." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "CBS Reports: The Selling of the Pentagon" (1971) and an episode of "Dragnet." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at noon: "I Will Not Make Any More Boring Art" (1971, John Baldessari) and "Selected Body Works" (1972, William Wegman). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Banks and the Poor" (1971) and the première episode of "All in the Family." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at noon: "Undertone" (1972, Vito Acconci), "Vertical Roll" (1972, Joan Jonas), and "Three Transitions" (1973, Peter Campus). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: An episode of the TV series "M*A*S*H" and "Four More Years" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at noon: "Adland" (1973), "Global Groove" (1973, Nam June Paik), and two other short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: The première episode of "The Great American Dream Machine." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at noon: "Gimme Shelter" (1970, Albert Maysles, David Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin) and "Horseopera" (1970, Charles Levine). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 1: "Zorns Lemma" (1970, Hollis Frampton), and three short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3:30: "Alex in Wonderland" (1970, Paul Mazursky), with Donald Sutherland, Jeanne Moreau, and Ellen Burstyn. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 1: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin van Peebles). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 3:30: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971, Emile de Antonio) and "Microcultural Incidents in Ten Zoos" (1971, Ray Birdwhistell and Jacques D. Van Vlack). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "Moment" (1972, Bill Brand) and three other short films.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—Dec. 9 at 4 and 6: "Summertime" (1955, David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.

Japan Society, 33 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Dec. 8 at 6:30: "The Bride Talks in Her Sleep" (1933, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese); and "The Groom Talks in His Sleep" (1935, Gosho; in Japanese).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted. Still, this British production is by no means contemptible; it's enjoyable even in its disappointing moments. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a great theatrical technician who specialized in heartbreaking gamine charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is necessary, and she's handicapped by her age (she was close to forty) and by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines. One doesn't think of her as Fräulein Rosalind—one just doesn't make contact with her Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando; there's a real interpretation at work here—his reactions make one grin. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. Adapted by J. M. Barrie and Robert Cullen.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 7.)

Back to the Future Part II—With Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson; directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Dec. 7.) . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; starting Dec. 8.)

Vittorio De Sica in "General della Rovere"

The Beachcomber (1938)—A charming, neglected romantic comedy. The happiest screen collaboration of Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton—they're both wonderful—is in this adaptation of a Somerset Maugham story, "The Vessel of Wrath." It's set on an island in the Pacific, which Maugham calls Baru, and it's concerned with the efforts of the prim missionary (Lanchester) to reform the carnal, ribald beachcomber (Laughton). The situation is the reverse of that in Maugham's Sadie Thompson story, but with a light, comic tone. The Hepburn-Bogart "African Queen" probably took a few notions from it. Erich Pommer directed; with Robert Newton. (A 1954 version, starring Glynis Johns, with Newton in the Laughton role, isn't in the same class.)—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 13.)

The Bear—This French-made version of the romantic-wilderness pictures that Hollywood turned out in the silent era is a combination of raw pulp and gooey kitsch.

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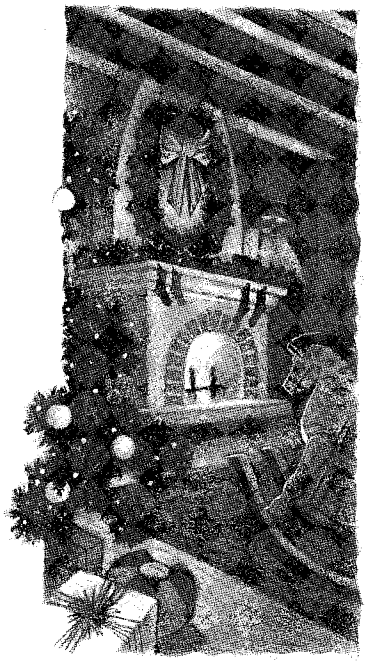

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A whimpering orphaned bear cub tries to attach himself to a huge male bear (nine feet two and weighing two thousand pounds), who has been shot in the shoulder and growls, rebuffing the infant. The plucky cub's feelings are hurt, but he ignores the threats, and follows the big bear, pleading for acceptance; he comes close enough to clean the wound with his tongue, and soon the two are kissing and licking. They have "bonded"; the music swells, and our hearts are supposed to be swelling, too. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, and the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, devised the plan for a gory, sentimental myth and then tried to get animals to act out the parts of the story that couldn't be faked; they fell back on sleight-of-hand cutting that never quite covers up the gaps. The movie doesn't exist except for its dubbed sound effects. Set in British Columbia in 1885; shot in the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy. Based on James Oliver Curwood's 1916 novel "The Grizzly King."—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/13/89.) (Eastside Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

Blaze—With Paul Newman and Lolita Davidovich, directed by Ron Shelton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Cinema I, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 1; starting Dec. 13.)

Casualties of War—A great, intense movie about war and rape, based on the Vietnam incident of 1966 that was reported in this magazine (October 18, 1969) by the late Daniel Lang. He gave an emotionally devastating account of the actions of a squad of five American soldiers who kidnapped a Vietnamese village girl, raped her, and then covered up their crime by killing her. One of the five men refused to take part in the rape, and, despite threats and attempts on his life, forced the Army to bring the other four to trial. He's the one who suffers from guilt: he can't forgive himself for his inability to save the girl's life. Directed by Brian De Palma, the movie has the purity of films such as "Grand Illusion" and "Shoeshine"; it's the culmination of his best work. Sean Penn gives a daring performance as the squad's twenty-year-old leader; Michael J. Fox is impressive as the soldier who can't keep quiet; Thuy Thu Le is the dazed, battered girl who haunts the movie long before she's dead. The adaptation (too explicit in a few places) is by David Rabe; the cinematography is by Stephen H. Burum; the music is by Ennio Morricone.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Dec. 11-12.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, 8th Street Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Dec. 12.)

Dad—Making his first movie, Gary David Goldberg, the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties," has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life: he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. Now seventy-eight and retired from his blue-collar job, Dad (Jack Lemmon) is dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis), who does everything for him, enfeebling him. But when his wife has a heart attack and is hospitalized, his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. That's only the beginning; the movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the banker hero's devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. This is a saga: three (television) generations. At the start, Lemmon has vanished almost totally into his role, but soon he's so insufferably perky and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him. With Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey, Zakes Mokae, and J. T. Walsh. Based on the William Wharton novel.—P.K. (11/13/89) (Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Waverly; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Dec. 8, tentative.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather

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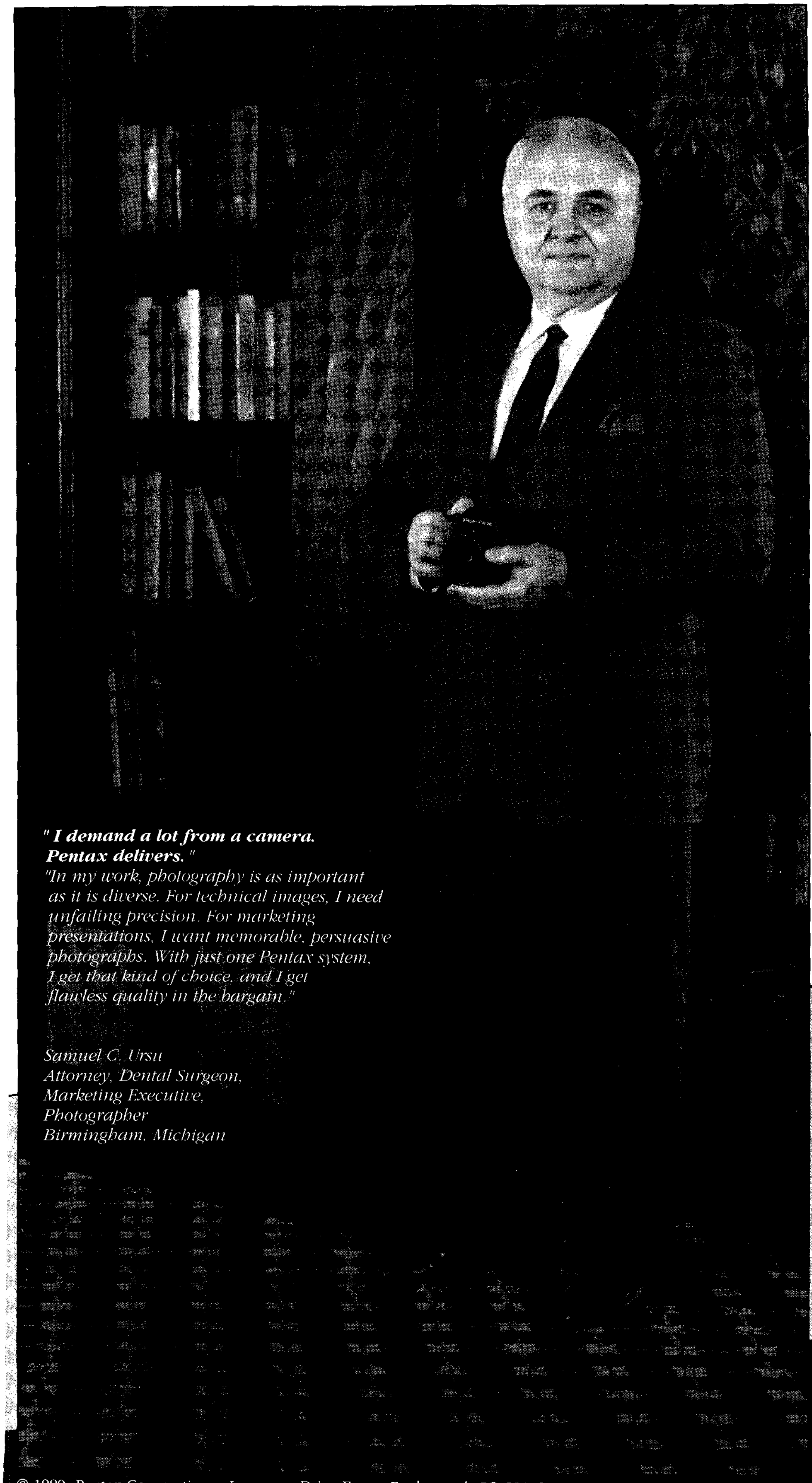
When Akira Kurosawa's 1954 masterpiece "The Seven Samurai" played throughout the United States in its uncut, three-and-a-half-hour version for the first time, six years ago, it was shocking to see that none of the film's stature, not even its quality of surprise, had shrunk over the years. It remains the purest of all great adventure movies—which is why it cuts against the grain of contemporary-action moviemaking. The two unspoken rules today are that you must start pummelling the audience in the first five minutes—not messing around with "back story"—and that you must then "destroy geography," shredding and distorting realistic settings, so that any slash or shot or feint, no matter how outlandish, becomes for the moment plausible. The resulting emphasis on sensation over logic has helped relegate action films to a subliterate audience.

"The Seven Samurai" is still the adventure movie for action lovers of all ages, because Kurosawa invests his Olympian craft and exuberance in developing the story of hungry samurai who protect a farmers' village from rampaging brigands. It's a true epic, not a small-minded movie on an epic scale. It's about a host of heroes who resolve their individual conflicts and band together to perform an improbable feat—in the process, testing their own values and those of their caste or culture. When the samurai defend the village, Kurosawa shapes their every maneuver and tactic, and even the muddy chaos that ensues, into the film's meticulous over-all strategy. The result is that you leave "The Seven Samurai" (*playing December 10 at Theatre 80 St. Marks*) *all worked up* and *clearheaded.*



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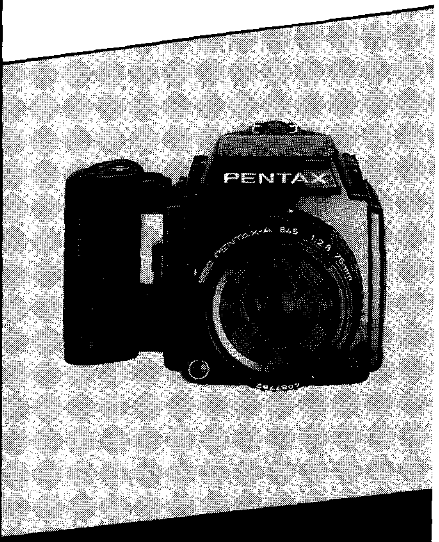

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ART NOTES

PART 2 OF 3

WHAT DETERMINES THE PRICE OF AN OLDER AMERICAN PAINTING?

The second part of our series describes, in general terms, the effects of quality, size, and condition upon price. We offer one caveat to our readers: all rules have exceptions! The mission of our column is to inspire further investigation.

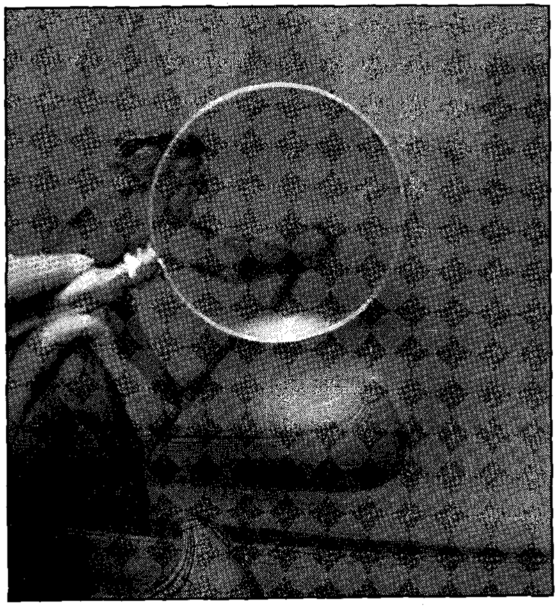
Every artist has "bad days" and produces works that are not up to the artist's general level of quality. The artist might be experimenting with a new technique which fails. Financial crises might require the artist to dash off a few works to refill the bank account. Or mental and physical problems may be the cause. Whatever the reason, quality is one of the most important factors in setting price, and the eye of a competent dealer, one who has seen the entire scope of an artist's work, is crucial in determining quality. We see many bargains advertised in the marketplace that are offered at prices well below the artist's average. Unfortunately these bargains rarely hold their value in the long term, and dealers who specialize in quality will refuse to handle them.

In contrast, an artist's masterpiece will bring a price many times higher than the artist's average. For example, paintings by marine artist, Gordon Grant, generally bring less than $10,000. His masterpiece, however, is currently on the market for $75,000. Time has shown that an artist's best canvases hold their value; it is also an extraordinary pleasure to gaze upon an artist's finest effort.

Size greatly affects price, again in disproportionate multiples. The ideal painting size, 24″ × 36″ (or similar) might fetch $100,000 while a 10″ × 12″ by the same artist might bring $12,000. In a recent Vose Show of Gertrude Fiske's works, small oils were priced under $5,000 while her room-sized paintings brought $40,000 to $60,000. Paintings that are "outsized", unless of museum quality, are slower to sell, but a contrarian buyer can acquire here a high-quality work for less than average. As for a painting's "shape", horizontal paintings bring top dollar, followed by vertical, oval, and the least desirable, round.

A severely overcleaned painting, even by a top artist, can be nearly worthless. Condition of a painting, whether it has been inpainted or overcleaned ("skinned") is a major component of price. A dealer's responsibility is to thoroughly examine a work and describe its condition in detail to clients. Dealers who specialize in the finest paintings, however, simply will not handle works with major condition problems.

Part 3: The role of authenticity: fakes, forgeries, signatures, and provenance.



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 7.)

The French They Are a Funny Race (1957)—A film based on a collection of minor essays has, at the outset, a certain skittishness; the essays themselves formed "The Notebooks of Major Thompson," which was not written by Major Thompson but by Pierre Daninos, and it was a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman's account of French life. The American writer-director Preston Sturges, an expatriate in the late fifties, turned all this into an amusing series of wheezes—a kind of literate vaudeville. Maybe you can no longer laugh at anecdotes like the British mother's wedding-night advice to ther daughter ("My dear, it's utterly unbearable, but just close your eyes and think of England"), but acted out this sort of thing acquires a fresh insanity. There is one routine that is Sturges at his best, an English courtship on horseback; and there are divertissements on French bureaucracy, English body-fitness, and so on. Jack Buchanan is the Major, Catherine Boyl his English wife, Martine Carol his French wife, Noël-Noël his French friend.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 8-9.)

General della Rovere (1959)—Vittorio De Sica has perhaps his greatest role in this otherwise mediocre film, directed by Roberto Rossellini. It is set in Genoa in 1943. De Sica is a small-time swindler with a classic con man's grand manner; the Germans induce him to impersonate a Resistance general whom they have inadvertently shot, and send him to a political prison, where he is supposed to ferret out information for them. But the petty, self-loathing crook, experiencing for the first time the respect and admiration—*even the awe—of other men, becomes* as courageous as the fighter he impersonates. The mask has molded the man, and the Nazis must destroy their own creation. De Sica is superb; we watch his evolution from worm to Il Generale with utter astonishment and delight. At its most original, the film is a shockingly funny black comedy: the con man, battered and bleeding from torture, weeps sentimentally over a photograph of the real Generale's children. But this film, made on a slender budget and shot and edited in six weeks, is—surprisingly—too long; the director doesn't seem to have discovered his best material until it was too late to pull the story together. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 13.)

Henry V—*This fast-paced version, adapted and* directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Paris.)

The Little Mermaid—An animated film, directed by John Musker and Ron Clements. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 12.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today."—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 10-11.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves break into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France, by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The As-

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Head Cooper

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Duncan Macpherson
Stillman

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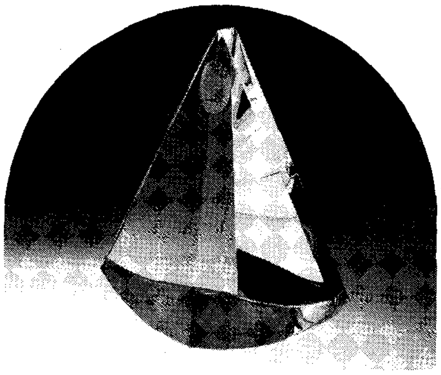

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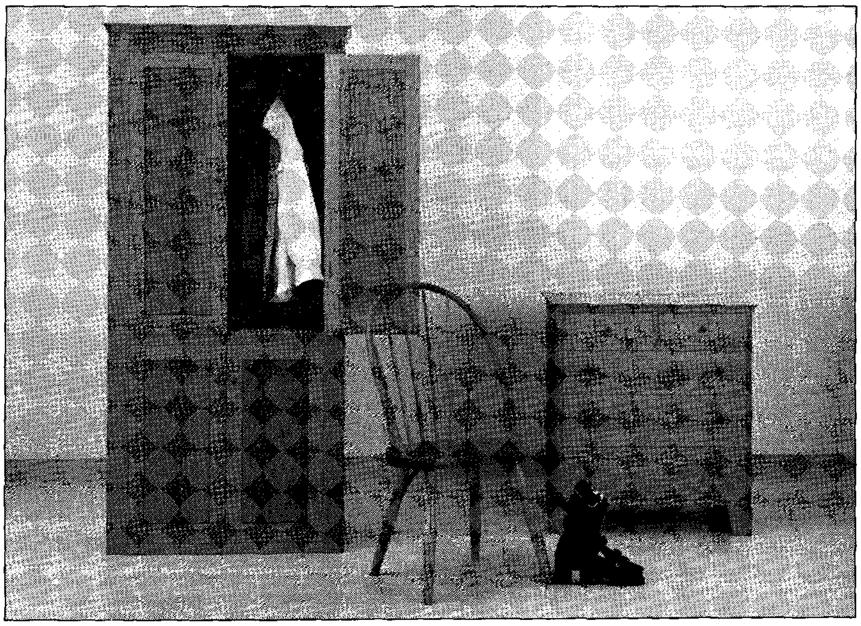

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phalt Jungle" (and of "Macbeth" before them), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own antisocial impulses) to a cadaverous finish. Along the way, Dassin keeps things actively vicious, with glimpses of underworld prostitutes and hopheads and a murder, a kidnapping, and the thrashing of a faithless mistress, who is stripped. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, and Magali Noel. *In French.* —P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 10.)

SALVADOR (1986)—The director, Oliver Stone, is probably aiming for a Buñuelian effect—a vision so intensely scummy that it clears the air. If the result, with its grime and guilt, comes closer to suggesting a hyperkinetic, gonzo version of Graham Greene, that's still nothing to be ashamed of. Written by Stone and the free-lance foreign correspondent Richard Boyle, the movie presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, plays Boyle as a scroungy hustler who knows how to function in chaos: the squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. The title doesn't refer just to the country. "Salvador" means "Savior," and Woods' Boyle is the one who needs to be saved. What Stone has here is a right-wing macho fantasy joined to a left-leaning polemic. He writes and directs as if someone had put a gun to the back of his neck and yelled "Go!" and didn't take it away until he'd finished. Made on location in Mexico, except for a few scenes set in this country, the money was raised from British and Mexican sources. With Elpidia Carrillo as the peasant madonna, Jim Belushi as Doctor Rock, John Savage as the dedicated photojournalist, and Michael Murphy, Tony Plana, and Cynthia Gibb. Cinematography by Robert Richardson, music by Georges Delerue.—P.K. (Cinema 3; through Dec. 7.)

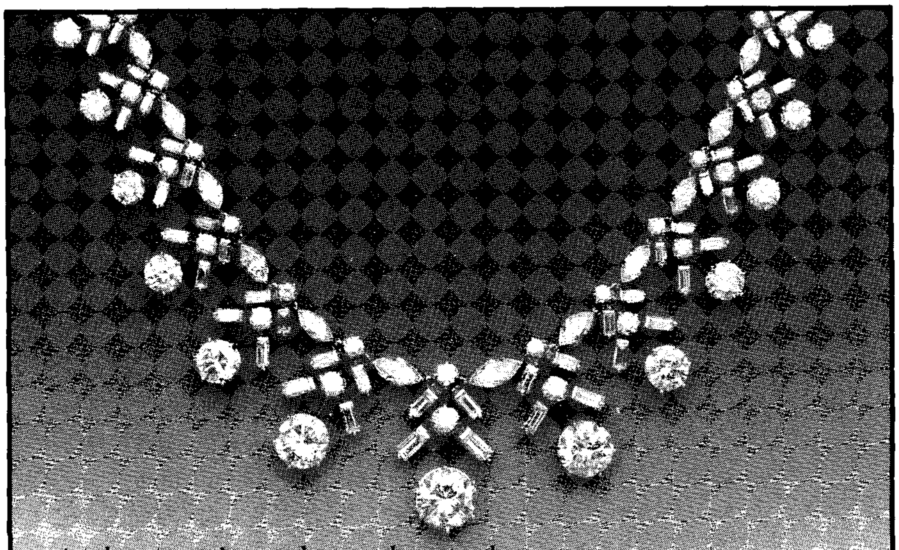
SEA OF LOVE—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects. But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker.—T.R. (9/18/89) (Angelika Film Center, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through Dec. 7.)

SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Sidewalk Stories—This low-budget first feature by Charles Lane—he's the writer, producer, director, and star—is a sweet-natured fable about homelessness in New York City. Lane plays a young sidewalk portrait artist who rescues a two-year-old girl (Nicole Alysia) after her father has been killed in a fight: the story is no more than a serviceable frame for a series of vignettes about the rigors of life on the street. Very consciously, the film evokes Chaplin: it's shot in black and white; there's no dialogue (until the last three or four minutes); Lane's character is resourceful, tenderhearted, and small (in one scene, he's menaced by a gigantic rival artist played by Tom Hoover, who was once a center for the Knicks); and the humor is of the universal variety, tending towards poignancy. It's easy to see why Lane believes that the Chaplin style is appropriate to today's urban conditions. He's not inventive enough, though—the comic adventures of the artist and the kid don't have the surprise of specific observation, and the absence of dialogue has the unfortunate effect of making all the characters seem a little simpleminded. The movie is never as bad as you fear it's going to be—Lane keeps the action brisk and lively—but you're always aware that it's a bit of a stunt. Also with Sandye Wilson. The cinematography, by Bill Dill, and the score, by Marc Marder, are first-rate.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. Chabrol's direction is, as always, clean, efficient, and rather impersonal. At first, we're grateful for his matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Valmont—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience. With Annette Bening as the Marquise, Meg Tilly as Mme. de Tourvel, Fairuza Balk as Cécile, Fabia Drake as Valmont's aunt, and Jeffrey Jones, Henry Thomas, Aleta Mitchell, and Sian Phillips. The costumes were designed by Theodor Pistek.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Regency . . . Cinema I; through Dec. 12.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NO sooner had the American Embassy in El Salvador proclaimed the decisive defeat of the Salvadoran guerrillas, after their offensive a few weeks ago, than the guerrillas mounted another raid, brazenly taking the war into the wealthiest neighborhoods of the capital. (Guerrilla spokesmen explained that they were launching this attack in part to demonstrate the Salvadoran government's hypocrisy. When the guerrillas were holed up in poor neighborhoods, the government had directed aerial bombardments at entire districts, killing hundreds of innocent civilians in the process. The guerrillas predicted that no such bombardments would be visited upon the wealthy neighborhoods, and their prediction proved correct.) In an apparently minor skirmish in the new battle, a group of guerrillas occupied parts of the Sheraton Hotel, where, clearly to their surprise, they found a dozen heavily armed American Green Berets—soldiers who may have been violating the congressional limitations on the number of United States military personnel permitted in El Salvador at one time.

All the on-scene reports agree that the guerrillas, far from targeting the Green Berets, immediately began frantic negotiations with the Catholic Church and the International Committee of the Red Cross to secure their speedy and safe withdrawal. Nevertheless, Administration officials lost no time in decrying the encounter as an "outrageous act of terrorism," and Marlin Fitzwater, the President's spokesman, almost gleefully proclaimed that now "these Marxist guerrillas have shown their true colors," adding that they had "embarked on a despicable road of violence by threatening civilians, Americans, and innocent citizens of all nations who may be in their path." Other Administration officials were calling the Green Berets hostages, and suggested that the guerrillas' behavior went a long way toward justifying the suspicion, voiced by some defenders of the Salvadoran Army, that these same guerrillas had been the ones responsible for the previous week's gruesome assassination of six Jesuit priests. (There was nothing to substantiate that theory; on the contrary, all the available evidence suggested that the Salvadoran Army had been responsible.) When Senator Christopher Dodd, the leader of the bipartisan consensus on Salvadoran military aid, heard of the events at the Sheraton, he threw up his hands in despair. "For the last three or four days [the violence] clearly appeared to be coming mostly from the right. This morning, now it appears to be coming from the left," he said, equating the situation of the Green Berets with that of the murdered Jesuits. "Congress seems to be lurching from one side to the other, depending upon the latest atrocity."

What eventually happened, of course, was that the guerrillas released their supposed hostages, without having done them any harm, and melted into the night. Within hours, however, President Bush was claiming credit for a heroic victory, declaring that a United States Army Delta Force team had "liberated" the hotel "with finality" from "the clutches of these outrageous guerrilla attacks." (Actually, by the time the Delta Force got there the incident was over.) Mr. Bush went on to deliver a stern warning: "When you see Americans held hostage like this, there's a message. . . . This President, backed by our Defense Secretary, is going to protect the lives of Americans wherever we can and go to any ends to protect the lives of American citizens."

A few days after that, the home of Jennifer Jean Casolo, a twenty-eight-

Albert Hubbell

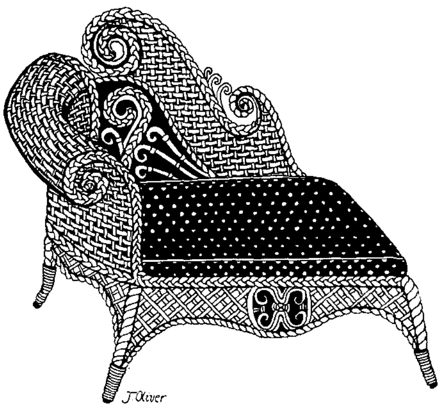
year-old American church worker in San Salvador, was raided by Salvadoran Army troops. The soldiers found thousands of rounds of ammunition and assorted weapons buried in Ms. Casolo's back yard, and Ms. Casolo was thrown in jail, on a charge of providing support to the guerrillas. Far from rushing to protect this particular American citizen, the United States Embassy made a point of ratifying the Salvadoran government's action. "It's a good bust," one American official told the *Times*.

It was certainly a timely one for the Salvadoran government. It came at a moment when that government had mounted a wholesale offensive against church workers—particularly foreign church workers—and was rounding them up and expelling them from the country *en masse*. As it happened, Ms. Casolo had only recently moved into that house, and, because it was in one of the most bomb-ravaged neighborhoods, she had spent several days of the previous week in a downtown hotel. During any of those days, either the guerrillas or the Salvadoran Army could have had access to the back yard. According to the *Times*, the weapons displayed by the Salvadorans "appeared to be old and to have been buried for some time, providing some support to the supposition that [Ms. Casolo] might not have been aware of the cache." (It was certainly hard to imagine that someone would knowingly choose to live on top of a pile of unstable munitions.) There was, at any rate, a good deal of confusion and ambiguity surrounding the affair. But none of that ambiguity made its way into Mr. Fitzwater's pronouncements the day after Ms. Casolo was jailed. In highly unusual remarks—remarks that would have been inappropriate even if the case had unfolded within the United States—Mr. Fitzwater dispensed with any presumption of innocence, and went out of his way to endorse the arrest. "There are indications of her involvement, that's for certain," he declared. When a reporter commented, "You sound like you're cutting her loose," Fitzwater didn't dispute the suggestion. Instead, he said, "I don't know what the specific evidence is, but I certainly have read all of the press accounts of some very definitive involvement in terms of her role and her past history."

It's not clear what press accounts Mr. Fitzwater had in mind. According to the *Times*, Ms. Casolo has been in El Salvador more than four years, working for Christian Education Seminars, a San Antonio-based organization, as a sort of tour director for visiting American delegations, among them delegations of high-level congressional groups, and during the tours she has arranged for the delegations to meet with representatives of all sorts of factions in the conflict, including United States Embassy officials and Salvadoran military personnel. As for her earlier "history," the Los Angeles *Times* reported that she was president of her high-school student council, in Thomaston, Connecticut; chief of the school's honor society; chairwoman of its Spanish Club; and its head cheerleader. She received a full scholarship to Brandeis University, and graduated with highest honors.

In a case of this sort, the customary role of the United States Embassy is to extend assistance to an American citizen caught in a jam, no matter what the circumstances. In Ms. Casolo's case, however, American officials told reporters they'd prefer to stand by and "let Salvadoran justice run its course." Salvadoran justice comes close to being an oxymoron, however. Thus far, for example, it has failed to convict a single instigator of any of the thousands upon thousands of death-squad slayings in this decade-old war.

By midweek, Ms. Casolo's prospects seemed to be improving somewhat. The Salvadoran military authorities admitted that the "defecting rebel" whose information led to the raid had provided only a street address; he had noted that "a foreigner lives there" but had in no way implied that the foreigner in question knew anything about the cache. And the authorities were suggesting that it might be possible to try Ms. Casolo quickly and then expel her from the country.



These incidents aside, one of the most troubling issues arising from the current situation in El Salvador is the fate of democratic values and democratic discourse in our own country. As the Cold War seems to be subsiding almost everywhere else across the globe, and there seems less and less ideological rationale for our continuing involvement in El Salvador, the pronouncements of American public officials on the subject of that country's internal struggles seem to be becoming more and more shrill and untethered. It's no longer simply a question of what we are continuing to do to El Salvador; it's becoming a question of what El Salvador—or, at least, our involvement there—is doing to us.

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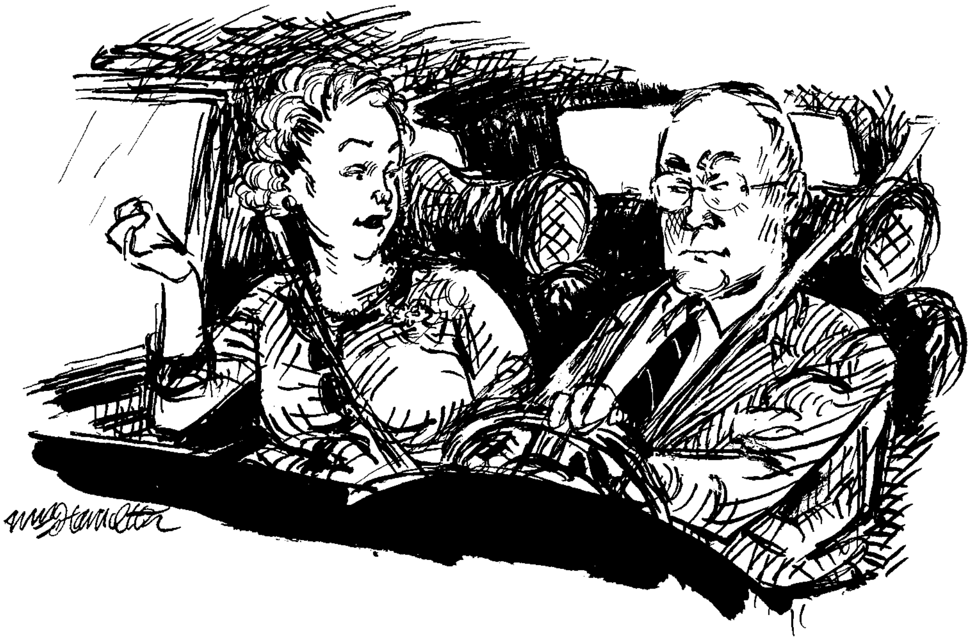
ORDINARILY, one might not think of drawing parallels between an opera singer and a ballerina nearly twenty years her junior. But when the singer is Joan Sutherland and the dancer is Suzanne Farrell, and they make farewell appearances within a single month, parallels inevitably come to mind. Sutherland said goodbye to the American operatic stage on November 11th, in Franz Lehár's "The Merry Widow," at the Dallas Opera, where she had made her American début, in November, 1960. Farrell, who arrived in New York in August, 1960, to audition for the School of American Ballet, gave her last performance with the New York City Ballet, in Balanchine's "Vienna Waltzes," on November 26th. That each made her farewell while swirling in the midst of a grand waltz, in a work that recalls a golden age, is a poignant coincidence, and a reminder that the retirement of these two divas closes an epoch. Sutherland, who is of the same generation as Renata Tebaldi and Maria Callas, is the last of the great sopranos of the postwar era. Farrell, who was born on August 16, 1945, two days after the war ended, is our last profound connection with the world that George Balanchine invented.

Sutherland and Farrell are two of the most deeply cherished artists in the history of the lyric theatre, and theirs are among the longest and most distinguished careers on record: Sutherland sang for more than forty years; Farrell danced for nearly thirty. Each was blessed with the imagination, the will, the energy, and the opportunity to fulfill every promise her talent implied, and more besides. Neither of them was the constant darling of the critics; often, it seemed, nobody loved them but the public. Both were transcendent technicians and fastidious performers. Sutherland was the queen of high E-flats and trills, Farrell of balancés and multiple pirouettes. They were tightrope walkers. Yet neither of them turned virtuosity into narcissistic display. Rather, virtuosity was the means by which each enriched the terms of her art. Each worked with many collaborators over the years, yet each is known mainly for her devotion to a single mentor: Sutherland to her husband, the conductor Richard Bonynge; Farrell to Balanchine. Each dedicated herself to a single aesthetic, and discarded all other possibilities. They have produced no exercise videos; they do not frequent talk shows. Sutherland is famous for nothing except bel-canto singing, Farrell only for dancing. Every time you saw either of them, it was a gala performance; they were always "on."



"How does it feel to be one of the last hard-liners still in place?"

Fame did not come quickly to Sutherland. In all likelihood, she never sought it. She often said, "I'm a rather unremarkable woman who happens to have a rather remarkable voice." The eventual size of her career seems to have surprised no one more than it surprised her. By the time she made her New York début, in a concert performance of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda" in Town Hall, in 1961, she had been a professional singer for fourteen years. She was, according to her own testimony, a slow learner with a poor memory. She was also a perfectionist, and she knew her limits and how to pace herself. Adding to her repertory slowly and carefully, she sang a new part at the Met only after she had polished it elsewhere for at least a year, and sometimes two years or more. (She sang "Norma" for nearly a decade before presenting it at the Met.) It is thanks to her persistence no less than to her longevity that she came to sing in a total of eleven notoriously difficult operas at the Met: "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Sonnambula," "La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," "Norma," "La Fille du Régiment," "Rigoletto," "Les Contes d'Hoffman" (all four soprano parts), "I Puritani," "Esclarmonde," and "Il Trovatore." In this same careful manner she built her career in virtually every major opera house in the world. Her progress was slow but inexorable, her every appearance a great occasion. She was known as La Stupenda.

Balletomanes are not as given to nicknames as opera lovers are. If they were, Farrell, too, might easily have been called La Stupenda. And it's quite easy to think of her as a "dramatic-coloratura" ballerina. She was a natural lyric-adagio dancer with an unusual capacity for moving rapidly. Balanchine taught her to exploit and to equalize these polarities until she commanded a technique capable of performing anything composed for a woman, regardless of her physical type. Farrell's purely instrumental quality, her musical inventiveness, and her willingness to take any risks on Balanchine's behalf inspired him to an enthusiasm he showed for no other ballerina. Farrell made herself into an emblem of his aesthetic, and he responded in kind, creating or adapting twenty-three roles for her. (She danced more than a hundred ballets all told.) Balanchine cast her in such parts as Terpsichore in "Apollo" and the adagio leads in "Concerto Barocco" and "Symphony in C," rescaling them to the grandeur of her operatic style. He employed her as a model for others to follow in his daily class. In dances like "Diamonds," "Tzigane," and "Mozartiana," which he created expressly for Farrell, she was not only the instrument through which we saw the works but the subject of them as well. And the saturation of N.Y.C.B. in Farrell's dewy image confirmed her as the perpetual symbol of the company's youth. That's why Farrell's announcement of her retirement this fall seemed so resonant. She was our youth, too, and we didn't want to let go.

For more than twenty years, Farrell held back the clock for us and for herself. But the past three years have been stolen, not frozen, time. Ideally, a performer's avidity for the stage would wear out at the same rate as her body. That has not been so for Farrell. Her hip joint wore out before either her technique or her desire to dance did. She underwent hip-replacement surgery in February, 1987, rehabilitated herself, and danced again when no one—not even her physicians—believed she could. Farrell was always a money player (Balanchine called her a racehorse), and she beat the odds more often than any comparable performer you can name. Now biology has prevailed over psychology. Nevertheless, on the evening of her farewell Farrell stopped the clock once more. At the end of her final solo, she swirled,

swirled again, then flung back her arms until her torso arched in a slow-motion lunge, and disappeared into the wings. At her final curtain call, instead of continuing to look up to the top of the house, she let her eyes follow the descent of the gold damask curtain until it sealed her away from us.

Sutherland, at her final curtain in Dallas, looked like a cross between Lily Langtry and Nellie Melba. She wore a gown that was beaded, bejewelled, and feathered, and a plumed picture hat the size of Nebraska. She had danced up a storm, and made everybody teary-eyed when she sang "Vilia." Afterward, radiant in a purple-and-black silk dress, she received her guests in her dressing room, but she was so luminous that the room seemed too small to contain her. An admirer took both her hands in his. "Dame Joan," he said, "I just want to thank you—to tell you that the hours I've spent listening to you are among the most glorious of my life." Beaming, she replied, "Oh, you don't have to thank me. They were glorious for me, too."

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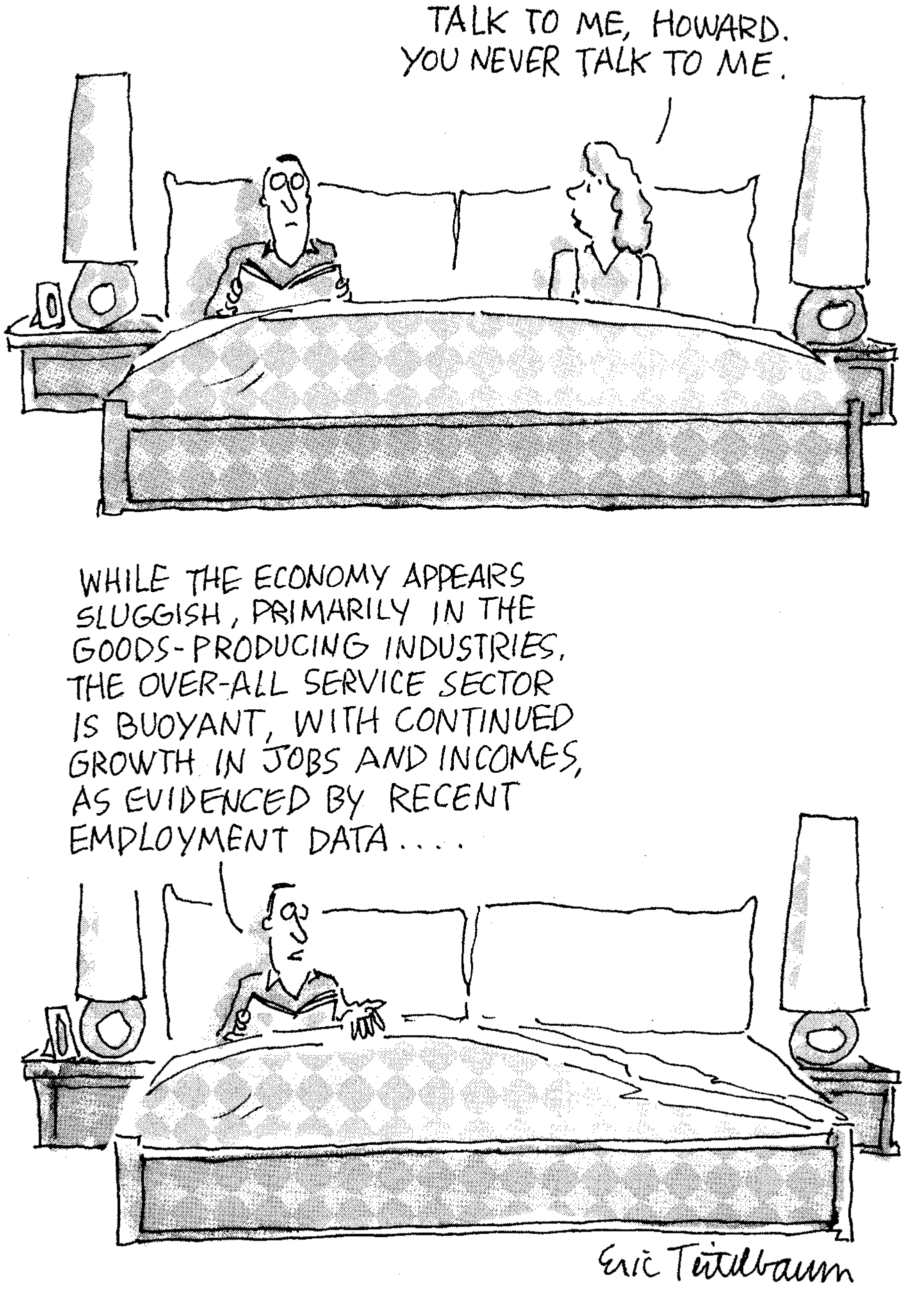
Heavy Metal

MUCH of what was for sale at the Transit Authority's Second Annual Auction and Tag Sale, held last month at the New York Transit Museum, in downtown Brooklyn, was so heavy that many of the buyers seemed to be talking mostly about how to get their purchases home. "A taxi *has* to take us," a teen-age girl who was lugging a subway fare box (twenty-five dollars) assured her friend. "It's the law."


TALK TO ME, HOWARD. YOU NEVER TALK TO ME.
WHILE THE ECONOMY APPEARS SLUGGISH, PRIMARILY IN THE GOODS-PRODUCING INDUSTRIES, THE OVER-ALL SERVICE SECTOR IS BUOYANT, WITH CONTINUED GROWTH IN JOBS AND INCOMES, AS EVIDENCED BY RECENT EMPLOYMENT DATA....
Eric Teitelbaum

As an elderly couple entered the museum, which is a restoration of a subway station from the nineteen-thirties, they stopped to admire one of the original electric turnstiles, introduced in 1922 to replace the I.R.T. ticket chopper. When they found out that the turnstile was part of the permanent exhibit, they headed for the tag sale, and bought a side-view bus mirror at the five-dollar table. "We're moving to Illinois soon," the man told us, "and we want to take a little bit of New York with us."

A small boy had to use two hands to pick up what looked like a very rusty skillet but was in fact a contact shoe (twenty dollars). A contact shoe is a piece of metal that is attached to a subway train and glides along the third rail, drawing electric power. "I wonder if my mom would like this," the boy said to a young girl standing next to him.

"If your mom is anything like my dad, she'll yell and scream," the girl replied.

A woman with two large paper bags full of subway strap handles (five dollars), bus badges (five dollars), and vintage glass subway-entrance globes (thirty dollars for a set of two), stopped at the one-dollar table to inspect a piece of metal. "An oversized molly bolt," she told us. "It was used to close something on the motorman's door, but I don't know what." She decided to buy two, and when we asked her why, she said, "It's a good price for a molly bolt."

Also for sale were bus lights (a dollar); M.T.A. travel posters (five dollars); timber spikes (a dollar); T-shirts, medium-sized only (four dollars); paint suits (ten dollars); decals, including "No Dollar Coins Please" and "Surface Maintenance Base Shops" (a dollar); a Lexington Avenue Elevated sign (a hundred dollars); an "Off Hour Waiting" sign (seventy-five dollars); and fluted cast-iron lampposts (fifty dollars). Fire-alarm boxes had been sold out before we got there.

Two hours after the tag sale began, the auction got under way. There we found the most expensive—and heaviest—objects. A very large framed sign that said "Fulton—Lefferts Boulevard" and required two men to lift it started at twenty-five dollars and, after intense bidding, went for three hundred. We asked the winner why he wanted the sign so much.

"I like the color, I like the age, I like the size, and I like Fulton—Lefferts," he said.

A pair of bright-yellow metal walls used in an IND rest room sold for twenty-five dollars right away to two men who owned an antique store. A vintage turnstile, No. 37, with keys—ca. 1931—sold for three hundred dollars. (The auctioneer, Cornelius Heaney, had shouted, "Having visitors? Make a nice profit the next time you let them into your home!") A set of two narrow-gauge steel wheels had no takers, even after the auctioneer pointed out that "they'll roll right out of here, no problem." (No mention was made of the museum's two flights of stairs.) Nor did anyone buy the bus operator's seat, the "Warning Do Not Lean Over Edge of Platform" sign, the sign that told you how to get to the Javits Center, or the jackball signals.

A 1975 Flxible Bus with a set of six new tires went for nineteen hundred dollars, to a Woodstock restaurateur who plans to use it to take customers on excursions to the Hudson River, but by far the most spectacular item sold was a blue forty-ton, sixty-foot 1948 R-10 subway car that once came with wicker seats, a G.E. fan, and sash curtains. The car was built by the American Car Foundry as part of a four-hundred-car order and was in service on the IND and B.M.T. lines until a few months ago. Lew Becker, who works as an investigator in the New Jersey Organized Crime Task Force, and his wife, Sandy, bought the car, for three thousand dollars. The Beckers are interested in old machines and tools, particularly those relating to transportation. They own some old trucks and cars, but when they came to the sale they'd had no intention of buying a subway car.

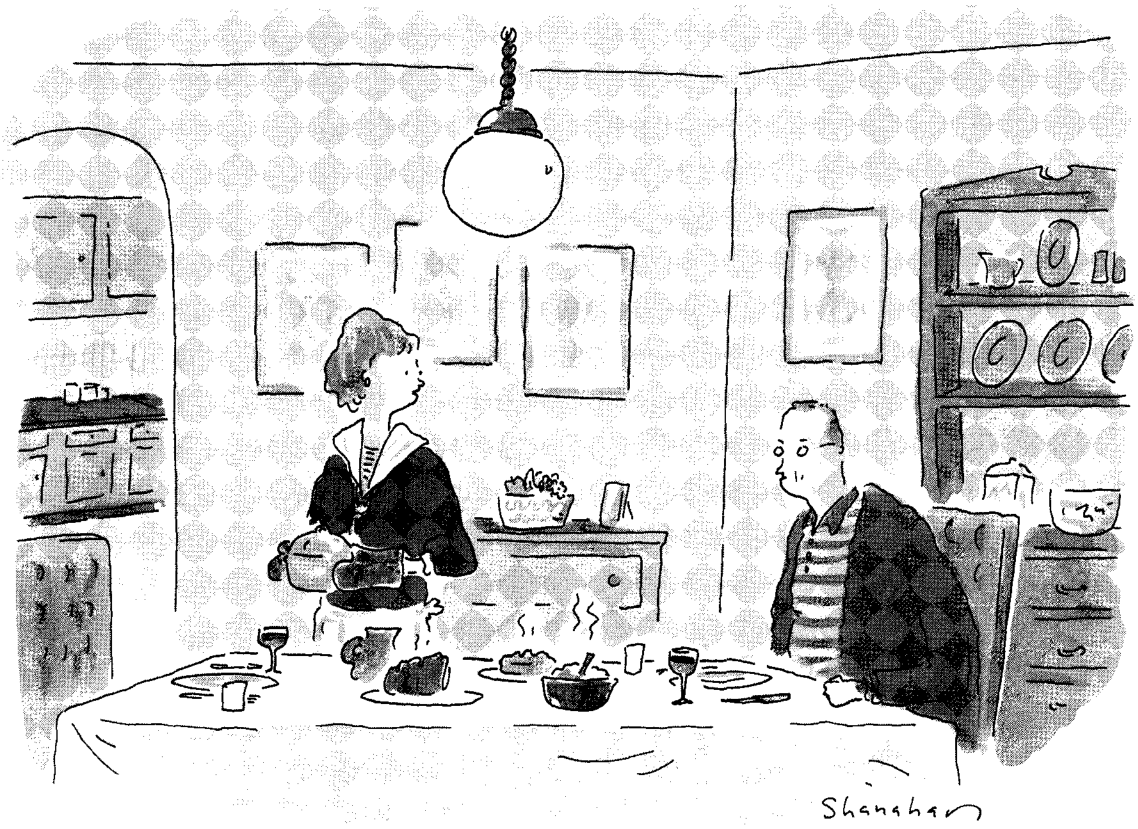
"I looked at the auction list and I was unimpressed," Mr. Becker told us afterward. "Only the car looked exciting. Then the guy sitting next to me said that he believed there were only five R-10s left, and he hoped this one wasn't going to go to some guy who would turn it into a restaurant. Right before the bidding for the car, I turned to the guy and asked him, 'Is this thing worth three thousand dollars?' He said sure. So I bought it."

Three thousand dollars was the minimum bid set by the Transit Museum, and Mr. Becker was the only bidder. He expects that it will cost more than three thousand dollars to move the car—possibly by flatbed trailer. He said he would have gone up to nine or ten thousand dollars for the car, not because he considered it an investment but because he likes obsolete items that had significance in their time. When the R-10 came out, it was the fastest train in New York, had a superior braking system, and was the first train to have fluorescent lights. It also ran on the A line, Mr. Becker's favorite.

Mr. Becker told us he wasn't sure yet what he would do with the R-10. "I don't even know what color it's supposed to be," he said. "But the guy sitting next to me said it's the wrong color now. There are a lot of other things I'd like to find out, too—like whether there was ever a serious crime committed in this car." He paused, and then said, "Definitely the biggest consideration right now is how you move it."

Mr. Becker also said that he hopes to restore the train and then live in it or make it a museum or turn it into a railway bookstore—never a restaurant. "I would like to re-create a whole subway station, with a potbellied stove and music from the forties," he added. "If I had known I was going to buy the car, I would have bought the bench."

The oak subway-platform bench went for a hundred and fifty dollars.



"I understand your feelings, dear, but don't you think that Jane Pauley would just as soon see you keep your strength up?"

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THE BEAUTIFUL ONES

OTHER than a man I used to know from school collecting signatures on a petition to abolish the international police force, and the kid in Central Park who tried to rob me by saying he had a gun built into the shoe of his artificial leg, my memories of the months I lived in New York are more or less unpopulated. I know that I remember the dogs better than I remember people—how the long, patient faces of dogs being walked across the honeycomb pattern of hexagons around the Museum of Natural History seemed every day to grow calmer, more detailed, more tolerant of their masters' overloaded schedules.

Perhaps I could say it was the worst time of my life—all those sleepless hours in bed with no air-conditioner, while boom boxes playing disco music moved slowly past the open window of my ground-floor apartment; those walks along Broadway through the airborne scraps of trash, as I composed over and over the letter I would write to the *Times* in response to someone else's letter.

But now, when I remember those days in my apartment with the curtains pulled, I feel the same warmth that I feel when I think about the time a few years later when my insurance company allowed me to spend two nights in a hospital for what would ordinarily have been ambulatory surgery, and I lay awake watching the steady, all-night quality of light in the hall, through which the shadows of nurses passed from time to time, silent on their white cork shoes—in secret, the way the tires of taxis used to pass outside my apartment window when I was not quite asleep. Never has a city so opened itself to me, taking me in and giving me a place to walk around and around in the middle of the day; and never have I so opened myself to a city, let it take hold of me and shake me upside down, although we had nothing to offer each other beyond the fact of being relentlessly, in the expression that was gaining currency at the time, in each other's faces.

But faces are what I remember least. I have no idea what my sister's friends looked like, although I had dinner with them twice, and once walked in circles with them beneath the tall pines in Pelham Bay Park, our heads tilted back on our shoulders, looking for owls. I do remember the flag on their wall, from what country I did not ask: horizontal bars running above and below a central figure that looked like the obverse of a dime; everything in the same shades of yellow and brown and orange that I see today in the bumper stickers of parked cars when I drive past the local community college, where "IMPEACH REAGAN" has been changed to "IMPEACH BUSH" by cutting the name "BUSH" from a surplus Republican sticker and applying it over the former President's name.

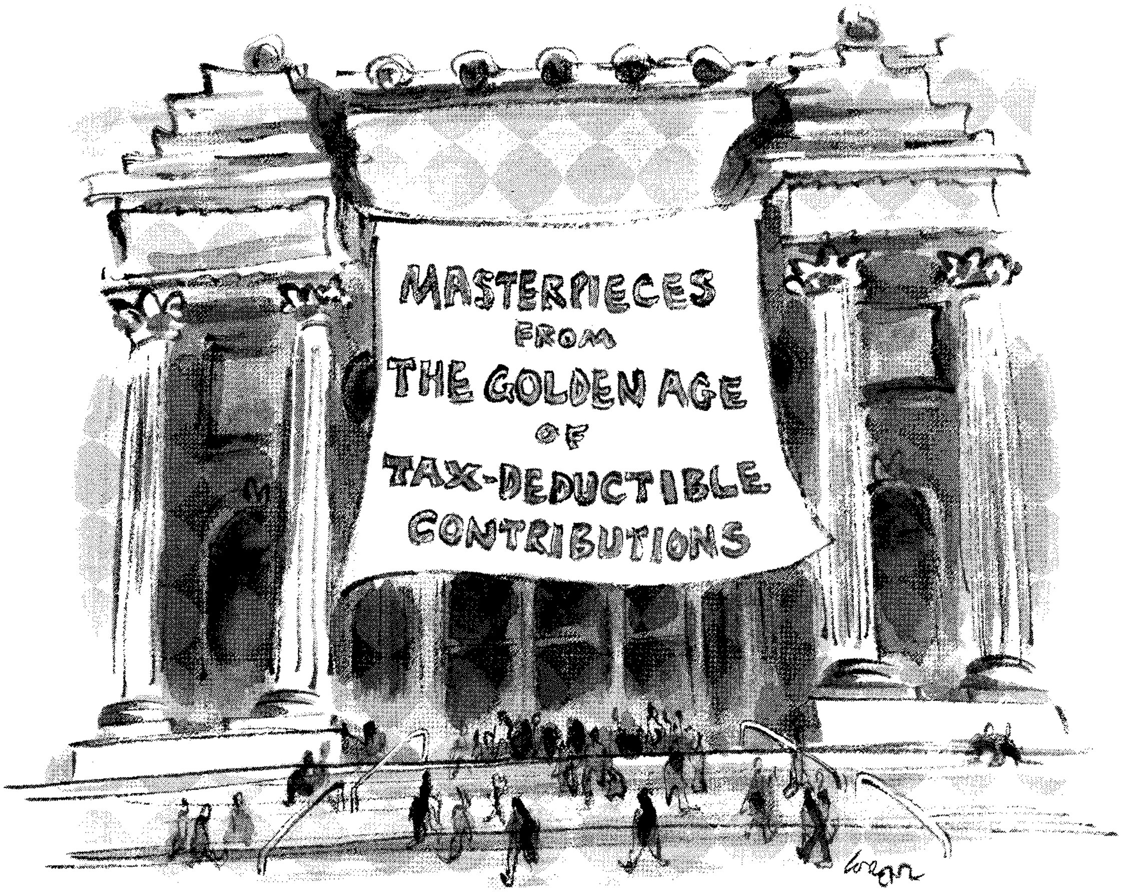
I remember summer better than I remember winter, day better than night, and the white litter of Broadway flying waist-high when the wind picked up. The strange thing about being in New York is that even when you take time off from it, for a day or a weekend, you're still stuck there. You can walk down a neighborhood street in New Jersey, with kids playing in every other yard, and the horizon low to the ground in all directions, or you can watch the dining-room window darken from a Thanksgiving table in Connecticut, and you're still stuck in New York. Never has a city so taken me in, so swallowed me up whenever I came back to it, the outline of the midtown buildings growing taller in the blue haze as we approached them diagonally on the Carey Airport Express bus.

WITH nothing to put into it, time loses all shape, so that whatever I did over those long days I seemed scarcely able to fit into my schedule. Once I made a series of expensive daytime phone calls to Merv Griffin Productions to register my disagreement with the way "Timbuktu" had been spelled on "Wheel of Fortune." I thumbed through the Manhattan Yellow Pages, and wherever an ad carried a picture of the New York skyline I drew a little cartoon H-bomb streaking down above it. I walked and walked, never very far from my own neighborhood, watching how gently the sun fell on all the other people who were not working; watching how it glanced off the window of the Holistic Pet Care Center, where cats sprawled asleep among the carpeted plywood shapes of scratching posts and nesting boxes.

Eve Olitski

At the International Auto Show, I walked for hours among the displays, up and down the Coliseum's long ramp, wondering if I was the only city person there among the tailored jeans and suède jackets of those who could think seriously about owning such vehicles—people who lived someplace where you could look straight ahead or right or left and there would be lawns and trees and places to park. I watched as the cars turned slowly on felt-covered turntables, each exhibit attended by a beautiful young woman, her face contoured by elaborate makeup. The smiles of the models were mirrored in the hard wax of the cars, their lip gloss reflecting the same fluctuating lights that danced on the cars' dark quarter panels. All that day, I longed for the suburbs—their open-skied subdivisions, their sprawling, pasted-together high schools, built one wing at a time over twenty years, with empty football bleachers visible from the turnpike on the kind of Sunday through which you can drive for hours without ever seeing a person on foot.

FROM my room on the ground floor I could see, thrown onto a small area of the ceiling, the vague shapes of people and objects moving outside. Like the pinhole viewers that schoolchildren build to safely watch an eclipse, the gap at the top of my window where the curtains did not quite come together would throw onto my ceiling a blurred picture of people and vehicles passing outside: the yellow sweep of a taxi making a half-circle across the small projection area near the pinhole; the tiny figure of someone in a red shirt scissoring across the ceiling in the direction opposite from



the way the person was actually walking. I would think of all the dogs being walked in the sunlight—the beautiful ones, with their calm, tolerant faces, and the white parts of their fur whiter than anything else in the city—and sometimes I would go outside just to see them.

Coming home, I would usually stop at a small grocery store on Columbus Avenue. What a vacancy to walk, without a job, and without anybody telling me to start looking for a job, into the shadowy cramped spaces of that store, into its stale banana smells, and cheese smells, and the smell of the powdery duff of sawdust and dried onion skins and miscellaneous half-dehydrated vegetable residue that collected, out of reach of the push broom, in the cracks between the floorboards.

Everything was close together—the round grapefruits gathered in their net bags; crowds of heavy and dim-colored vegetables, whose names and uses I did not know, framed in shallow boxes forming a slanted flat surface; the soda bottles upright in the cooler, jammed together so closely that it was hard to reach in without something falling out. What a simplicity to walk home with the groceries, in sunglasses, with oranges and a quart of ginger ale, on the hottest day of the year; what an eventless holiday to come home to a building while everybody else was at work. What a blank luxury to twist open an ice tray and pour the ice into a waxy green Tupperware bowl, perhaps cradling a few cubes in the palm of my hand and cracking them into two or three smaller pieces with the handle of a steak knife; to sip ginger ale in a room without a fan, where I had never even thought about getting a fan, sitting back in my one comfortable chair, with ink-darkened channels worn into its armrests from hours of running a ballpoint pen back and forth along the grain of the wood, sitting still in the almost motionless apartment air, which blended sometimes with a breath of the moist, clean smell of my white tile bathroom. I always got the kind of oranges with the thickest skin, so I could squeeze the skin next to a match flame and watch the volatile oils flare up, again and again, sometimes in a remarkably large burst of fire. Soon the air would be filled with black motes of carbon from the burned oil: wispy, wormy shapes spiralling and drifting in the slight turbulence that the heat from the flareups had generated.

What a lazy smell on a summer afternoon—the air sharp with sulfur and burned orange oil, and the metallic ozone refrigerator smell of ice cubes melting in the plastic bowl—while the gesticulating images of people outside crossed my ceiling, and the taxis flashed past, throwing a fan of yellow through the pinhole.

THERE is no privacy deeper than the privacy of sunglasses. I could walk however many blocks in whatever direction I found myself going, then turn, perhaps, and cross at a light and walk in some other direction—watching the beautiful dogs, with their adult faces seeming to have come to terms with the burden of heat around their unsheddable coats; watching the slim people who had somehow provided room in their lives for dogs, in the thick sunlight among the brick buildings; thinking how after dark the dense red bricks would radiate back into the street the heat they had absorbed all day. One corner seemed the same as any corner, one hour the same as any hour, among the masonry, among the moving pastels of shorts and tank tops, with no faces to remember their shapes and colors by. What puzzles me most is how fervently I told myself over and over again that I hated those days. I even wrote little jingles about how terrible everything was: the year, the city, even myself, behind sunglasses, walking slowly along streets full of dogs, with the rest of the day sprawled out in front of me, at once empty and booked solid as a doctor's office, the hours shapeless and swollen beyond all consideration of getting anything done within their sleepy and breezeless schedule.

—EDWARD ALLEN

THE WISHES

LOPEY was telling herself—in her mind's voice, of course; she wasn't talking out loud—that if this were *her* planet she'd make it all rivers and mountains and forests and animals running every which way. Only all the animals, even tigers and grizzly bears, would be vegetarians, so there wouldn't be any of the ugliness you see on PBS. The moon would always be full. The air clean. The days would be warm enough to swim, the nights cool enough for sweaters. Sometimes it would snow, without warning.

It was Sunday morning in Boulder, Colorado. Weaver, the man Lopey lived with, sat across from her at the breakfast table, but she ignored him. Her 24½ birthday was the next day, and as this anniversary ticked toward her, Lopey had been drifting. She was unemployed. She'd had a secretarial thing but felt trapped; she had trouble breathing in the office. She fainted twice. Her co-workers avoided her, afraid of CPR, afraid they would fail to remember if it was five breaths and one pump or five pumps and one breath. So she quit. She didn't need money anyway, since Weaver had plenty for both of them. She had straight black hair with streaks of white, graceful posture, and super-white skin. Although she was born Penelope, her mother nicknamed her Lopey when she was five, the age when she waltzed around the living room in a tooth-fairy outfit, wearing a tiny ballroom-dancer dress and small, shiny wings made of guitar-string loops wrapped in cellophane. She still talked to her mother on the phone at least once a week, and to her brother Karl in Idaho just as often. Her mother told Lopey she was worried about Karl, since he'd been fired from his job as a housepainter and he could really do so much better—what a waste. Her mother told Karl that she was worried about Lopey, because it just didn't seem right, her living with that man and admitting she wasn't even in love with him, and him so gaga about her. It was asking for trouble, she told Karl.

Opposite Lopey, wearing the reindeer sweater she had given him last Christmas (bought with his own money), Weaver folded his newspaper neatly in half, smoothed the creases down with his thumbs, and tried not to think. Although he pretended to read the Arts & Leisure section of the New York *Times*, he couldn't stop dwelling on the meeting he had had with his auditors the day before. They had changed the way they were figuring his company's revenue, and were forcing him to write off $1.5 million in ten-year notes his company had accumulated in the second quarter of this fiscal year.

As the C.E.O. of a firm that manufactured solar water heaters, Weaver was used to arranging complicated tax shelters, loopholes, and dodges to market his energy-saver, but this was different. This writeoff was going to change the earnings-per-share figure from $1.07 to $0.76. Monday he would have to issue a press release about the change, which would look bad to investors. One is going to start selling, then another and another, and there goes the market capital. If only he hadn't issued that press release a month ago predicting an earnings increase. If only he hadn't agreed to those ten-year notes! He probably could have gotten cash up front—maybe not the entire amount, but anything would have been better than this.

Weaver's hair was thin and brittle, his middle wide, and, with his prostate gland swollen, urinating was slow and painful, full of hot splashes. He wondered if someday it would just stop working altogether. What would happen then? Would he swell up, lead a

"This should cook his Christmas goose."

life of constant agony? He was older than Lopey's mother, Kay. He had deep grooves in his face from the wings of his nose to the corners of his mouth, grayish skin, and large pores. He was a man made for suits; in jeans and T-shirts he looked like a bum. The day after Lopey introduced him to Kay, they had a mother-daughter lunch together. Kay was concerned about her—that was all. Wasn't it a little early for them to be living together? Kay pointed out that Weaver would be sixty-five when Lopey was forty. She didn't like that idea a bit. "What's the difference between him and your Uncle Fred?" she asked.

Lopey considered this. They were eating at a soup-and-salad café frequented by runners. Lopey watched an athlete walk by with a plate of watermelon. "What's the question again?"

"Uncle Fred and Weaver. The difference."

"Fred's in Cleveland?"

Kay sighed. She asked if Lopey loved Weaver. Lopey pursed her lips. "I can learn to."

Kay shook her head, ate her salad. "He certainly doesn't look very aerobic—that's all I know."

Lopey had told Weaver bits and pieces of this conversation, since she didn't like to lie, and now he was very self-conscious around Kay. He wished he were her boss, so he could fire her. She was a symptom of something greater. Lopey's mother, the auditors, the traffic cop that pulled him over two weeks ago for speeding—they were out to get him. But now is not the time to panic. Now is the time to keep cool.

"You look lovely this morning, Lopey."

She squinted out the window. She didn't have her contacts in yet.

"Or is that lopey this morning, Lovely?"

Weaver poured himself another cup of coffee and stirred it slowly. He watched Lopey put on her glasses and start working the crossword puzzle. He realized she'd be at it for hours. For a terrible moment he was keenly aware of the passage of time, and it occurred to him vividly—as it had several times—that he was allotted only so much time in his life, and that most of that time had already been used up. What did he have to show for it? Where was he now? Doting on a younger woman who didn't love him? He morbidly watched the second hand of his wrist-watch marking off the moments until his death.

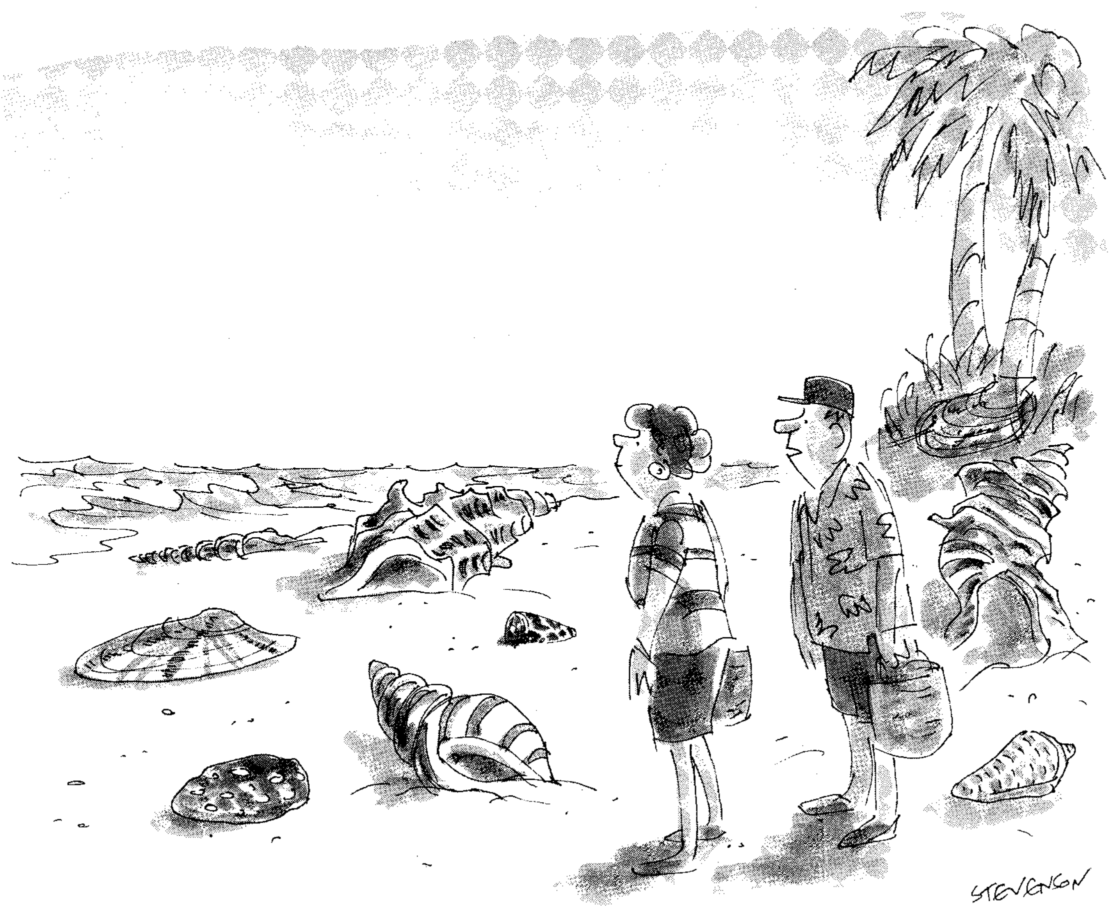
"Let's go for a drive today," he said. "Let's do something we've never done before."

Lopey kept at her crossword. After a minute or so, she said, "Did you say something?"

"Never mind."

She looked up and regarded him and his hurt feelings, his trying to spice up his life; it wasn't his fault he wasn't Marlon Brando. He refused to look at her. Rodin's "The Pouter." She wobbled the table and spilled his coffee, made him catch her smile. "Come over here, you old dog," she said. He didn't like her to call him that, but he got up from the table anyway, to obey her, his tail wagging weakly.

KAY was the only member of the entire family who was in love. She was dating a neurophysiologist named Leo Abruzzi, who was something of a star in Boulder because of his mountain climbing. He'd been on several trips to the Himalayas and Karakoram, and although he had never summited, he and his party had gotten as far as Camp IX on K2, at 26,050 feet. A storm hit when they reached that height, and they were forced to stay put for six days, shovelling snow off their tents, constantly in danger of avalanches, until finally they managed a heroic descent when the wind eased. He lost three of his toes to frostbite, but the most serious effect was on his oxygen-starved brain. "I don't think I've ever been the same since," he told Kay



"Shelling doesn't get much better than this, Helen."

once. He had trouble remembering things and would often fall asleep suddenly, sometimes in the middle of a sentence. "He sounds like one of those washer-dryers you get cheap at Sears because they have a nick or scratch on them," said Lopey, when Kay first described Leo—the new love—to her. Kay didn't care. She liked being with him, sleeping with him, talking to him. So he falls asleep sometimes. Is that a sin?

"It's not narcolepsy," she told Karl, who had said the word. "It's much more random than that."

Both her children were going to meet Leo for the first time on Lopey's 24½ birthday, Karl coming from Moscow, Idaho. At first, he'd moved up there to take a job as a carpenter, but he'd been fired three times. He was fired from his last job, as a house-painter, because he got so stoned he spent all day on one wall of a house and wasted most of the time smoking cigarettes, playing with his radio, or checking himself in the mirror. He was fired from his job before that, as a pizza deliveryman, because he would drive around town aimlessly, his dog, Butch; hanging his head out the passenger-side window. Lopey and Kay spent much of their time trying to figure out careers for Karl. Now he wanted to be a photographer. "I'm sure he has the talent for it," said Kay, when she discussed this new development with Lopey on the phone, "but I don't know. . . ." She bought him a Nikon F3 anyway. Karl took after his father in looks, with his red hair and the large freckles that thickly covered his body; at the beach, in trunks, he looked like an ocelot. Lopey took after Kay, especially in the way her dark hair was gradually paling with time. Kay always insisted her own hair had been completely white by the time she was thirty-two, and Lopey believed her, since she could only dimly remember her mother with dark hair, and that mainly from pictures. Lopey had only seven and a half years to go. Would her hair be all white by then, too?

Lopey was Kay's first child and, at least as far as Kay was concerned, the only thing her husband, Gavin, ever did right. Gavin was a lawyer who spent his free time and extra money big-game hunting in Africa, and populated the walls at home with heads of impala, warthog, gazelle, and dik-dik.

TWO POEMS

THE ONLY CHILD SENDS A GIFT TO HER MOTHER

What came after me is the point—that one fall
night I arrived; an hour later the flowers; and never

another living child. I'm sorry to write it. Twenty-eight clever
years have come up with nothing between us. Even apart, I call

your late nights awake, the chrysanthemums on your table
the same as mine. Even from west to east, the change is no hour.

This very instant, my night is in bloom with your sounds;
the same sleeping girl is asleep in the same cradle;

your amber mums sketch themselves on my white paper.
I believe these are only all your thoughts in my words,

secret as soil. Your back-yard backlit trees are what I've just heard.
I write with your black pencil, not a second later.

AT THE CREEK EDGE

So. Not a mystery anymore: the puffball spore,
puffed in a miniature puff—*poof*—out of the paper

sack of its owner and maker. What tribe or
nation was it who healed an infant's navel

with suchlike dust? A shake of its musty store
of cure and infant fungus exits, flies, sinks, wavers,

to cover the unavoidable hole. Only to us unclean,
perhaps: too black, perhaps, to be goodness

to someone like us. But off in the woods at evening
in childhood, touching a toe to puffballs half hid in humus,

I saw them be brown and crumpled and black as just-retrieved
pages out of a fire. Readable dark-brown apples stood as

still as a still-life: you showed me how they blew their
life into the breeze at a blow, like somebody running, then

stopping. We stood at the creek edge—mother, dog, daughter—
showing or shown. Everything else around was red and yellow, dead

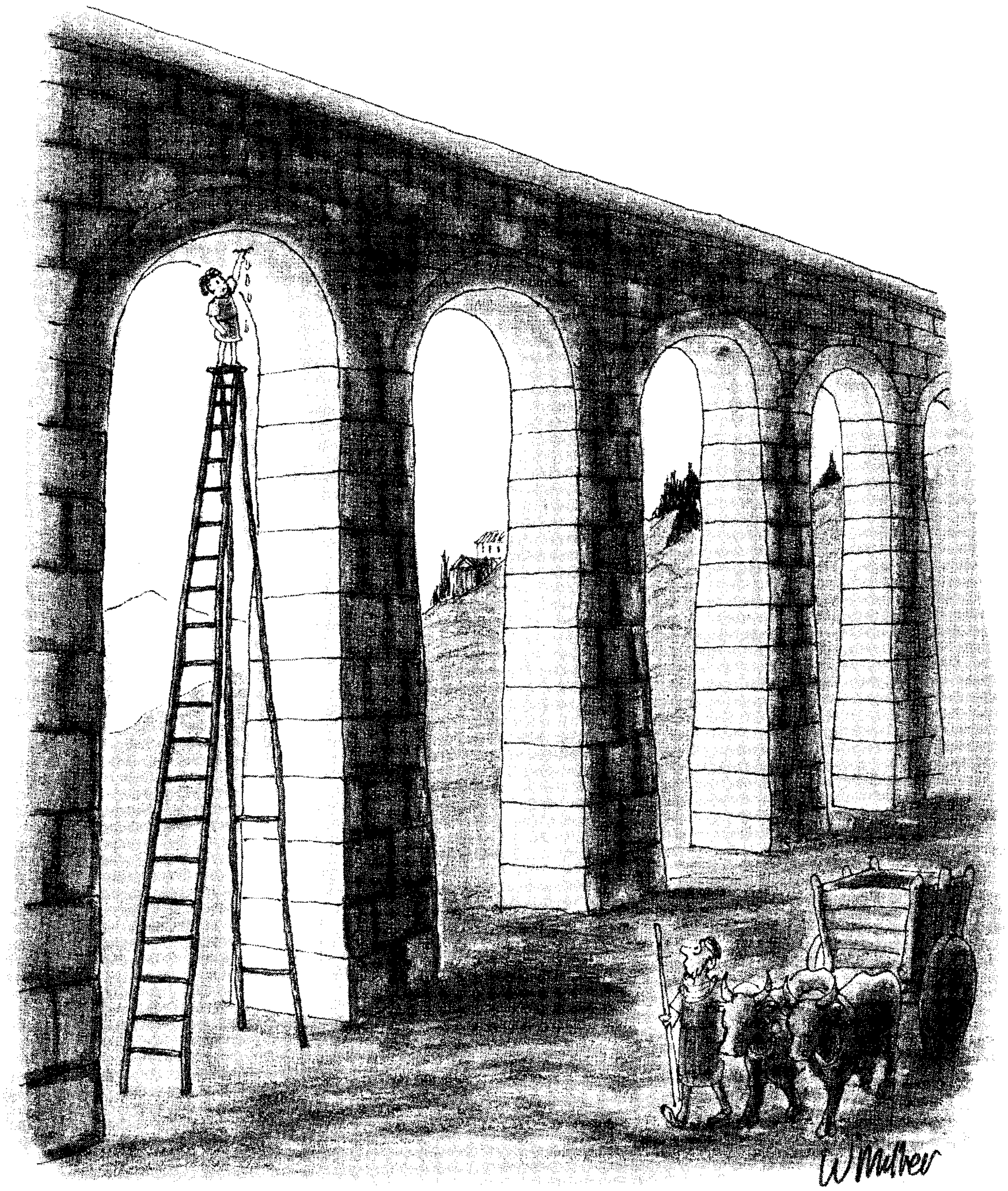
or dying; but they moved visibly, safe, into the coming year.
The stones under the creek were as round. The seed would be fed

on dirt, air, water, elsewhere. No wonder you chose their image
for your grown-wild cells—poison but known, friendly—and chose

to go pressing their dust into the air, so it could hang and vanish
on the little bloodstream. Remember how faithfully the dog showed,

sniffing through underbrush, under the gorgeous sumac—
pointing—where field mice lay? Remember how fast? How slow?

—Elizabeth Macklin



Every day he drank Martinis from the time he came home from work until he passed out. One evening, after Kay complained about his drinking, he said, "I don't need this." He stormed out of the house and drove the station wagon half a mile down the road and into a tree at seventy miles an hour. He flew through the windshield and into a froggy ditch. The police pulled him out later and found his mouth full of thick black mud and earthworms.

Kay never remarried. Lopey liked to say, "My mother—the widow." Kay had a series of now-and-then boyfriends during the years after Gavin's flight through the windshield, but Lopey and Karl had always come first. But now Kay was a handsome woman of forty-nine, with an open, tanned face and pure-white hair worn short. Did she want to live alone the rest of her life?

BEFORE Weaver had time to issue a formal press release on Monday morning, a mole inside the accounting firm that had done the audit gave a group of morticians on Wall Street the word, and they got out their knives. The stock opened at 17 and downticked to 14. By afternoon it dropped to 12¼ and Weaver quit answering his phone. The company lost $23 million in market capitalization in one day. Weaver sat with his head in his hands and watched the phone ring. He twisted an entire boxful of large paper clips. He had no idea what to do. What are they going to do ten years from now, when the price of oil skyrockets again? Trust the Arabs? All that energy from the sun going to waste. What we need are solar panels on the roofs of homes, solar cars, solar-panel collectors over shopping-mall parking lots. We can make this a better planet. Plant a tree. Ride a bike. Use the sun. The stockholders would want answers. Or his head. There might be a class-action lawsuit. What will Lopey do when she learns of this? Who's going to love a fifty-year-old bankrupt with a swollen prostate? In the tangly web of his depression, Weaver realized the pounding he was hearing was not his heart but a migraine. He left his office and rummaged in the file cabinets behind his secretary's desk for Tylenol. I hope it's poisoned, he thought. His secretary, Janet, tapped away at her word processor and watched him out of the corner of her Maybellined eyes. She wore a smart dark-gray wool skirt with a zipper at the side, and a sheer white silk blouse with throat ruffles. Mr. Greuze, the chief financial officer, warned her to keep an eye on her boss, in case he got too close to the windows. She finished the letter he had given her, in which he was asking his bankers for an extension on loans of $6 million, and as she watched the laser printer slowly spit out the letter, she wondered what Weaver looked like naked.

KAY drove to Leo's lab in the physiology department at the University of Colorado. They were supposed to go shopping for a half-year birthday present for Lopey, but Kay couldn't find him at first. The lab was a long, low room of eerie bright fluorescent light, with a white-tiled floor and a kitchen-counter-like table in the middle dominated by a huge microscope. Another counter along one wall was cluttered with test-tube racks, glass beakers, several centrifuges, Bunsen burners, and a sink whose faucet was dripping. A young Asian student in a white lab coat was looking into the microscope, and when Kay asked where Dr. Abruzzi was, he pointed to the large aluminum-covered door of a walk-in cooler. She found Leo inside, doing sit-ups in his underwear. His body was enveloped in a sheen of his own vapor, but he didn't stop until he reached two hundred.

They went to a local shopping mall, and Kay lost Leo for a while, when she was looking at sweaters for Lopey, and found him by accident, adrift in a sea of bras. Leo was always disoriented in shopping malls; without being able to see the sky, he never knew which way was which. He followed Kay to the next boutique, where he sat down on the floor and was about to nod off, but he was in everyone's way, so the salesgirl made him move. They agreed to meet at the fountain in the middle of the mall later on, and he was already there, holding a brand-new ice axe in his arms, when Kay arrived. "This is something she can use," he said.

Kay took it awkwardly and smiled, then made chopping motions in the air. "Maybe we could scare away that boyfriend with this."

He nodded. "They're good for all kinds of things. On Nanda Devi, I once used one to—"

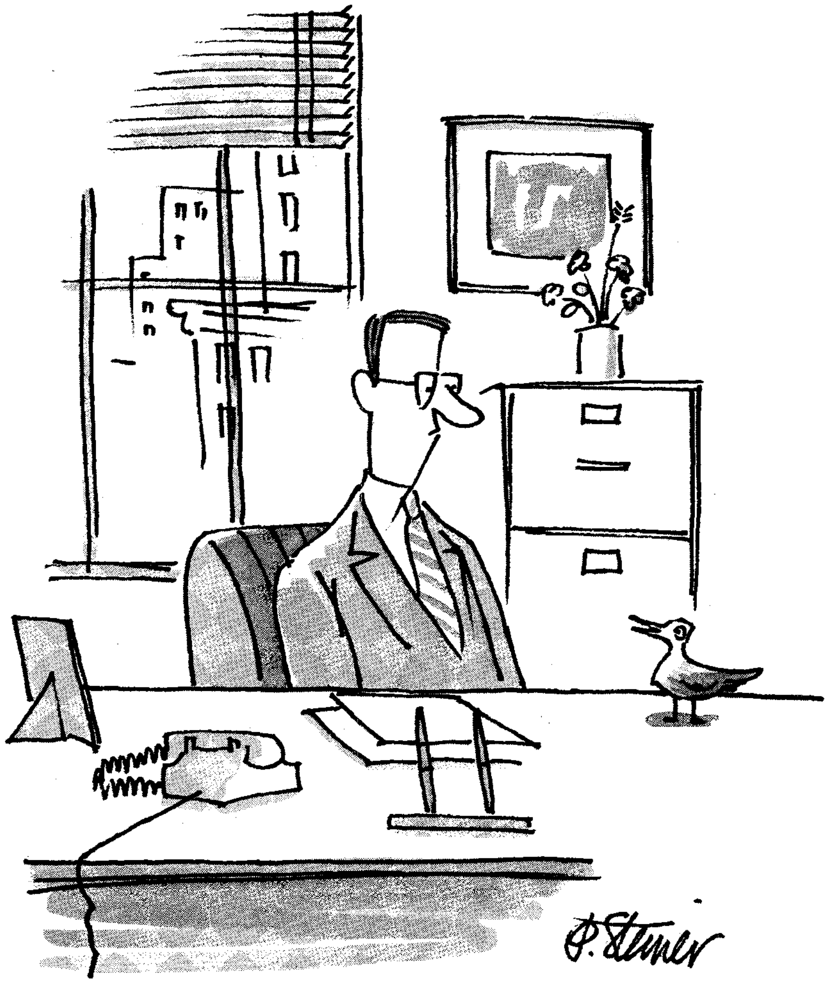
"Leo? Could I ask you a question?"

He shrugged and patted her white hair. "Always."

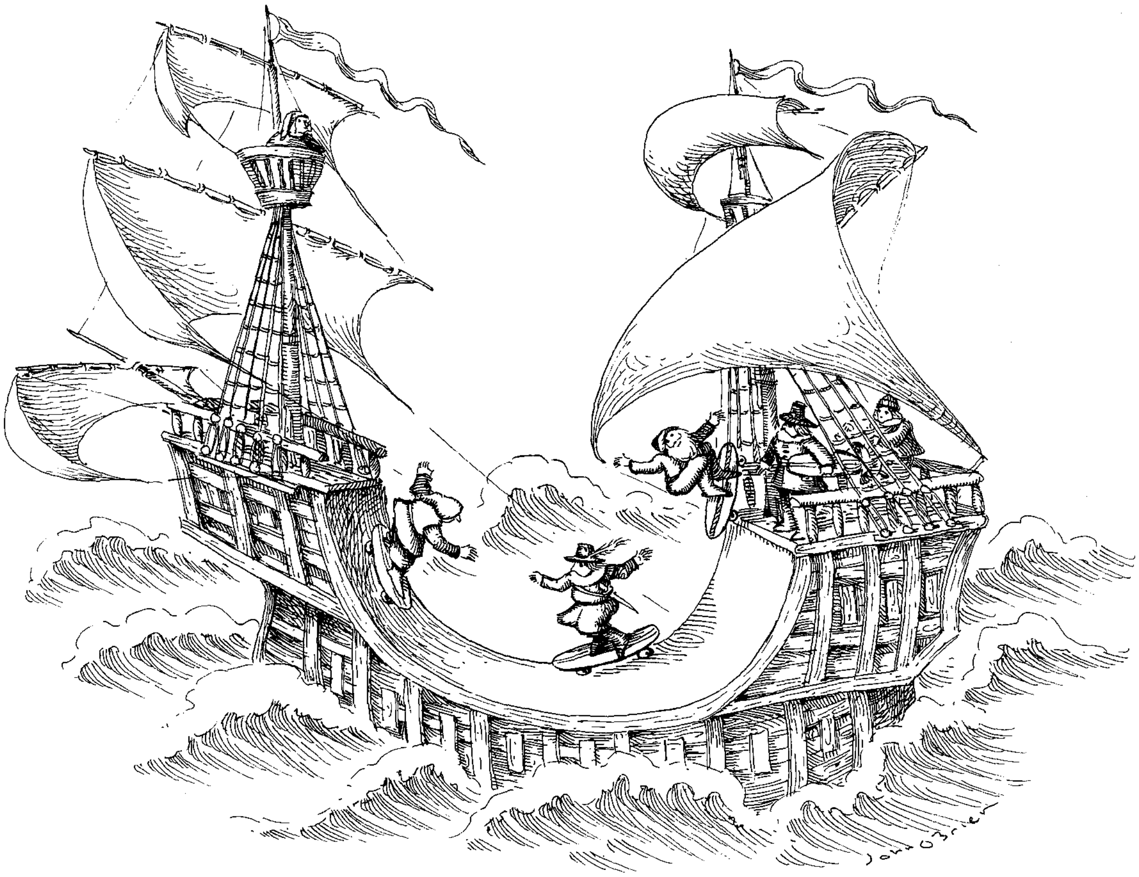
"Would you marry me?"

LEO ate his dinner slowly and methodically, in complete ignorance of the scrutiny of Lopey and Karl. He spoke directly to Kay about his plans for an upcoming climb of Annapurna, at 26,504 feet the eleventh-highest mountain in the world. They were all gathered at Kay's house, and Weaver was to join them as soon as he could. Leo described his previous treks through blue forests during the monsoon, hiking with umbrellas in the constant rain, how the leeches covered your boots and socks, how the porters carried sixty-six-pound loads for a dollar seventy-five and two cigarettes a day, barefoot on cold mountain paths, nimble on their cracked and swollen, beastlike feet. And though he knew that at fifty-three he was too old to be leading a climb up Annapurna, he was going anyway, because he would make up in experience what he lacked in strength. He also knew that as a climber he had become more of a figurehead than anything else, that he was often described as a punch-drunk legend, and that he'd been chosen for this expedition for his political connections in Nepal, but it didn't matter to him, because he was going, and if he died at 24,000 feet, that would be a good death. In the middle of describing something he lost his train of thought and stared vacantly at Kay. "What was I saying?"

"The avalanches," she said, and patted his hand. Poor Leo Abruzzi. Such a battered ram. Lopey wondered what it was like when those misshapen hands touched her mother's breasts. There were two fingers missing from each of Leo's hands. On Cho Oyu (26,750 feet), Leo descended during a snowstorm, lost his gloves in the seventy-mile-per-hour winds. By the time he reached Camp I, the fingers were yellowish and had no feeling in them. Knut Almass, the Norwegian climber, rubbed them and struggled to get them warm, then lent Leo his own gloves, which was the only reason Leo's hands weren't amputated later. In Base Camp the fingers thawed with a burning pain, as if they were simmering in boiling water. The tips of his ring and little finger on both hands started to rot and smell after a week had passed. In Kathmandu, all four were amputated at the knuckle, and this, coupled with the toes he'd lost on the other expedition, gave Leo the queer feeling that he was being dismembered piece by piece. Now he looked like a three-toed sloth. How could she ignore those stumps, thought Lopey. And look at those



"Let's talk comparable worth."



arms. All veins and muscle.

Karl wondered what was for dessert.

Leo enjoyed Kay because she had nothing to do with climbing. With her he could sometimes forget how much he resented those lucky bastards who published fat windbag books after each of their fat ego-trip expeditions—boring Bonnington and maniac Messner. What did they know about climbing? What did they know about struggle and failure and keeping that snowy peak in the back of your mind for years and working every day toward reaching it without someone so much as saying, "Hey, Leo, keep it up, you'll make it." Well, this time he was going to make it. He would succeed. He would. He's swimming in snow at 26,000 feet. He's eating snow, and his mountain is a solid white pyramid floating in a sea of ketchup. If he falls he won't hurt himself, because the ketchup is soft. So soft and warm. . . .

The realization that Leo had suddenly fallen asleep at the dinner table passed from Kay to Lopey to Karl. Leo's head fell straight back, mouth wide open, so that Lopey—who sat across from him—could see the pink concave roof, bisected neatly by a darkish groove at the center. Karl quit chewing, looked at shiny-eyed Kay and mystified Lopey, gave Leo a nudge. "Hey, man, you sleepy or something?"

"Leave him be," said Kay. "This happens all the time."

Lopey said she knew all about narcolepsy, and how usually it was a problem with circulation and body chemistry. "I had a friend whose father had that," she said. "They called him Dr. Nod, King of the Sleepyheads."

"It's not narcolepsy—I told you," Kay snapped. "And thanks for being so sensitive and caring."

"I'm just kidding."

"Other people have feelings too, you know."

Lopey said she didn't mean anything by it and gathered the dinner plates from the table, stacking them carefully to muffle the sound of the china and silverware. She suddenly wanted to get out of the kitchen and leave her mother to deal with these damaged goods she called a boyfriend. And her so bent out of shape about Weaver, when at least he has some kind of presence. She rinsed the plates, stacked them into the racks of the dishwashing machine, and sat on the back porch to smoke a cigarette, since Kay didn't like anyone smoking in her house.

The light bulb above the door of the back porch was burned out. Lopey sat on a tree-stump stool, and when she drew on her cigarette, the orange glow cast a faint pulse. Dim moonlight glowed over the back yard, but Lopey knew the place of everything by heart—the chain-link fence, the doghouse, the spruce tree. Lopey loved her mother's house, and for a moment hated the idea that it wasn't really hers anymore, and would be even less hers when Leo moved in, because even though Kay had complained about Lopey's living with Weaver, she had not offered her the old room back. And should she? Of course Lopey knew why she didn't invite her back. Kay was afraid she and Karl would never make it in the real world and assume lives of their own. She didn't want to become like a mother cat who still lets her grown kittens suckle, whose teats become long and stretched out, who hisses when her erstwhile kittens come slinking up. Lopey brushed her bangs off her forehead and smelled the tobacco on her fingers. She remembered the times in high school when she smoked in the back yard up against the chain-link fence and dreamed of a house of her own.

She went back inside and found Karl and Kay eating what was left of an apple pie with scoops of caramel-buttercrunch ice cream on top. "Lopey, look," said Karl, and opened his mouth, his tongue covered in ice cream. Lopey could tell he was stoned again and hoped he hadn't smoked it in the bathroom, because Kay would be so disappointed to know the truth. She decided to finish cleaning up the dinner mess, and, as she was wiping off the wooden tabletop with a towel, she stared at the inert figure of Leo Abruzzi. His body leaned to one side now, a spot of drool at the corner of his mouth. You know, he doesn't look so hot, thought Lopey, and she stepped closer. His eyes were rolled back in their sockets. When Lopey placed her hand in front of his mouth, she felt no breath. She looked at him closer for one more moment, then drew back. She walked carefully into the living room, keeping her arms at her sides, and stood in front of the sofa, where Kay and Karl were sitting, Kay with her legs folded under her.

"Mom?" She started to speak, and stopped. Kay stared at her. Lopey felt like smiling but knew she shouldn't. She didn't know what face to wear. It would be snowing at the funeral, a row of black umbrellas dotted white.

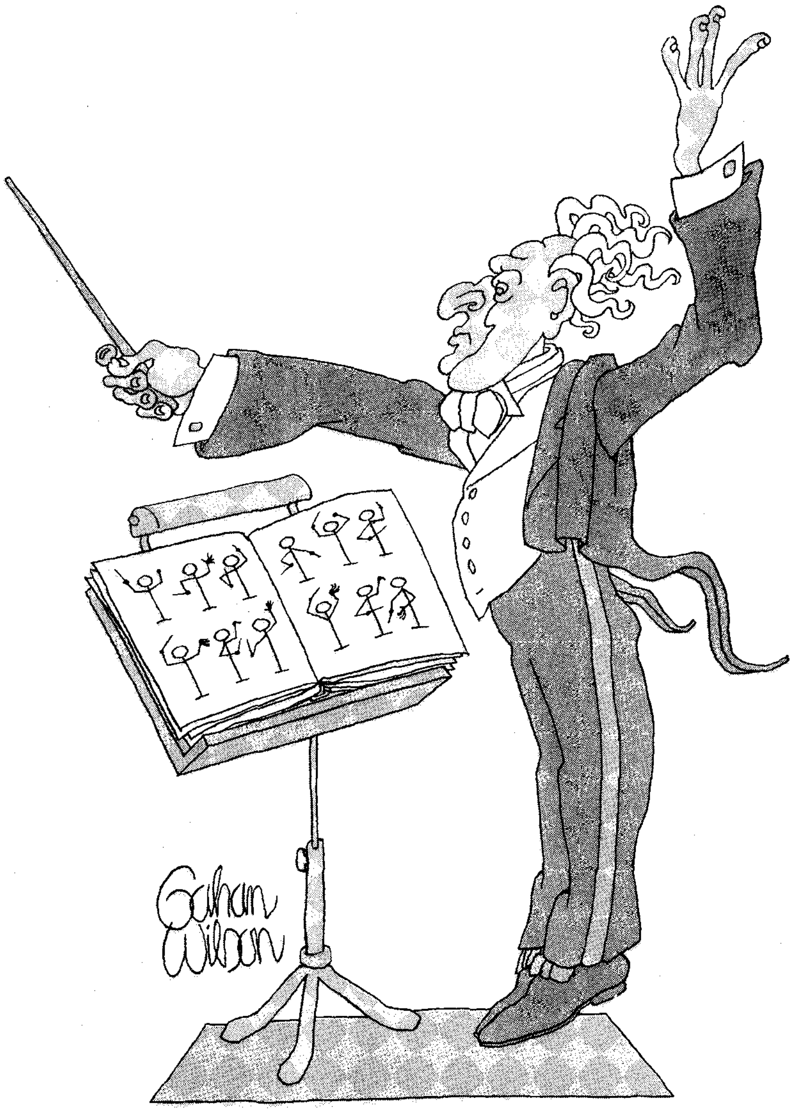
"I don't think Leo's so alive anymore."

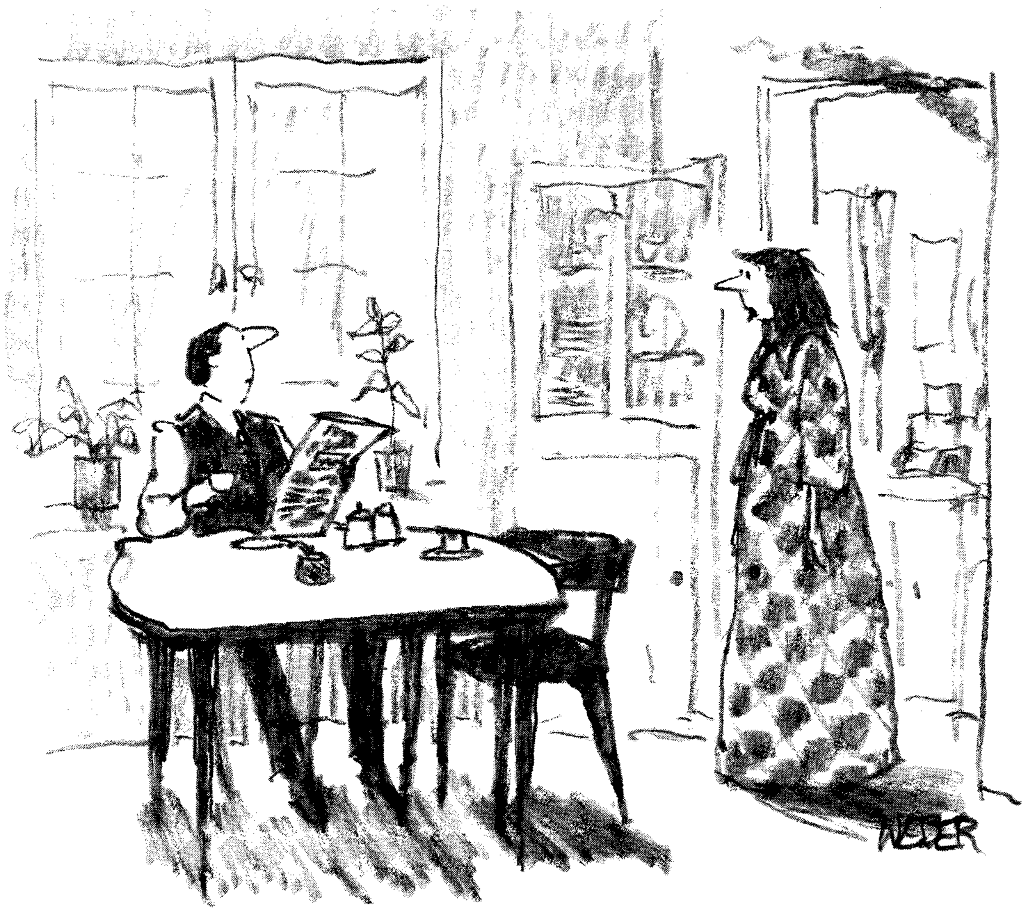
WEAVER walked out the double glass doors of his building's lobby and was standing on the steps leading to the parking lot when his mind went blank. He tried desperately to remember what he was doing and where he was going. Across the street from his building was a field of grass. Two dark-red cows stood in the center of it, face to face, under a pure blue sky, the eyelid of our oceans, reminding Weaver that three-quarters of the earth is covered with water. The parking lot's asphalt in front of his office was marked with freshly painted yellow caution stripes. How brilliant. We all need a plan. To the south of Weaver's solar-water-heater plant the same blue sky was tangled with power, crisscrossed by the transformers and electrical towers of Boulder Power & Light. His competition. Weaver turned around for a moment and started to go back to his office, but he caught his reflection in the mirror-like Lexan walls of the building and stopped. He looked so old and thick; his wispy hair, like an egret's plume, was lifted by a breeze. He felt himself sliding into past tense. The trout would rise to the mayflies on Snowmass Creek tonight. The elk would come down to graze after the hikers were gone. After he was gone. He remembered—the roses for Lopey.

He drove to the florist's and stared off to the side, at the strip of jiffy marts, video-rental stores, boutiques, burger huts, barbecue barns, pizza places; the smell of fried chicken was warm and soft against his cheeks. He paid no attention to the road or cars in front of him, driving entirely by reflex.

The florist (man? woman?) rolled the long-stemmed roses, ferns intertwined, in green tissue paper (woman—long fingers, painted nails), then went back to answer a ringing phone Weaver had not heard. He looked at gladiolus, clay pots of daisies, Easter lilies, impatiens, marigolds, the floral arrangements behind foggy tall glass doors of the cooler behind the counter, picked up the roses, and walked to the car. He had never stolen before, but he did it with middle-aged honor and dignity and the fear of death gripping him like a cold-handed prison guard grabbing his balls. If the police pull me over I'll say I forgot. I've had a lot on my mind, Officer—my company may go bankrupt, and if you'll excuse me I'm going to cry. The florist didn't have his name, did she? $36 a dozen. $12 a share and it will go lower tomorrow. I was on the phone, and I wouldn't make a fuss, really, but it's the principle of the thing. Tudor-style bar/restaurant on the right. Parking lot in back, out of view. Welcome to Der Rathskeller. Hello, my name is Weaver Conroy, and I'm an alcoholic.

KAY, Karl, and Lopey walked into the kitchen single file. Leo appeared to be leaning even more precariously than before. His mouth had closed somewhat, and his head was twisted weirdly against his shoulder. A smell of excrement in the air. When Kay touched him his body slipped out of its balance, one arm swinging heavily down, the two fingers and thumb clenched into a knuckleball-like curl. Kay caught his shoulders as he fell sideways out of the chair, his neck limp, and Karl helped her lug the heavy body out from under the edge of the table and into the open passageway between the dining room and kitchen, his sprawled legs pulling back the rugs. They struggled against his death weight and tried not to breathe in the smell. The phone rang. Kay cried now, even as they straightened Leo's body on the floor, and stroked his wrinkled face, misshapen as a mask. His brow seemed lower, lips fleshier. Lopey didn't know what to do, undid his shoelaces, and didn't





"Now I've done it. I burned the toast and the flag."

• •

realize until after the phone had stopped ringing that the sound had been irritating her. She placed his hiking boots by the side of his body and looked at Karl, who had his camera out. "Mom, could you move closer to Leo?" he asked. Lopey couldn't believe it. The flash blinded her for a moment, and when she could see again, she hissed at him. Kay flew about the room, her great wings beating, her hair a halo of shock.

WEAVER parked on the street in front of Kay's house, locked his keys in his car, and carried the white-boxed roses like a baby up the driveway, splashed by red flashes from the E.M.S. van, and stopped in his tracks to watch two medics wheel Leo Abruzzi by on a stretcher. Weaver continued forward. Mother Kay (the bitch—he knew she was against him) stood on the porch, and brother Karl (dopehead) had his arm around her. Lopey lovely holds herself together, hugs herself, and starts to speak, but Weaver weaves and says, "Happy Birthday-half."

"It's Leo," she says. "Follow us to the hospital." She takes out her keys and wonders why he looks so sotty and shot. She'll tell him tonight. Just not working out. Now she knows what it feels like to date Broderick Crawford.

The ambulance and family drive off before Weaver grasps what has happened. After the siren dies away, the only sound Weaver hears is his ears ringing. The black trees, a moon, whose mailbox this is I think I know, his house is in the village though, he will not see me stopping here to watch his woods fill up with snow. Weaver searches for his keys, realizes they're in the ignition, with the door locked. He explodes the window with a brick.

AT the hospital, Lopey and Karl hold hands as they sit in the waiting room with Kay, whose face is red and haggard in the septic light of the room. Lopey is unusually aware of the oddness and old-lookingness of her mother's white hair. Karl stares at the tile floor and scratches the back of his knee. Lopey squeezes his hand, feeling sorry for him because he came all the way from Moscow and now this. Karl thinks it's kind of hot in the waiting room, and the ammonia smell of the freshly mopped floor really grosses him out. Seems like they could afford to turn up the A.C. a little, I mean they charge an arm and a leg, ha ha. He wonders if Kay would notice if he slipped away to get high. She probably wouldn't care. She must have really liked the guy. Maybe Lopey would want to go with him. He looks at her beautiful streaked hair and pale arms. He wonders what it would be like to put his tongue in her ear.

Weaver sits in the waiting room, too, with the stolen roses on the seat next to him, being ignored by the family—Who is this pest? (The nurses think he's the grandfather.) Weaver wonders how he can phrase it—the knowledge that he isn't worth anything anymore. His life is over. He watches dully as two orderlies wheel a stretcher down the aisle past them, the sheet pulled over the face of the body, a tag on the toe. He lurches out of the waiting room, bounces off one wall, and walks to his car in the parking lot as if nothing had happened I'm perfectly sober Officer watch. He brushes the broken glass off his seat and winces as something stings him. By squinting he narrows the double highway in front of him into one coherent, unified, infinite line. One hand is wet and sticky as he heads north for Alaska. Air rushes in the window, his hands grip the steering wheel, his heart pumps the time he has left with a vengeance.

Back in the hospital, Lopey wonders where he's gone: she sees the roses on the seat across from her and wants to thank him. He's really a sweet man—maybe not something you want to build your life around, but sweet. The thing to do now will be to move back in with Kay and make sure she doesn't get too depressed, suicidal, or anything, because she really did love this mountain-climber guy. What's a neurophysiologist, anyway? He was nice, I guess. Not really a bad way to go. Softly, right in the middle of a conversation. Of course if I had my way we'd all live forever. Well, except for the creeps and weirdos.

—WILLIAM COBB

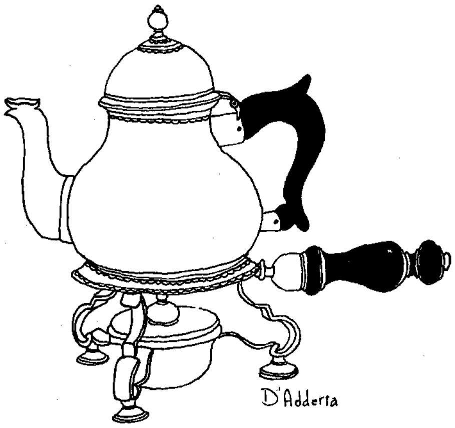
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE BAY AND BEFORE

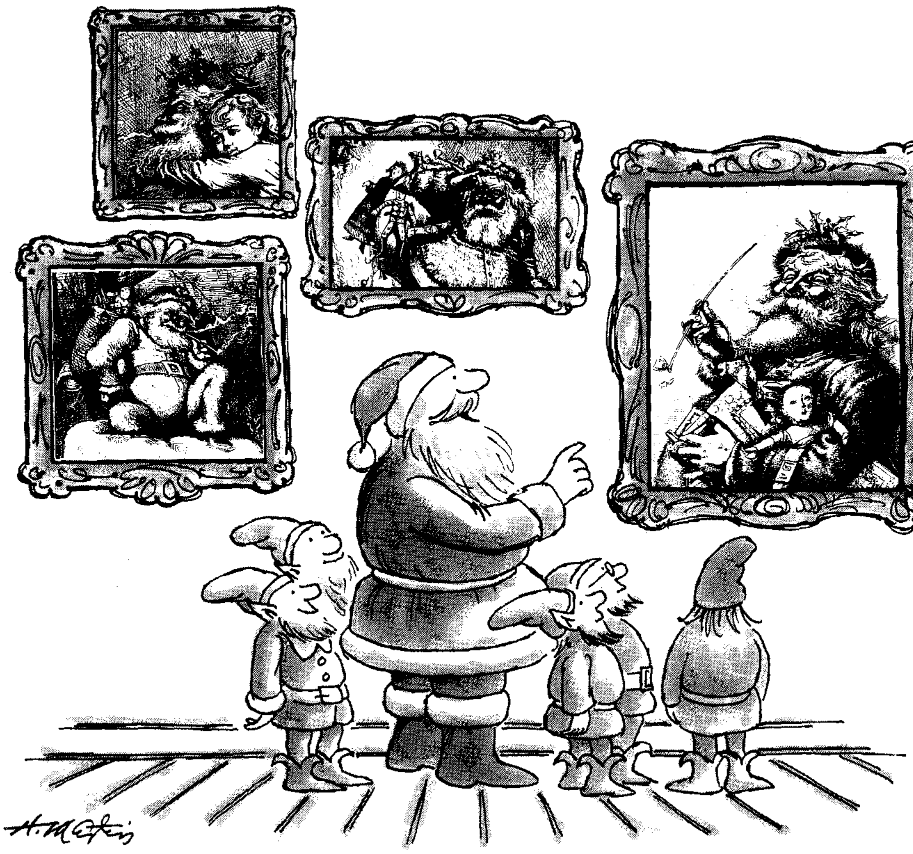
IT was a miserable year, the worst in memory. Death and disgrace and disaster struck the sport and hit it hard, and any accounting of its events will feel unsettled and insufficiently appreciative of the smaller turns of fortune that in other summers fix and entrance us. Perhaps we should hold off on the bad news just for a few innings, here at the start. In a kinder season, we would be looking back to the Orioles, for example, who led the American League East for most of the summer and finished second with an 87–75 won-lost record, representing an astounding pickup of thirty-two and a half games over their last-place finish a year ago. Their best performance, to my way of thinking, came after they fell out of the lead on September 1st; instead of expiring, as experience tells us all young, overachieving clubs do when *reality* comes creeping up with its sandbag, they stayed in the thick of things and went down, only on the penultimate day of the season, after two heartbreaking losses to the Blue Jays, who took the division.

When I paid a quick, extremely pleasant call on the Baltimores at home in the middle of September, the only people I immediately recognized in the clubhouse were the three Ripkens, Frank Robinson, and Ellie Hendricks, a coach. Robinson, the manager, was *almost* unrecognizable, having changed his persona this summer from grizzly bear to Gepetto, as befitted the leader of a band of freshly whittled, pink-cheeked, inexperienced, and highly impressionable youngsters. "They don't know they're in a pennant race—Frank hasn't told them yet," one local writer explained to me, and another said that he'd been party to a riveting Jesuitical discussion with the manager the day before, when Robinson kept insisting to the media gang that there was only one of his regulars, Cal Ripken, who might possibly earn a spot in the Blue Jays' starting lineup—and he was far from certain of *that*. Robinson, in contravention of inflexible custom, was not asking for recognition for his troops; he wanted it the other way around, because ferocious anonymity had worked so well for his team to date.

When the game began—the visitors were the Kansas City Royals, another clearly superior club, then embroiled in a pennant race of its own in the American League West—I put in a busy afternoon catching up on some of the fledgling Birds: third baseman Craig Worthington, center fielder Mike Devereaux, first baseman Randy Milligan (an erstwhile Mets prospect, I realized), the tough and tubby starting pitcher, Bob Milacki, and the no longer quite anonymous (because of his success to date) rookie bullpen stopper, Gregg Olson, who came in and picked up his twenty-sixth save with some zipping curveballs in the ninth. The game seemed to offer an illustrated lyceum lecture on the new Baltimore style (beginning with the redesigned Baltimore cap motif, which replaces the old grinning cartoon bird face with a near-Audubon likeness)—a style built around optimism, a leakproof defense, a patient way of waiting for the unexpected turn of events that can win close games, and, of course, good luck. In the fourth, the Orioles stifled a Royals uprising with a ricochet double play off Milacki's leg; they went ahead in the sixth on a little bouncer to the outfield that was slowed just enough by the second baseman's mitt to allow a runner to score from second; and they added another run for breathing room when Cal Ripken, giving his all, barely beat out a double-play relay at first. None of this had any relation to the thunderous sort of stuff we had come to expect from the Athletics and the Giants and the Cubs this year, but it was pleasing in the extreme. "WHY NOT?" said all the banners and T-shirts in happy Memorial Stadium, and, shaking my head, I wondered the same. In another year, as noted, there might be time to fill in the colors on this mezzotint from a bygone style of baseball, with mentions of general manager Roland Hemond, who agreed to move up all these young nobodies this spring and see how they would perform a full season, or perhaps two seasons, ahead of their normal matriculation; of Jeff Ballard, a second-year lefty who ended up winning eighteen games for the Orioles; of Dave Johnson, a Baltimore native living with his family in a trailer fifteen miles from the park, who was called up in midseason, won four consecutive August starts, and became a Pitcher of the Week in the A.L.; of reliever Kevin Hickey (a onetime star softball player), who had dropped out of the majors in 1984; and so forth—not omitting mention of Gregg Olson's assemblage of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle toys, which accompanies him to the bullpen every day for good luck. A wonderful story, a children's book, and one that should not be dimmed by its painful ending, which came on the last Friday and Saturday of the season, when the Orioles lost an excruciating game in the twelfth inning in Toronto, and Dave Johnson, wheeled in *in extremis* to start the following afternoon (Pete Harnisch had stepped on a nail walking back to his hotel the previous evening, and could not play), pitched the seven best innings of his life in defense of a 3–1 lead that vanished, along with the last Baltimore hopes, in Toronto's killing three-run, division-winning rally.



We could do almost as well, still imagining a happier season, by reflecting a bit on Toronto baseball this year. The Jays, it may be recalled, came together when they selected Cito Gaston, their hitting coach, to take over as manager in May, at a point when the club was floundering in sixth place. Then they found the lead-off man and ignition specialist they had always needed in the person of Mookie Wilson, who came over from the Mets in midseason and had the time of his life, batting .298 through September, running everything out, perking and smiling, becoming a hero. (Sensible as always, he declined the media's proffered title of leader.) In one three-game sweep of the Red Sox in August, Mookie had nine hits, four runs batted in, and three stolen bases. "MOOOOKIE!" the home herds mooed, and when I called up an old friend in Toronto (a former Jays beat-writer, inured to hysteria) in mid-September to ask whether she'd been caught up in the pennant fever she said, "Put it this way—I have a brand-new kitten and his name is Mookie." There were other positive signs up there by the lake, including the fans' unexpected beatification of the moody slugger George Bell; some steely work by the bullpen corps; and, of course, the club's shift from its ancient, gull-inhabited, converted-football-field grounds to the new downtown SkyDome—an extraordinary edifice, which has room for not only a fifty-three-thousand-seat ballpark but a three-hundred-and-fifty-room hotel (not yet open when I was there), a health club (with squash courts), five restaurants (one of them a Hard Rock Café), a running track, the world's largest scoreboard, and hordes of baseball's most doom-weighted, secretly doubting, inwardly groaning fans. Further evaluation of this wonder will have to wait upon some more extended consideration of ballpark design and ballpark aesthetics, but there is no doubt that the Toronto fans are mad about the great space station, with its four-segment, open-and-shut sliding roof, its gleaming overhead strutwork, and its startling view of the starry Ontario firmament on warm summer evenings. The Jays' attendance of 3,375,573 was a new American League record.



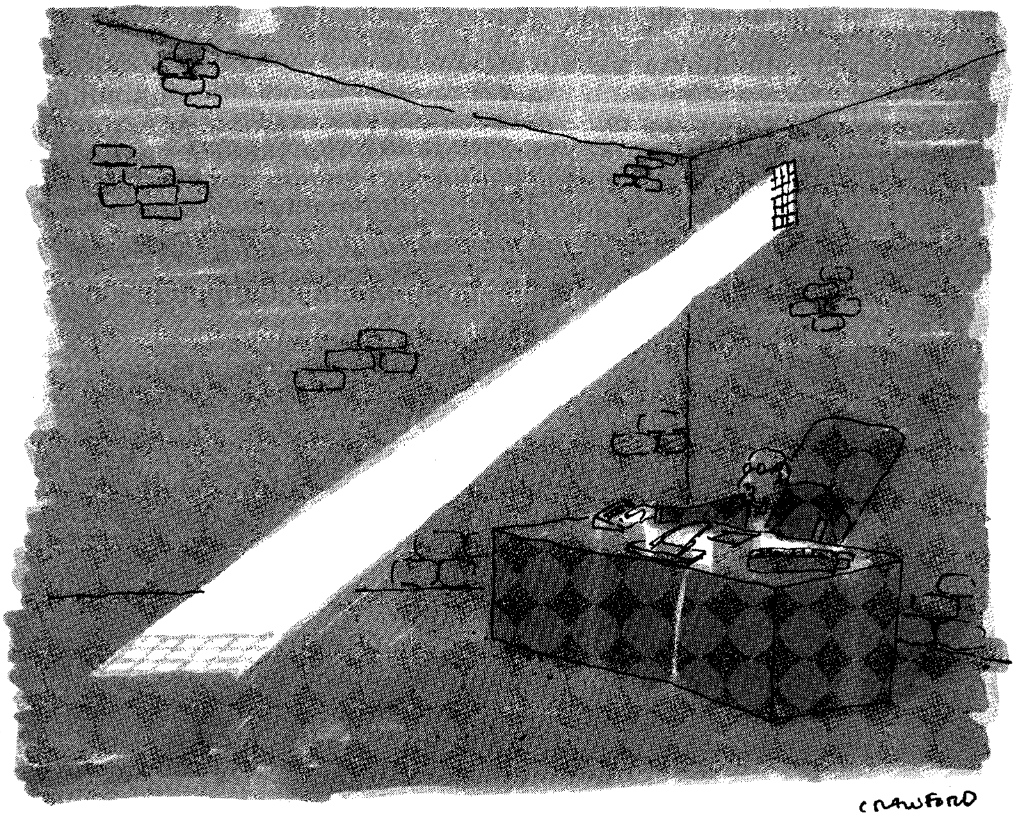
"Now, this one Mr. Nast did of me in 1880."

• •

STILL, this was a season one would prefer not to keep. It was the year in which a famous manager—a vivid and adulated first-magnitude star as a player, who holds records for the most hits and appearances in most winning games, among many others—fell into shame and disrepute and was banished from the sport; in which the engaging, articulate, and uniquely qualified new commissioner—a fan of the game as well as its leader—died just five months after taking office; and in which the World Series was halted, minutes before the first pitch of its third game, by a devastating earthquake. On looking back at such an Old Testament siege of afflictions, a bystander's first impulse is simply to huddle in the nearest doorway, out of the storm, and wait for the sunshine of another season—until he remembers that there may not *be* a baseball spring in 1990, thanks to a players' strike or an owners' lockout, or possibly a deluge of frogs in Florida and Arizona. We fans must press on as usual, then, and try to sort out what happened. The World Series did finish, after all, and although it was the longest on record, because of the ten-day postponement imposed by the earthquake, the Oakland Athletics' smotheringly one-sided suppression of their San Francisco Bay neighbors, the Giants, in four straight games made it also feel like the quickest. Friends of mine who watched the classic by television seemed to have already thrown it away by the time I got home to my own coast, but I'm not sure we should entirely forget what happened over those innings. Those of us who were on hand, of course, will always have powerful memories of the Series, which was, for once, different and—well, moving.

The Pete Rose debacle, a miasma of allegation and doubt, legal maneuverings and repositionings, restraining orders and appeals and denials, hung above the pastime like a suffocating tropical depression from April until the late summer, wearing thin our patience and attention and comprehension until its abrupt resolution on August 24th. The contending parties, as weary as the rest of us of the dismal contretemps, signed an agreement permanently banning Rose from baseball, without a formal finding by the commissioner's office that he had violated a central misconduct rule of the game by betting on baseball games. One of the great stars of this baseball half-century, lately the manager of his first club, the Cincinnati Reds, was disgraced and exiled: a midlands Napoleon gone from and Rose's banishment, swiftly followed. The agreement itself (to conclude this tedious but perhaps essential summation) has the look of a plea bargain about it, but it is nothing of the kind; it contains Rose's acceptance of a factual basis for the charges and his stated wish to pass up a hearing, and it accepts the imposition of the severest penalty that the commissioner can impose.

The pleasure and ferocious affection that Pete Rose inspired as a player gave him a very special place in the hearts of the fans, for the combination of his limited skills and his unquenchable desire perpetuated the illusion that the game the pros played was within our reach—that hustle and persistence could bring every reward. Pete was terrific because we could see all this: bang, another single, and, wow, look how he's running! Go, Pete! There was nothing imperial or magical about him; he played the way dads and Little League coaches wanted you to play, and proved it could pay off. Pete was the player *we* might have been, if only . . . His sad fall was attributable to an everyday vice as well—not to drugs or bribery but to gambling, which is a human sort of failing. Early in the season, I heard a great many people in and out of baseball striking this tone on Pete's behalf: a smile and a shrug—hey, c'mon—accompanying the suggestion that everyone bets (look at all these state lotteries), and that the players' ridiculously high salaries nowadays meant that the games could never be fixed, as they were in the time of the Black Sox, and, anyway, nobody was claiming that Pete had ever bet against his own team—bet to lose. *That* would be wrong. But the apologists became silent as the case dragged along into midsummer, and the strong swing of opinion in the opposite direction was attributable, I believe, not just to the body of evidence against Rose that had begun to appear—betting slips in his handwriting, gambling debts in the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the rest of it—but to Pete himself. In the face of the evidence, in response to a thousand questions, he offered everything but candor. In the spring, he contemptuously belittled the charges,



"Miss Robins, get me a ladder and a hacksaw, if you will, please."

• •

our game. Rose, when it was over, continued to deny that he had bet on baseball and said he would apply for reinstatement after a year, but he was unable to explain why he had agreed to a lifetime ban, which is applicable only to players who have bet on games involving their own team. At no time did he avail himself of the hearing that the commissioner had offered from the outset. Some of our remaining doubts or misapprehensions about this sad affair can be removed if we remind ourselves about what was not involved or did not happen. This was never a case that would require Pete Rose to appear before some judge or jury, which would rule on charges that he had broken the law; the rules he allegedly violated have to do with the proper conduct of a private business, baseball, and they appear in the contract signed by everyone who plays the game. The betting provision, Rule 21(d), is prominently posted in every clubhouse, and is as familiar to players as the penalty for three strikes. (Some players who have been banned from various professional-sports leagues have indeed gone to court to seek reversal, but the legal propriety of such rulings, in baseball and elsewhere, has always been upheld.) The commissioner is empowered to gather evidence in regard to violations of the rules, and then, acting in a different capacity, to reach judgment and to impose penalties; he is prosecutor, judge, and jury compounded. Past commissioners have tended to settle such matters without open hearings, and even without public presentation of evidence, but Mr. Giamatti chose a different course by scheduling a full hearing and simultaneously delivering to Rose's lawyer copies of the evidence that his investigator, John M. Dowd, had compiled on Rose's alleged gambling. (It came to seven volumes of exhibits and a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-page report.) All the subsequent postponements and legal wranglings arose from attempts by Rose and his lawyers to have the hearing blocked. The Rose cause was helped for a time by a restraining order from a local Cincinnati judge, who said that Giamatti had prejudged Pete, but once the matter was moved to federal court and the way cleared for the hearing to proceed, the settlement, LORD & TAYLOR

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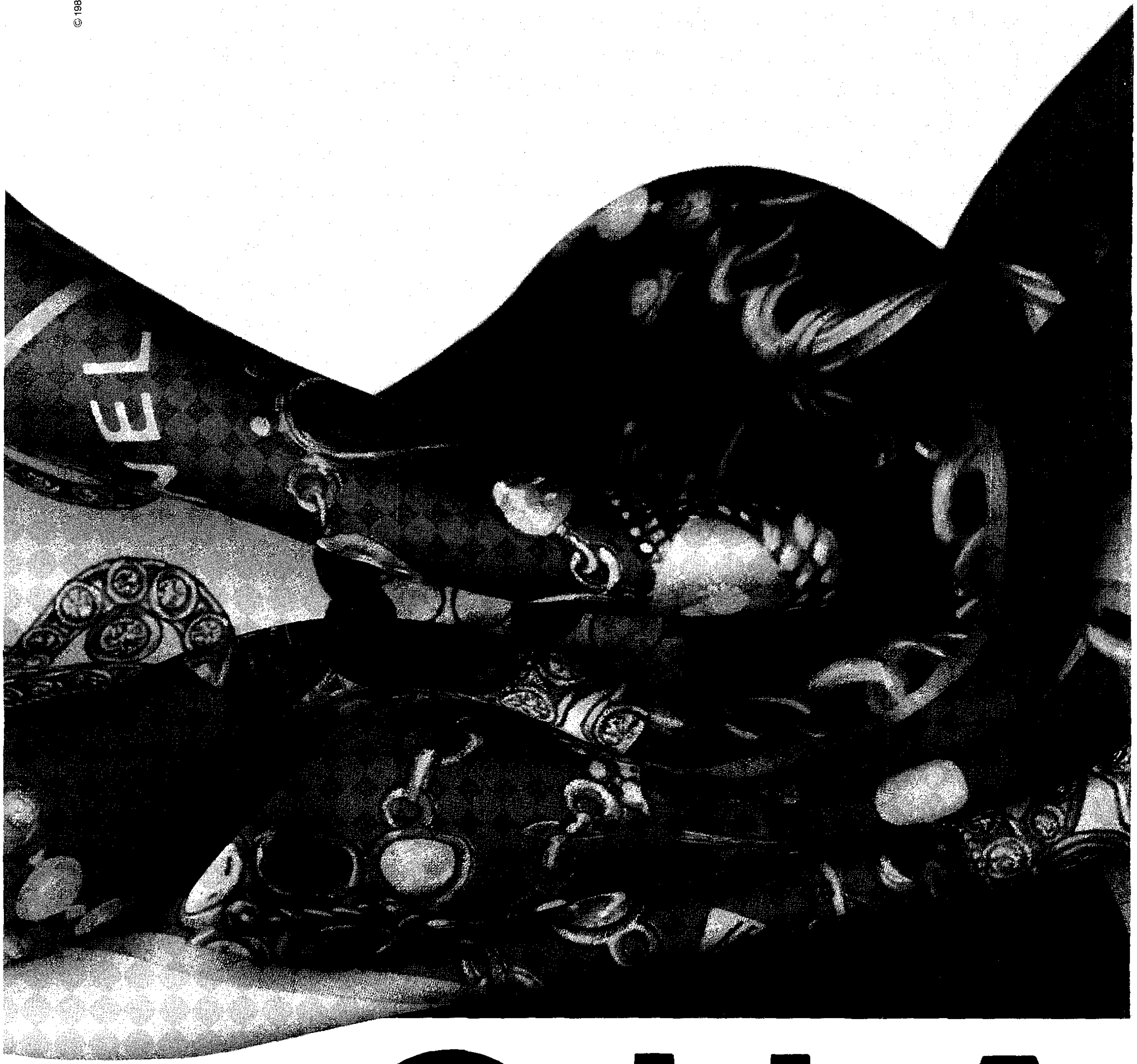

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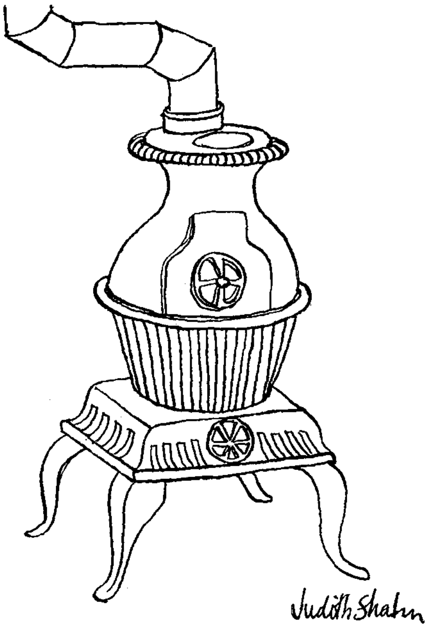
complaining that major-league baseball (the commissioner's office, that is) was prolonging things and keeping him from clearing his name. He said that he was being distracted from his job, from the season at hand. Once the hearing was scheduled and the evidence aired, he changed direction, now claiming there was a bias on the part of the commissioner and insisting that someday his side of the story would "come out"—while at the same time his lawyers were doing their utmost to postpone that day.

I have no idea whether Rose will be readmitted to baseball if he applies for reinstatement next year, but the outlook is not promising for him. No one barred from the game under such circumstances (including Shoeless Joe Jackson, Buck Weaver, and the other Black Sox players) has ever made it back into favor. Rose's failings did not involve throwing games, to be sure, and officially there is no finding about his betting on baseball. Since the settlement of his case, he has hired a public-relations agent and visited a psychotherapist to explore his apparently addictive attachment to gambling. In a new book ("Pete Rose: My Story," written with Roger Kahn), Rose continues to insist that he did not bet on baseball games, and says he agreed to the lifetime ban because his lawyers told him he would receive that penalty after the hearing, simply because of his past association with bookies and gamblers. There is no evidence for such a conclusion. The book also suggests that betting slips attributed to Rose in the Dowd report may have been forgeries, that handwriting experts do not agree that damaging signatures on betting slips are indeed in Rose's hand, that Dowd was abrasively prosecutorial in collecting material for the report, and so forth—all fierce arguments, one would suppose, in favor of the hearing that Rose and his lawyers did not accept. Fans and followers of the game who still feel doubt about these troubling matters should probably read the book; perhaps they will not be turned off by its cynical and sentimental argumentation, as I was.

It is the view here that Pete's act this summer did more damage to the game—in particular to the trust of the fans—than any of his compulsive and foolish outlays of money in the sleazo settings of heavy gambling. It also seems beyond argument that baseball must maintain a public reputation for absolute honesty; any suggestion that finagling or illicit money is involved in the outcome of a game is fatal to baseball's place as the metaphorical and perhaps actual great American pastime. Further, it requires only a moment's thought to perceive that a manager who has a financial interest in seeing his team win a particular game can damage the performance of that team over the space of a week or more, because of the way he handles his pitching. It must be added that the notoriety and distractions that surrounded Pete all summer and, given the doubts about him, his failure to step aside or resign as manager of the Reds contributed heavily to his team's desultory performance—they finished fifth in the National League West. But Rose to this day doesn't seem to sense what any of this was about, or why the case should have been allowed to move quickly to a clarifying resolution if he was, in fact, innocent. He let himself down, and he let the fans down, which is worse.

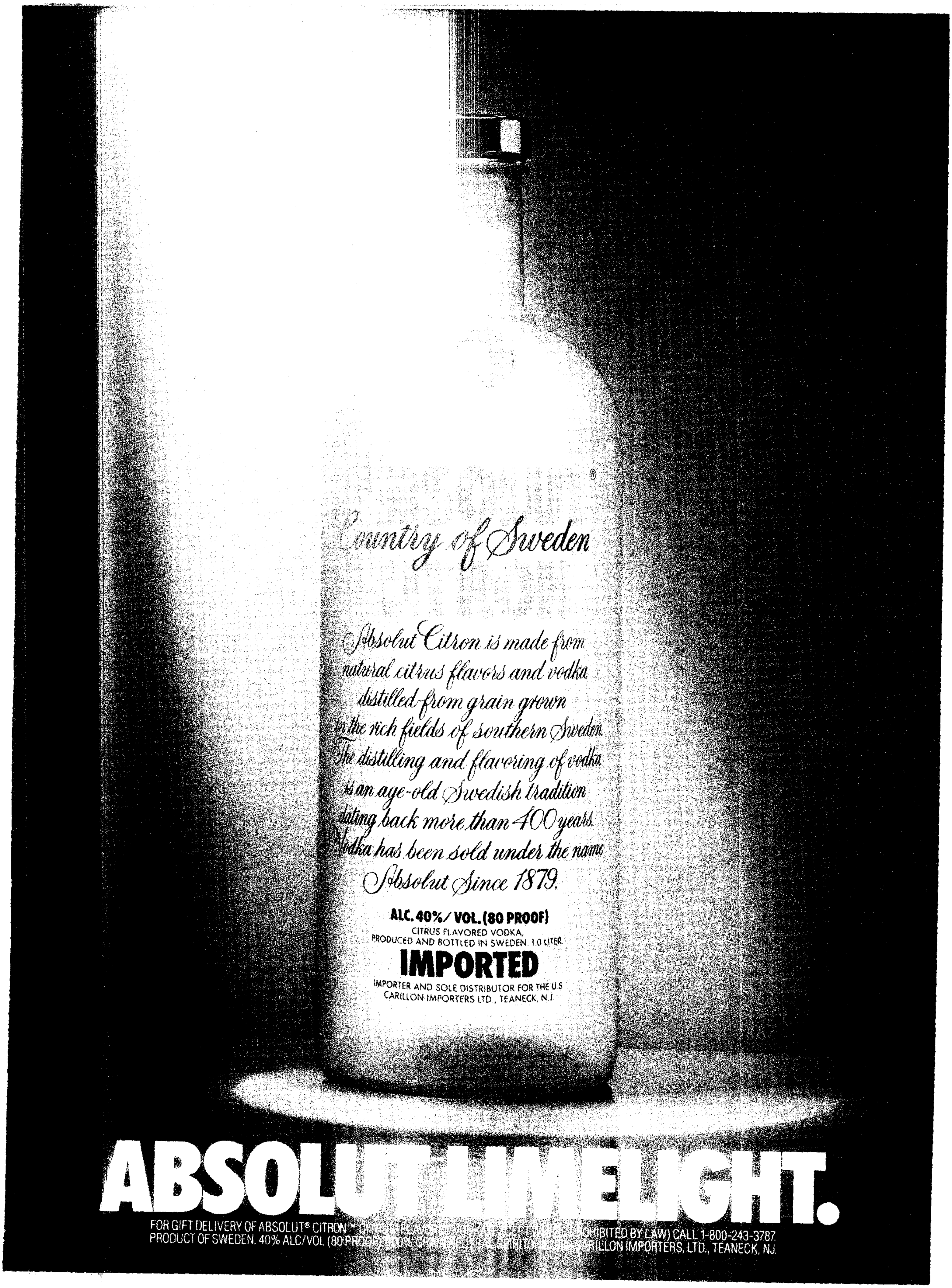
Through the summer, I kept thinking about the fiercely loyal Reds rooters and the almost religious adulation they hold for Rose (he is a local boy, and the greatest hero in the town's history), and I wondered what parents in Cincinnati were now telling their children to believe about Pete. It has been my own view that great performers in sports do not offer a particularly useful role model for our kids, but that is not quite the point here. No one in Cincinnati could have been expected to be cool about Pete Rose, but what the fans there got from him in return this summer could sour them on life as well as on baseball.



None of us wanted this miserable business, and most of us, it seems, still don't want to accept what happened. How else can we explain the endlessly debated new question as to whether Pete Rose should be admitted to the baseball Hall of Fame when he becomes eligible, in 1992? Friends ask me about this again and again, and columnists and TV-sports people continue to speculate about it. Why do we care so much unless we must now deny the real ending of the Pete Rose story by guaranteeing his enshrinement? It seems we must keep the hero after all. Like Pete Rose himself, we must go on saying it never happened.

Bart Giamatti died of a heart attack eight days after the resolution of the Pete Rose case, and five months after he took office as the seventh commissioner of baseball. These proximities are ironic indeed, for they mean that Giamatti will always be linked in baseball memory with the Rose affair, which was the central event of his brief tenure. He had accepted the case as one of the unavoidable first burdens of the office (rumors of Rose's gambling and debts had become commonplace in the sport), but colleagues and friends of his said later that he had become weary of the noisome affair and increasingly saddened by his necessary role in the extinction of a baseball idol. He wished to get on with things—an enormous agenda, which included the impending struggle between the owners and the Players' Association about the renewal of their labor agreement; some form of major-league expansion; ballpark ambience (in his phrase) and amenities; the proper place of television in the sport; the promotion of international baseball; the diminishment of racial inequalities in the sport; ballpark design; and other difficulties and challenges. Now those concerns must be taken up by Francis T. (Fay) Vincent, Jr., Giamatti's deputy commissioner (and a long-term friend of his), who was elected to the full post within two weeks of his predecessor's death.

I think the deep shock over Giamatti's loss that ran through the sport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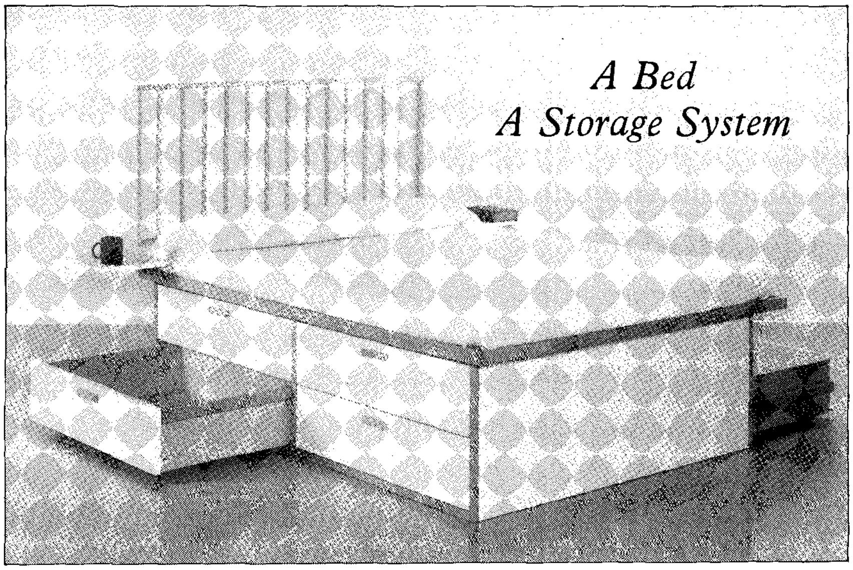

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from top to bottom was not just because of his age (he was fifty-one) but because almost everyone who nursed private long-range worries about the future of baseball had come to believe that the game was at last in the hands of a man who fully shared such concerns, and who thought about baseball, instinctively and unaffectedly, as a fan. Great numbers of baseball executives and writers, umpires, managers (Whitey Herzog said, "He was the best—the only great commissioner we've seen"), and fans already felt this, and seemed to take his death as a personal loss. I heard the same thing from friends and acquaintances who had never met Giamatti and had no particular feeling about the game; it was as if they sensed that a great citizen, of unique attributes and value, had been taken from them at the moment of his arrival.

Giamatti was a scholar—he had been a professor of Renaissance literature at Yale and then president of that university before coming over to baseball as president of the National League in 1987—but his training and habits of mind, instead of distancing him from lifelong baseball people, served to elucidate for them the seriousness of their profession and to place it in full context. Giamatti saw the connections between baseball and other aspects of American life; he could speak without reserve or pompousness about the smaller attractions and pleasures of the game and, in the same breath, about its mysterious hold on our imagination and aspirations. In his last official statement, which was the Rose summation, he said, "I believe baseball is a beautiful and exciting game, loved by millions—I among them—and I believe baseball is an important, enduring American institution."

He really was a fan—there was no doubt about that. Other commissioners within memory claimed their fandom almost as a political obligation, but Giamatti never had to work at it. I remember standing with him and the National League's chief of umpires, Ed Vargo, at Port St. Lucie last year, when we noticed that the man pitching batting practice for the visiting Dodgers was Sandy Koufax. We stood in silence and watched that elegant, incomparable delivery, and then Giamatti turned to me, his face alight, and whispered the name to me like a

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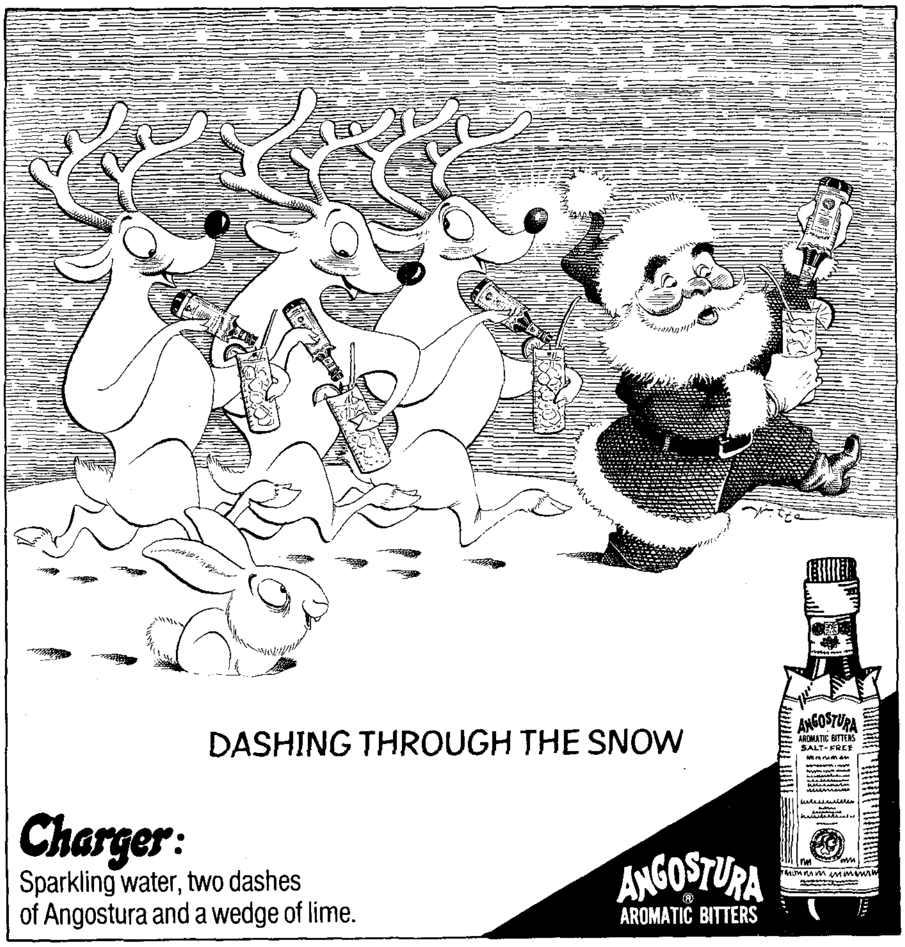

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schoolboy: "*Sandy Kou-fax!*" At the World Series this year, Peter Gammons, of *Sports Illustrated*, told me about a moment at the Hall of Fame inductions at Cooperstown last summer when Giamatti ran into three old-time Red Sox scouts, George Digby, Danny Doyle, and Joe Stephenson, who were startled to find that their commissioner not only recognized them but knew all about them—what territories they'd worked, whom they had scouted, whom they had signed. All four were thrilled by the meeting, Gammons said, and when they departed Giamatti said, "Here's a man who's going to see to it that scouts get their proper recognition at Cooperstown someday."

He seemed all of a piece, and the deep general sadness about his passing comes down to that, somehow. Being near him, being his friend, or simply being affiliated with him through baseball was exciting and flattering, because we always seemed to have his full attention and sensed, through him, that we were connected not just to a game but to a society or a plan that we hoped was still in place.

A BALANCED accounting of a baseball year of such glooms and shocks is unattainable, and this old note-taker proposes to omit most of the trifling hopes and passing news that filled up so many pages in his summer diary. Let us say less, rather than more, about the Mets, for instance, who slowly but relentlessly dashed or disappointed all the great expectations with which they began their season. No one could have predicted that they would lose the services of Gary Carter and Keith Hernandez and Doc Gooden for much of the going, because of injuries, but under these straitened circumstances this experienced and highly rewarded Mets squad played so dimly that the club's expected transition year had to be started in midseason instead of next April. Roger McDowell, Lenny Dykstra, Mookie Wilson, Lee Mazzilli, Rick Aguilera, and Dave West took their leave, and Juan Samuel (*Juan Samuel?*) and Frank Viola and some others came aboard, but the trades and moves did not have the customary sense of orderly change that one had come to expect from the club. What did seem orderly about the Mets, most of the time, was the way the batters went down, inning after inning, sometimes (or especially) with

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men on base, and the highly civilized manner in which the players walked off the field after still another defeat—an aura of *politesse* that must have inspired a Wall Street law-firm letterhead I jotted into my notebook during some idle July inning:

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The Mets mounted a brief streak in the middle of August, but something shrivelled in them after the Dodgers knocked them off with a sudden ninth-inning three-run homer by Willie Randolph on a Sunday at Shea. The team was in and out of the pennant race all through September, but never showed the ferocity or élan of a contender. At the end, they finished second, six games behind the Cubs (they were first in home runs and second in pitching over all), and dead in the water. Cheers should be raised for Howard Johnson's totals of thirty-seven homers, forty-one stolen bases, and a hundred and one runs batted in, and for Sid Fernandez' 14–5, 2.83, and a hundred and ninety-eight strikeouts, but the loudest Mets sound is still the silence that surrounds Darryl Strawberry's miserable .225 season, with twenty-nine homers and seventy-seven R.B.I.s. He has said that he would prefer to be playing somewhere else, preferably with the Dodgers, but his actions are those of a man who has lost his way in the game. In the post-season, co-captains Gary Carter and Keith Hernandez were told that the club would not renew their contracts (they are thirty-five and thirty-six years old, respectively), which means that this particular Mets era is over. I have written so often and at such length about the verve and splendor of these leaders that I will keep further sad reminders to myself.

Other celebrated clubs disappointed themselves and their rooters in varying fashions. The defending-champion Dodgers made like Gandhi, with manager Tommy LaSorda losing forty pounds, thanks to his highly publicized diet, and his batters responding by scoring an anorexic five hundred and fifty-four runs for the season, with a bare eighty-nine homers, as the team

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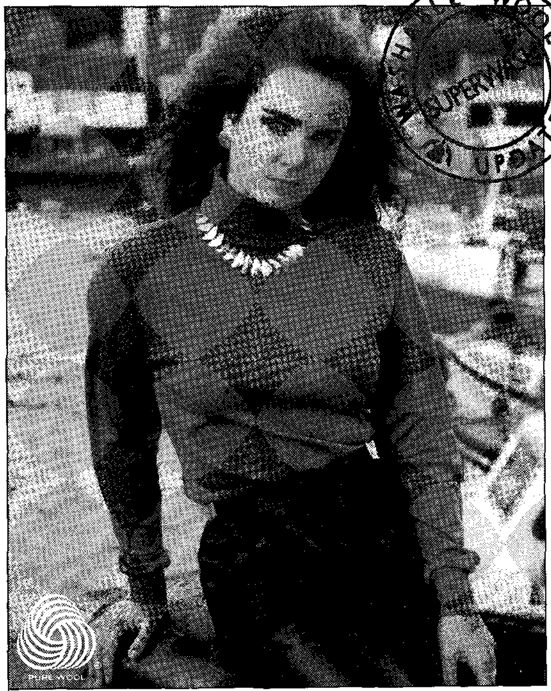

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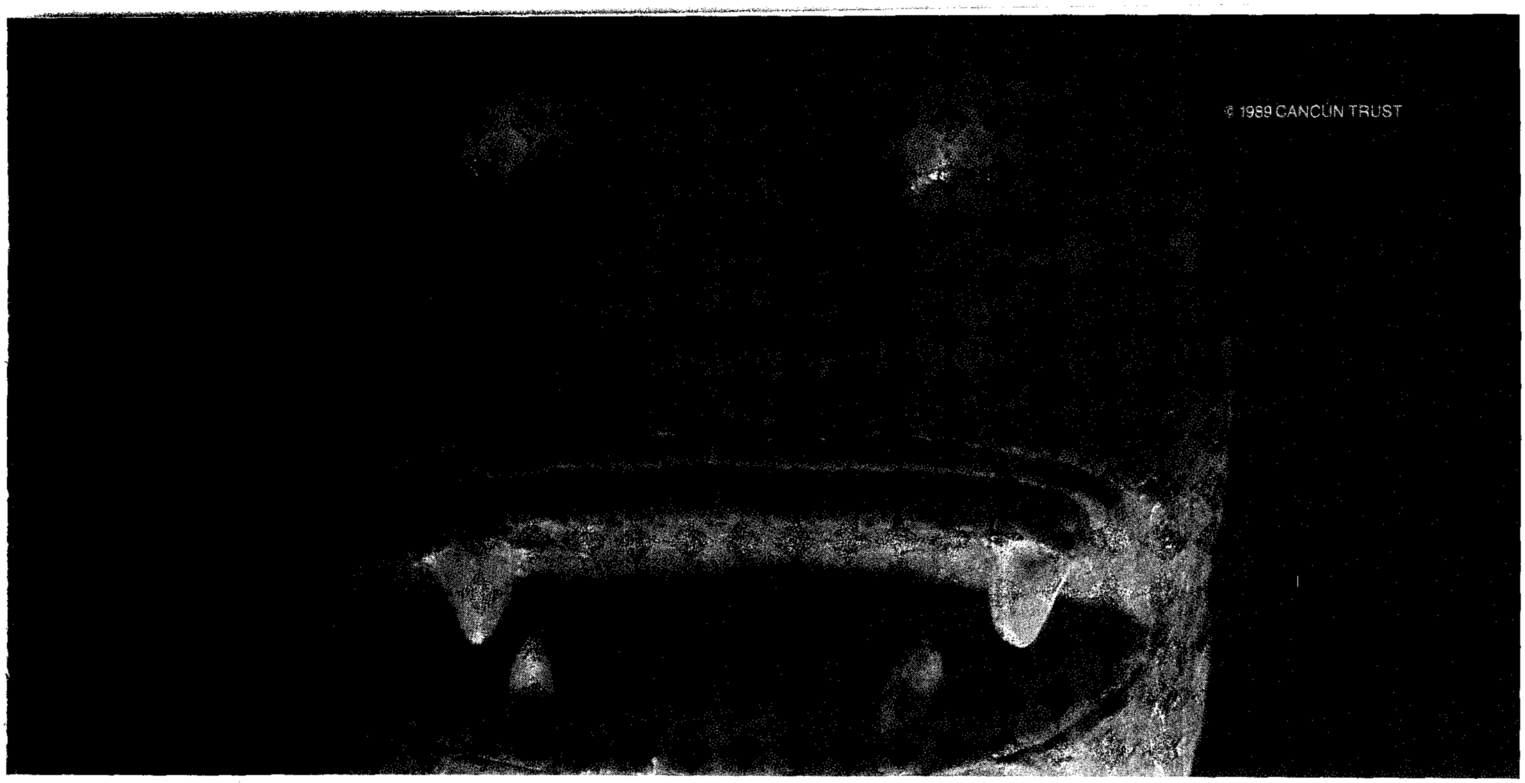
fell to fourth place. The Red Sox, sulking and socking by turns, led both leagues in batting but badly missed the pitching of Bruce Hurst, whom they had recklessly allowed to escape as a free agent last winter, and of Oil Can Boyd, who was limited to ten games because of a circulatory ailment. Now they will have to do without Bob Stanley, who retired; Jim Rice, who was unceremoniously dropped at the end of the season; and first baseman Nick Esasky (thirty home runs; a hundred and eight R.B.I.s), who, as a free agent, has signed to play for Atlanta next year. The fifth-place Yankees, pursuing their unique policy of creeping invisibility, dispensed with another manager, Dallas Green, and shuffled pitchers and players so assiduously that by early August there remained but five men on the roster who had been on hand for opening day last year. The pitching, as universally predicted, was abysmal, but the offense passable. Steve Sax had a fine .315 year, and Don Mattingly a disappointing one, as such matters are unfairly judged—.303, with a hundred and thirteen runs batted in. Bronx historians were startled but perhaps also unsurprised by several midsummer outbursts of anti-Hanoverian patriotism in the Stadium stands, where brave little bands of colonials in tricorne hats brandished placards and chanted, "George must go! George must go!" No uprisings were observed in Detroit, however, where the Tigers lost a hundred and three games; or in Montreal, where the Expos, fierce contenders for most of the distance in the National League East, suffered another meltdown and sank to fourth place.

It was a rich year for big innings and blown leads. The Red Sox, up by 10–0 at the Fens one night in June, lost to the Blue Jays by 13–11. On a day of balmy Wrigley Field breezes, the Cubs led the Phillies by 10–3 but lost (after a two-team total of thirty-five hits and six home runs) by 16–13. On another afternoon there, they spotted the Astros nine runs, just for fun, and then came on to win, by 10–9. I was on hand at the Stadium one evening in June when the Orioles ran up an 11–0 lead against the Yankees in the first three innings. There was no rally this time—the final score was 16–3, Baltimore—but the game has lingered with me just the same, perhaps because twelve of the Oriole runs were un-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earned. In August, the Reds sent twenty batters to the plate in the bottom of a first inning against the Astros, and scored fourteen runs. Seven of the Cincinnatis had two hits apiece in the inning, which lasted for thirty-eight minutes; one of the Reds complained later that it was exhausting to be on the bench, because he had to keep getting up to congratulate somebody. Bob Forsch, one of the unfortunate Astro twirlers, gave up nine straight hits at one stretch. At that, he may have been luckier than Jim Rooker, a broadcaster with the Pirates, who one night watched his club rack up a ten-run lead in the first inning of a game at Philadelphia and then resolutely begin to give it back. Rooker told his listeners that he was not looking forward to the flight back to Pittsburgh if the Pirates ended up losing, and then bravely added, "In fact, if the Pirates lose this game, I'll *walk* back to Pittsburgh." Final score: Phillies 15, Pirates 11. Rooker took his walk in October, after the season ended, and covered the three hundred and eight miles in twelve days and five hours. Probably it's a record.

Sometimes a single run can stick in memory, too. Taking in a Mets-Reds game at home one evening in early May, I saw a large, self-assured rookie Cincinnati reliever named Rob Dibble strut a bit on the mound after he had fired two steaming pitches past Howard Johnson in the tenth inning of a 2–2 game. Guessing that perhaps I knew Johnson's capabilities better than Dibble did, I said, "Show us that fastball one more time, kid." He obliged me, and Hojo sent the ball into the bullpen and me, whistling, out around the block with my dog.

Young Fred McGriff, of the Blue Jays, led the American League with thirty-six homers, while young Ruben Sierra, of the Rangers, outslugged all comers with a hundred and nineteen runs batted in. Kevin Mitchell, the Giants' keg-bellied outfielder, captured both prizes in his league, with his forty-seven homers and hundred and twenty-five R.B.I.s, and also the Most Valuable Player award, barely edging out the redoubtable Will Clark, who is his immediate predecessor in the Giants' batting order. Most of the Giants felt that the two should have been allowed to share the honor. Clark and Tony Gwynn, the Padres' old reliable, played head to head for the league batting title in the last two games of the season, and Gwynn, with six hits in his last eight at-bats, as against Clark's two, won it, at .336. It was his third consecutive title, and his fourth in six years. The Twins' Kirby Puckett similarly edged out Carney Lansford, the Oakland third baseman, on the last day, .339 to .336, thereby ending Wade Boggs' four-year streak as best batter. (Puckett's title made him the first right-handed swinger to lead his league since 1981, when Lansford did it, and only the second since 1971.) In Toronto in mid-September, I watched Boggs rap out one small single in twelve trips to the plate, over two games, and strike out four times—a slumplet that had the Boston writers in the press box clutching their brows and muttering "Wow!" in disbelief. Recovered, Wade finished at .330, with two hundred and five hits. It was his seventh straight two-hundred-hit season. No one in his league has ever done *that* before. Robin Yount, the veteran Milwaukee all-arounder, did not lead the league in any offensive category, but his nicely balanced .318, twenty-one home runs, and a hundred and three runs batted in brought him the Most Valuable Player award in his league. This was his sixteenth season, and there is a sense that the honor also represented what Hollywood calls a Lifetime Achievement award.

Mike Scott, of the Astros, was the only National League pitcher to win twenty games (he went 20-10), while Bret Saberhagen's dazzling 23–6 year for the Royals, with twelve complete games, won him the Cy Young over in his league—a disappointment for Dave Stewart, the Oakland right-hander, whose 21–9 total represented his third consecutive twenty-victory season. The pitcher of the year, of course, and perhaps of the half-century, was Nolan Ryan, now of the Rangers, who on August 22nd recorded his five-thousandth lifetime strikeout (the victim was Rickey Henderson, of the Athletics, who did not appreciate the honor) and finished his year at 5,076. (*Sports Illustrated* celebrated the landmark occasion by publishing the names of all 1,061 batters who had fanned against Ryan to date—a casualty list topped by Claudell Washington, with thirty-six whiffs.) Some idea of the dimensions of Ryan's feat may be gained if we notice that only one other pitcher in major-league history has passed the *four*-thousand-strikeout level (Steve Carlton, with 4,136), which explains, in turn, why so few baseball historians had proposed or mused about even the possibility of a five-thousand-K doorstep. Ryan, who is forty-two, had an excellent 16–10 year with the Rangers, his fourth club (he started with the Mets in 1968), achieving two one-hitters and three hundred and one strikeouts along the way. He has decided to come back and pitch again next year, probably tempted by the likelihood of a three-hundredth lifetime win. Baseball cogitators attribute his relatively modest 289–263 won-and-lost career total to his pride and great strength, which invite managers to keep him out there, still firing at ninety miles an hour or better, into the eighth or ninth inning—long enough to lose, that is.

Ryan, it should be added, is as much a celebrity inside his profession as he is with the fans. Rick Sutcliffe, the veteran Cubs right-hander, was talking about him in the Wrigley Field clubhouse one day during the National League playoffs. "You can't mention Nolan in the same breath with anybody else," he said. "You know that sign they have outside the Astrodome in Houston—'WELCOME TO THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD'? Well, when he was pitching for the Astros every player in the league thought that meant Nolan."

Bert Blyleven, another codger (well, he's thirty-eight), had a 17–5 and 2.73 season, with five shutouts, for the Angels—a total scarcely matched in any of his nineteen previous years in the show. Two forty-one-year-old catchers put in similarly vigorous and useful seasons. Carlton Fisk rapped thirteen home runs (he batted .293) for the White Sox, thereby lifting his lifetime total to three hundred and thirty-six, and eclipsing Yogi Berra's old record for catchers. Bob Boone, who is now with the Royals, batted .274 and ran his total of games caught to 2,185—almost a full career's worth ahead of the next man on the lifetime list. At this rate, Old Timers' Days—dare we hope?—may soon be abolished. Now and then, to be sure, a great player does step down. This year it was Mike Schmidt, who retired in June after eighteen years and a lifetime five hundred and forty-eight home runs, which puts him in seventh place on *that* list, just above Mickey Mantle. He is far and away the best offensive player at his third-base position, and we can now begin to weigh his over-all merits against hot-corner immortals like Brooks Robinson, Pie Traynor, and the rest.

Let us conclude these studies in phenomenology with a look back at Bo Jackson's effulgent summer with the Royals. A thigh injury in the late going put a crimp in his batting average and homer output (he ended at .256, with thirty-two dingers and a hundred and five R.B.I.s) and perhaps allowed him time to think ahead to his coming work in the National Football League, where he is a running back with the Los Angeles Raiders, but players and writers continued to compare notes about various monster blows he wafted into the upper decks or outer perimeters of parks around the league, including the epochal four-hundred-and-fifty-footer struck against Rick Reuschel in the All-Star game. The dugout talk then inevitably circled back to Bo's Throw—a tenth-inning three-hundred-foot peg, thrown flat-footed from the deepest left-field corner of the Seattle Kingdome. It flew, unrelayed and without a bounce, into the mitt of Bob Boone at home plate, who tagged out the startled runner representing the winning Mariners tally. Rival players coming on and off the field all had the same stunned expression on their faces, and the Royals' manager, John Wathan, said later that it was far and away the greatest peg he had ever seen. "The game was over," Bo's teammate

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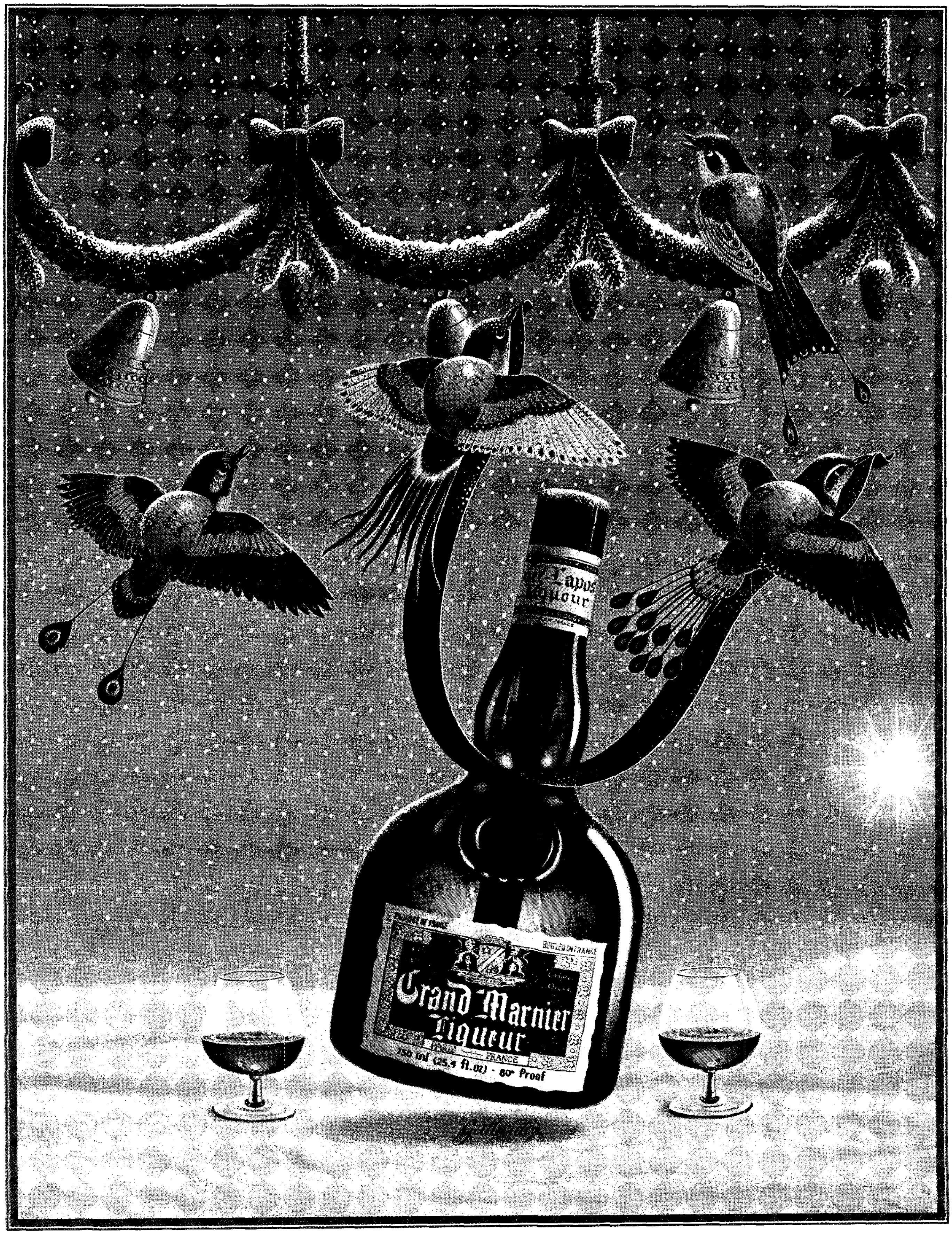
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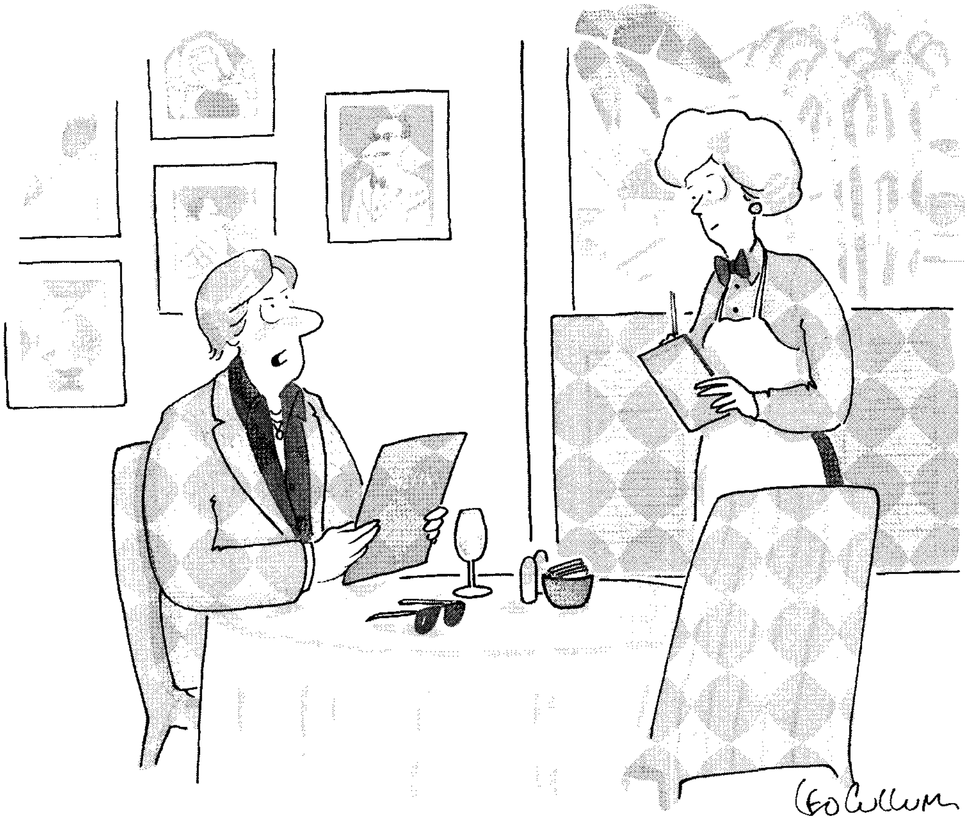
George Brett said. "I was already headed up the tunnel." Then he added, "This is not a normal guy."

A SKIMPY gloss on the various pennant races will not satisfy supporters of talented teams like the Cardinals, the Padres, the Angels, and the Royals, who all mounted serious challenges in their divisions but had nothing to show for it in the end. The unholy lambastings administered by the new world-champion Athletics to their post-season rivals should not keep us from remembering that the A's were in difficulties most of the summer—not just because of disabling injuries to Jose Canseco, Mark McGwire, Dennis Eckersley, and Walt Weiss (the team didn't put its first string on the field until July 31st) but because the opposition in this premier division was so tough. The Athletics didn't take over first place for keeps until the third week in August, and rarely led by more than a game or two until the final two weeks. The Angels surprised themselves by whacking a great many home runs this year—they led the league, in fact—and had outstanding pitching as well; only an injury that took left-hander Chuck Finley out of the rotation in the latter stages slowed them at the end. (Jim Abbott, the celebrated left-handed rookie who was born without a right hand, contributed a fine 15–15 season to the Angels in his first season in organized ball.) A damp-fuse offense (they were shut out eighteen times) and the lack of a reliable fourth starter probably did the Royals in, in spite of Saberhagen's outstanding second half. Oakland finished well down in the club standings on offense and defense this year, but it had the best pitching, a fractional edge over its two pursuers—in starters, in middle relief, in close-out work, and especially in depth—that felt enormous in the end. As often happens, the season seemed to turn on a single day: September 21st, when the Athletics beat the Twins, 2–1, on a Mark McGwire home run (his first ever at the Metrodome), plus an extraordinary defensive play by second baseman Tony Phillips, while the Angels were losing a heartbreaker to the Indians in the seventeenth inning, to fall three and a half games back. They never threatened again.

In the other West, the Padres closed ground considerably, coming back from a twelve-game deficit in late July to a slim three at the end, and winning twenty-eight of their last thirty-seven games, but they never quite discomposed the Giants, whose in-season pitching was far more robust than it looked in October. The Padres are on the rise over the long haul, with promising pitching (their star reliever, Mark Davis, racked up forty-four saves this year and won the Cy Young Award), dazzling youngsters like Roberto Alomar and his brother Sandy, a catcher, who may be voted into the All-Star game before he quite gets out of the minors, and a management burning to reach the heights. Next year, I think.

No one had more fun this summer than the good old, grand old Wrigley Field rooters, whose Cubs lost seven straight games in June and six straight in the middle of August, and yet seemed always to play their best when the going was hard and the old park was stuffed and rackety. They led the league not just in hitting but also in pinch-hitting; they won sixteen games in their last at-bats and ten games in extra innings. (They were not the Mets, in sum.) They were always up for the next crucial series at Wrigley—a sweep of the Expos early in August that bounced them up from a first-place tie to a three-game lead, and five out of six games won against the Cardinals and the Expos a month later, which built their lead from a half game to five games in the space of six days and gave them the division. There was something particularly satisfying—a confirmation of lunch-pail virtues—about the Cubs and the way they worked and played: the cheerfulness and mutual confidence that existed between Don Zimmer, the Popeye skipper, and his boyhood pal Jim Frey, the general manager; Ryne Sandberg's old-hero steadiness afield and vigor at the plate (he homered in five straight games in August); the confirmation of first baseman Mark Grace, a .314 hitter this year, as the next Northside paragon; the long-awaited maturing of the lightning-bolt thrower, Shawon Dunston, at shortstop; the flowering of adjacent rookie marvels in the outfield in this same summer (Dwight Smith, who batted .324 in his first full season, and Jerome Walton, who ran up a thirty-game hitting streak and, at the end, was voted National League Rookie of the Year); and, of course, the scary and hilarious outings of Mitch Williams, the hair-on-fire relief



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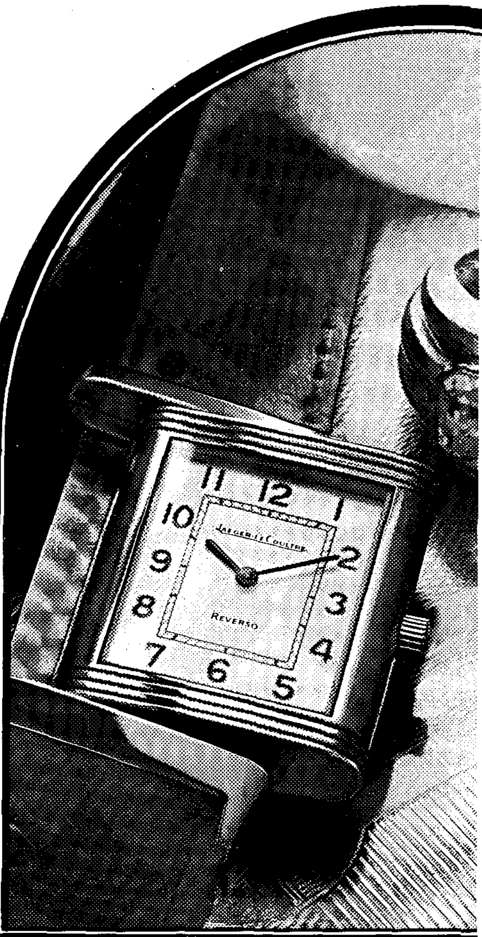

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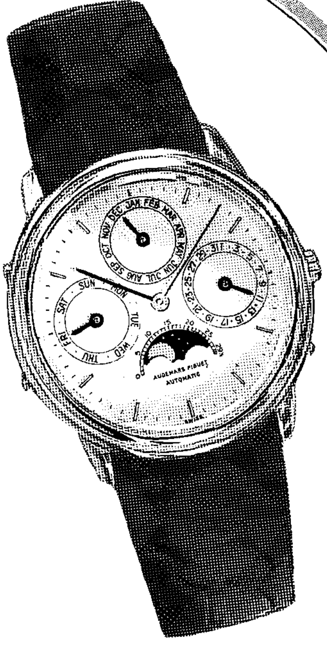
stopper, who performed a full one-eighty-degree gyro spin on the mound at the finish of each delivery, saved thirty-six games, and somehow survived a line-drive conking that everyone had predicted for him. (The ball, off the bat of Eric King, nailed him on the left temple, where, he explained later, a bushy sideburn took most of the hit.) Great stuff. "It's August. Do You Know Where Your Cubs Are?" asked one Wrigley Field fan banner, and the answer, almost to the end, was "In heaven."

Given such attractions and the similarly vivid personae and patterns of the Giants, I chose to stay with the National League semifinals from start to finish, and to keep up with the playoffs between the Athletics and the Blue Jays as best I could, by tube. I had more than an inkling that I'd catch up with the Oaklands in the World Series in any case. Their five-game mashing of the Jays was not entirely a one-man show—Dave Stewart had workmanlike wins in his two starts, Eckersley came up with three saves, and Mark McGwire and Dave Parker and Jose Canseco hit massive home runs—but, viewed from the present distance in time, the games were all Rickey. By the time the championships were over, Henderson had led all comers in hits, runs, home runs (he had two), total bases, slugging average (total bases minus homers, divided into at-bats; his came out to 1.000), runs batted in, and stolen bases (he had eight, wiping out Lou Brock's illustrious old post-season record of seven). But none of this really begins to cover what Rickey did or how he played. Limited to a pair of walks in the opening game, at Oakland, he broke the game open in the sixth, when the Jays were ahead by a run, with a crushing takeout slide at second base that permitted two runs to scamper home. In the next game, he singled twice, walked twice, scored two runs, and stole four bases. Humiliated in Game Three by a mere double, a base on balls, two runs scored, and a stolen base (the Blue Jays won this one, entrancing their vast Skydome audience with a seven-run riposte after trailing in the early going), Rickey thought of a different amusement for the next evening: a pair of two-run homers. And so on.

There is always the strange possibility that comic-book heroics of this kind or our strong images of Rickey's style

—his scrunched-up, tightly pounding scurry down a base path; his staring, taut-skin intensity of regard; his Kermit the Frog green batting gloves; his hot-dog stutter steps and hand twitches and arm-pumpings and little primpings as he journeys to or departs from still another base—will obscure a proper appreciation of Henderson's impact on a game. Each at-bat of his represents a trial of spirit for the pitcher, who badly does not wish to see him on first base but who must also be mindful of Rickey's power if he determines simply to throw strikes. Once on first, Henderson skews the infield defense, because somebody must cheat a bit in the middle to cover against a steal, while the jittery pitcher must now shift to a hurried, slide-step delivery to the next batter (it's Carney Lansford, not quite accidentally the league's second-best hitter), and also make absolutely sure that another walk here doesn't set up a landslide inning, what with Canseco and Parker and . . . Don't think of it. The hovering presence of these other wonderful hitters abets the whole process, of course, but Rickey Henderson must now be seriously considered—one heard a lot of this in the clubhouses and the press rows this October—as the premier lead-off man in the history of the game. I recall attempting a similar dissection of Rickey's feats of discomposure when he played with the Athletics back in the early eighties, but those much less talented lineups always made him look like a selfish sort of star —a one-man show. He was traded away to the Yankees in 1985, when the A's could no longer afford his big salary, but his reacquisition in June of this year in a trading coup by general manager Sandy Alderson provided the zing that the muscular and famous new Oaklands required. He made them complete, and vice versa.

I wouldn't blame the Blue Jays or their fans for a certain coolness in the face of all this party-pooping by the Oakland chaps, but whining is something else. Third baseman Kelly Gruber complained about Dave Parker's comportment after a home run launched in Game Two—Parker had paused to appreciate his masterwork in the manner of a tourist regarding the Winged Victory of Samothrace from the foot of the Louvre stairway—and catcher Ernie Whitt took similar public exception to some little dance steps Rickey al-



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lowed himself as he eased into second on a no-throw steal, but the showing-up that the Jays were objecting to seemed to lie in the Athletics' performance, not their pirouettes. None of the Toronto players or residents could think of anything much to say about Jose Canseco's home run into a hitherto uncharted region of the upper deck (or eleventh story, someone figured out) of the SkyDome in Game Four, which suddenly personified the distance between the two teams, but there were further carpings and booings directed at Henderson, Canseco, Eckersley, et al., from the manager on down, as the Athletics brusquely took care of the business at hand. The Blue Jays haven't had much success in late-season play so far (they lost to a less talented Kansas City team in the 1984 playoffs, and fumbled another divisional title by losing seven straight games in the last week of play in 1987), and their deep lack of confidence often shows itself in dour, pale-faced silence and uptight play in big games. They may need a brash new star, or a tough old campaigner or two, to show them how and when to hot-dog, which is when you're ahead and having fun.

IF great baseball entertainment requires a swift succession of narrative high points, with noble or outrageous deeds performed by vivid characters, then this year's National League Championship Series was a calf-bound set of Dickens. The Giants won the playoff by four games to one, but it felt like a longer and thicker work, stuffed with melodrama, crises, exclamations, and, yes, tears. The galloping pace of the story was evident by the end of the third inning of the first game, at which point the two teams had scored seven runs on ten hits, including three home runs. The Wrigley Field hordes were in full cry, relishing the kind of intemperate action their club enjoys so well, and perhaps feeling only a mildish anxiety when Will Clark, the Giant first sacker, stepped up to bat with the bases loaded and two out in the fourth. Clark whacked Greg Maddux's first pitch on a quick parabola into Sheffield Avenue, behind the right-field bleachers, for a grand slam—a mood-destroying stroke that closed down the party, leaving only broken sounds of shock and disbelief. It was Clark's second homer of the evening,

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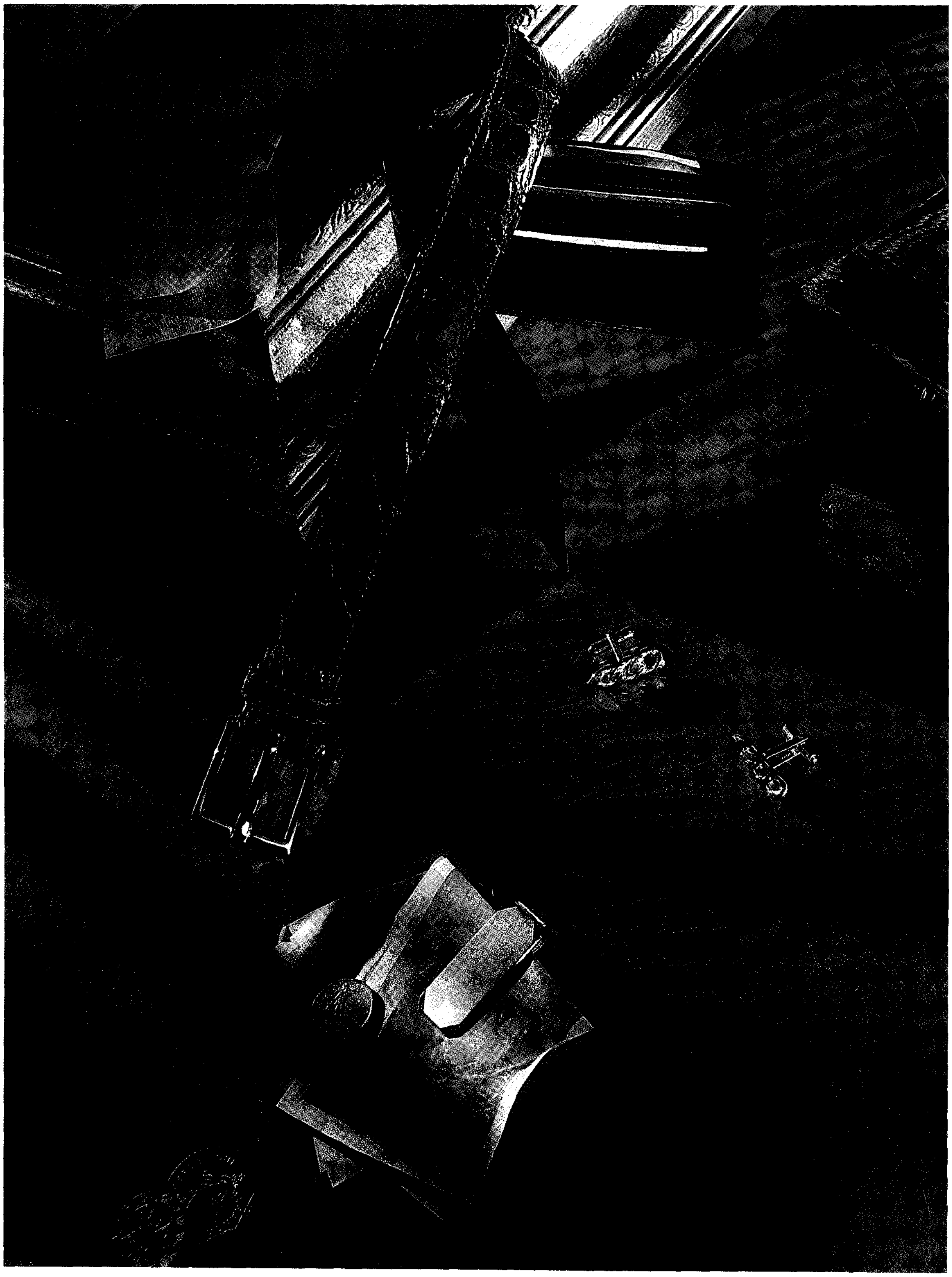

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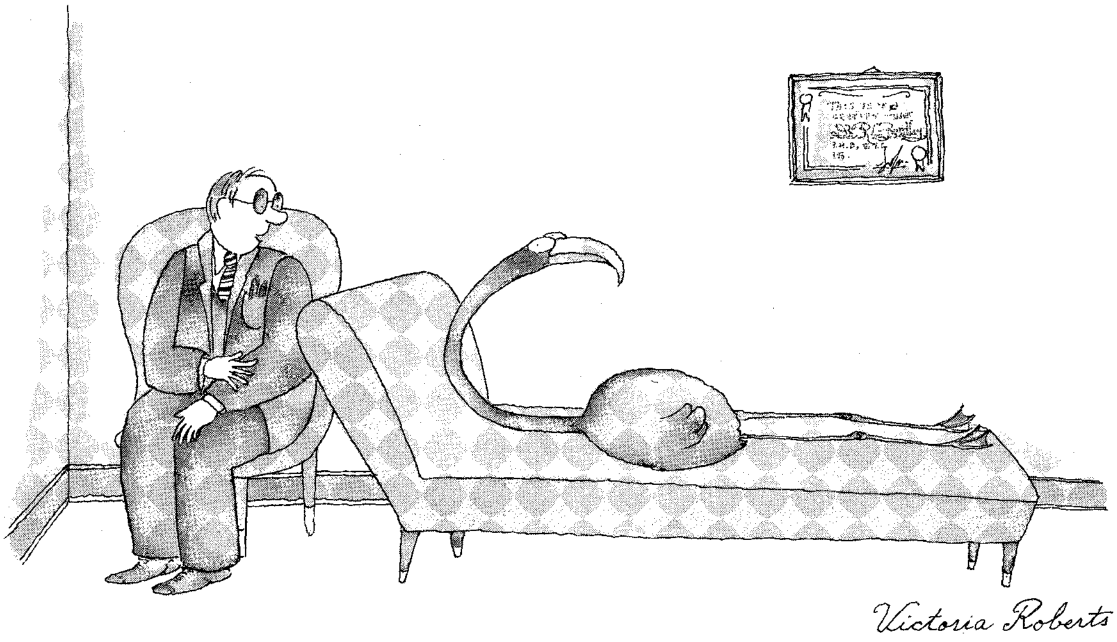

"So, be a flamingo!"

and his third hit (he had four, all told, for the evening, and six runs batted in, during the Giants' 11–3 win), and it put him well along on the path to an astounding cumulative feat—the greatest burst of sustained October hitting we have seen since Reggie Jackson's famous World Series against the Dodgers in 1977. Even after such an opening statement, it seemed possible that Clark might be eclipsed by someone else in these games. Kevin Mitchell, his shadow in the Giants' order, had two homers after two games, and so did Ryne Sandberg, of the Cubs, while Mark Grace, the tall left-handed Cubs first baseman, kept whacking line drives, knocking in runs and moving the runners along. All told, Grace batted .647 for the Series, with eleven hits—a dazzling effort but scarcely a patch on Clark's work over the same distance.

The Wrigleyites had a better time of it on the second evening, when the Cubs scored six times in the first inning, embarrassing Rick Reuschel, the Giants' fatherly starter, and won, not quite handily, by 9–5. Winning at home in October, taking a step toward a pennant and a possible Wrigley Field World Series after a lapse of forty-four years, put the bleacherites into ecstasies, but I, an ungrateful guest, couldn't help noticing how worn and tacky the old park looked by night—nothing like its smiling sunshine face. This championship series, we should recall, bore no resemblance to the flattening put-down that the Athletics administered to the Blue Jays in their semifinals. The Cubs held a lead in all three of the games that they lost at Candlestick Park, but they were destroyed by a whirlwind of baseball feats—a home run by Giants second baseman Robby Thompson in Game Three, and a devastating two-run home run by third baseman Matt Williams the next day, breaking up a 4–4 tie. Williams—a shy, broad-shouldered, pinkish youngster of twenty-three, with thinning blond hair—is on the way to a splendid career, in spite of a lifetime .195 batting average to date. He has made frequent detours to the minors for stroke-tinkering during his three-year tour with the Giants, but he has determination, a wonderful touch afield (he wears the smallest infielder's mitt I've seen in years), and great power at the plate. He is an acknowledged favorite of Al Rosen, the Giants' general manager, who is himself a former M.V.P. third baseman. Williams' at-bat in the fifth inning of Game Four was a Cooperstown exhibit. Facing a young left-handed reliever named Steve Wilson, with one out and a man on second, Williams, behind by two strikes, fouled off eight consecutive pitches—six inside fastballs, intermixed with a couple of slinky changeups—and then drove the next pitch, another heater, over the left-field fence for the game-winner.

The runner who scored just ahead of Williams and who now treated him with the Giants' own both-hands-up, double-handclasp, London-Bridge-is-falling-down celebratory ritual was Will Clark, whose double had been his third safe knock of the game, and I *think* that by this point even inexpert fans in the park must have begun to watch his work at the plate with a certain aesthetic tingle. The Clark swing is baseball's greatest ornament just now, and my notebooks over the past couple of seasons contain innumerable Will-inspired exclamation points, inky cartoons, and awkward Michelangelesque sketches and diagrams of that wonder, sometimes with thick explanatory arrows curling around its fulcrum, which is the columnar, planted-in-stone front leg—the right leg, for Clark bats left-handed. The swing never changes, so each at-bat becomes an instant replay of its predecessors. (When I mentioned this impression of mine to Clark in the clubhouse one evening, he gave a brusque nod of agreement. "All I got to think about is concentration," he said. "The swing is always there.") The best part of the swing begins about halfway through, with the midpoint opening up of the closed-stance edifice. The arms are fully extended, and the weight of Clark's body surges forward as the rotating shoulders swiftly catch up with the hips and then go on by; the head comes up and tilts back, along with the rest of the upper body, as the circling bat makes contact and rises in its smooth, killing arc. Everything is rising at the end—even the front leg, which comes delicately up on tiptoe—when bat and arms come around together, the left hand is released elegantly, and he and we look upward and outward to follow the flight of the ball. The swing reminds you of those old speeded-up time-lapse photographs of a lily or some other large flower unfolding and then spreading its petals in the light. It's breathtaking.

Clark's heavy jaw, his clamped,

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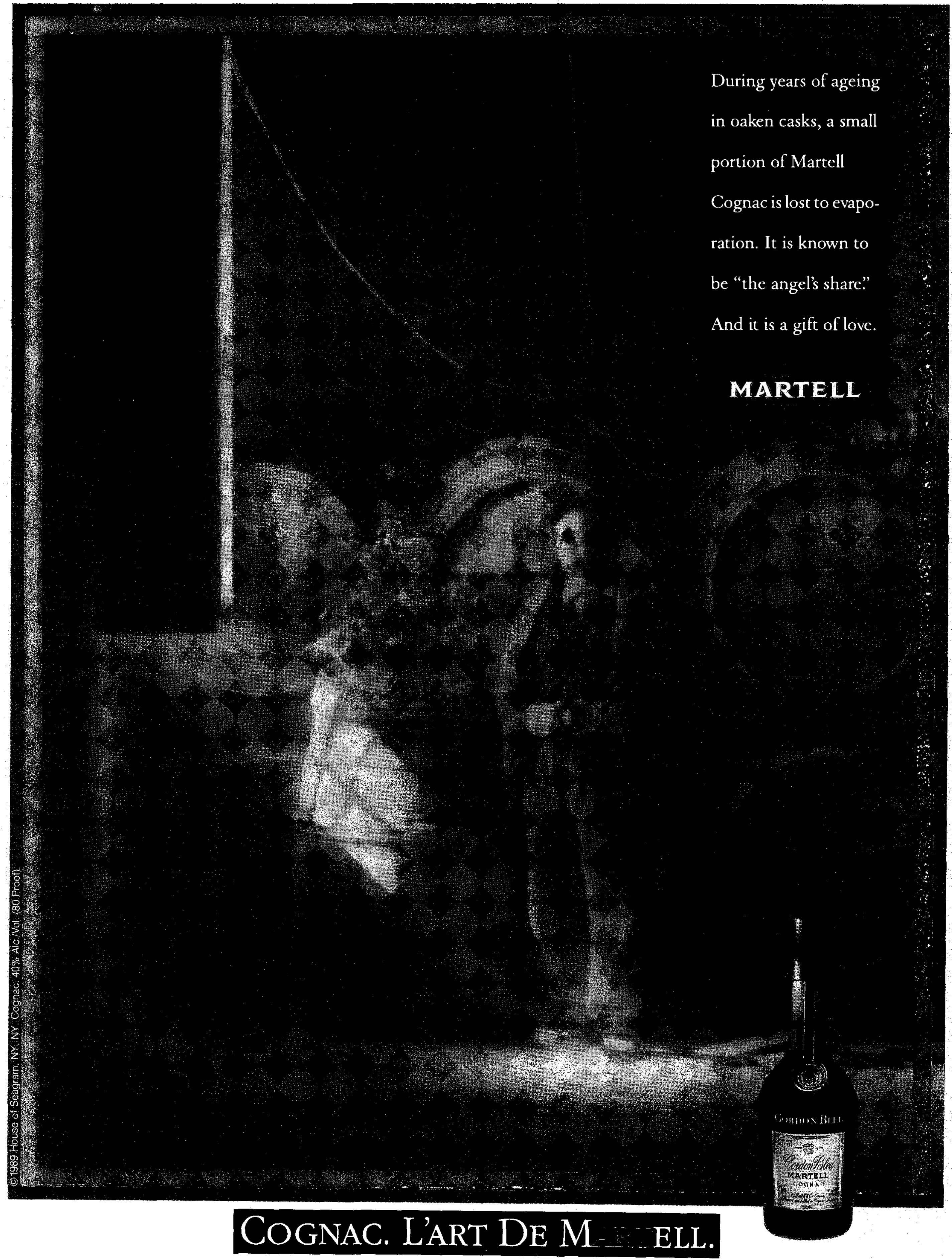
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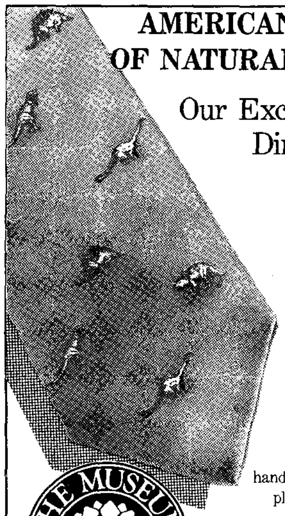
downturned mouth, his glittery and staring round eyes, and his triumphantly upraised fists after some big blow or big play all proclaim the brooding ferocity he brings to bear on every game. After his slam in the opener at Chicago, somebody asked in the clubhouse if he had been looking fastball on that first pitch. "Yep!" was all we got in reply, but the blazing footcandles of excitement and pleasure in his expression lit us all up, six deep around his locker.

Throughout the first four outrageously entertaining games, it often appeared that the difficulty of hitting had been abolished, as if by constitutional amendment. This was a boy's concept of baseball, and we in the stands could yell and carry on and shout "Wow!" again and again, with only a passing thought about the quality of play or some of the missing ingredients of baseball—the hard parts. Game Five was something different—a daytime ballgame, for one thing, with the balmy, breezeless bay welcoming us back to the old Candlestick prison yard. (The park's glum high walls and concrete walkways have such a San Quentin flavor that I always half expect to meet Jimmy Cagney in one of the tunnels, all in Warner Brothers prison-issue gray and with something dangerous in mind there under his jaunty cap.) And here, at long last, Reuschel and the Cubs' Mike Bielecki together put some zeros across the scoreboard, thereby restoring a welcome taste of tension to the games and establishing their bang-up final scene. With matters tied at 1–1 in the eighth (a first-pitch triple by Clark had become San Francisco's catch-up run), Bielecki ran out of gas. He had fanned eight and limited the Giants to three hits, but now he suddenly walked the bases full and gave way to Mitch Williams—with Clark (who else?) coming up to bat. Manager Zimmer's very late hook of his expiring starter was only the latest in a series of inexplicable gaffes and misdemeanors in this series. In the first game, he had allowed his starter, Maddux, to stay in and face Clark with the bases loaded, even though Clark had already hit a homer against him in the game; this time, it was a grand slam. In the fourth game, Zimm had permitted his young lefty, Wilson, to pitch to the right-handed Matt Williams even with first base open and two left-side Giants batters



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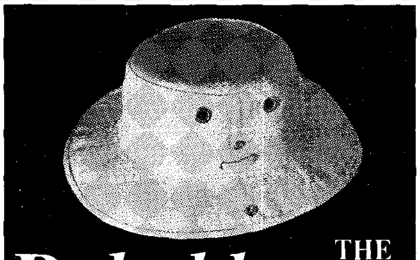

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due up in the order: home run. (Wilson, a rookie, was in tears in the clubhouse afterward.) In another game—No, we need not press the matter. During the regular season, Zimmer had nothing but success with his seat-of-the-pants style of managing (he was voted National League Manager of the Year), but in October the Giants' hitters seemed to blow out the fuses in his dandy little intuiter. Cub fans, who are still waiting for their first pennant since 1945, will have all winter, and perhaps other winters, to ponder the mystery.

Will Clark stood in against the whirling wild-thing reliever Williams. Sixty-two thousand fans were up on their feet and screeching, the Cubs' pitchers and catchers were standing motionless in front of the bullpen mounds down the left-field line, and the loudspeakers were emitting ear-splitting old Tarzan yodels across the sunstruck lawns. Mitch fired and flared, and Clark, waggling his bat, prepared another rerun of his picture show: a fastball taken for a called strike, a late-swing foul on another fastball, a pitch taken for a ball, a slider fouled away, a fastball up and foul-tipped, a fastball taken away. The next pitch—another fiery heater—was rocketed on a low line over second base and cleanly into center field. Two runs came home. Williams, removed, hid his head under a towel in the dugout. The Giants won, but not until after a final Cubs flurry, which brought it to 3–2 at the end. Clark's .650 at the plate was one of five new playoff-batting records he put into the books. A Giants-Athletics World Series had been happily written about and talked about around the bay all summer, but now that it was at hand many of us wondered what it could possibly bring to match or surpass such a show.

EIGHT days later, I was back in the same sector of overflow press rows behind home plate on the steep topmost deck of Candlestick Park. Everything was the same—old scribe-friends and colleagues (and young newcomers as well) talking baseball some more; the same unnatural, too warm late-afternoon sun; the pregame band just leaving the field; the captive cluster of balloons awaiting their release after the anthem—but everything was changed, too. We had reached Game Three of

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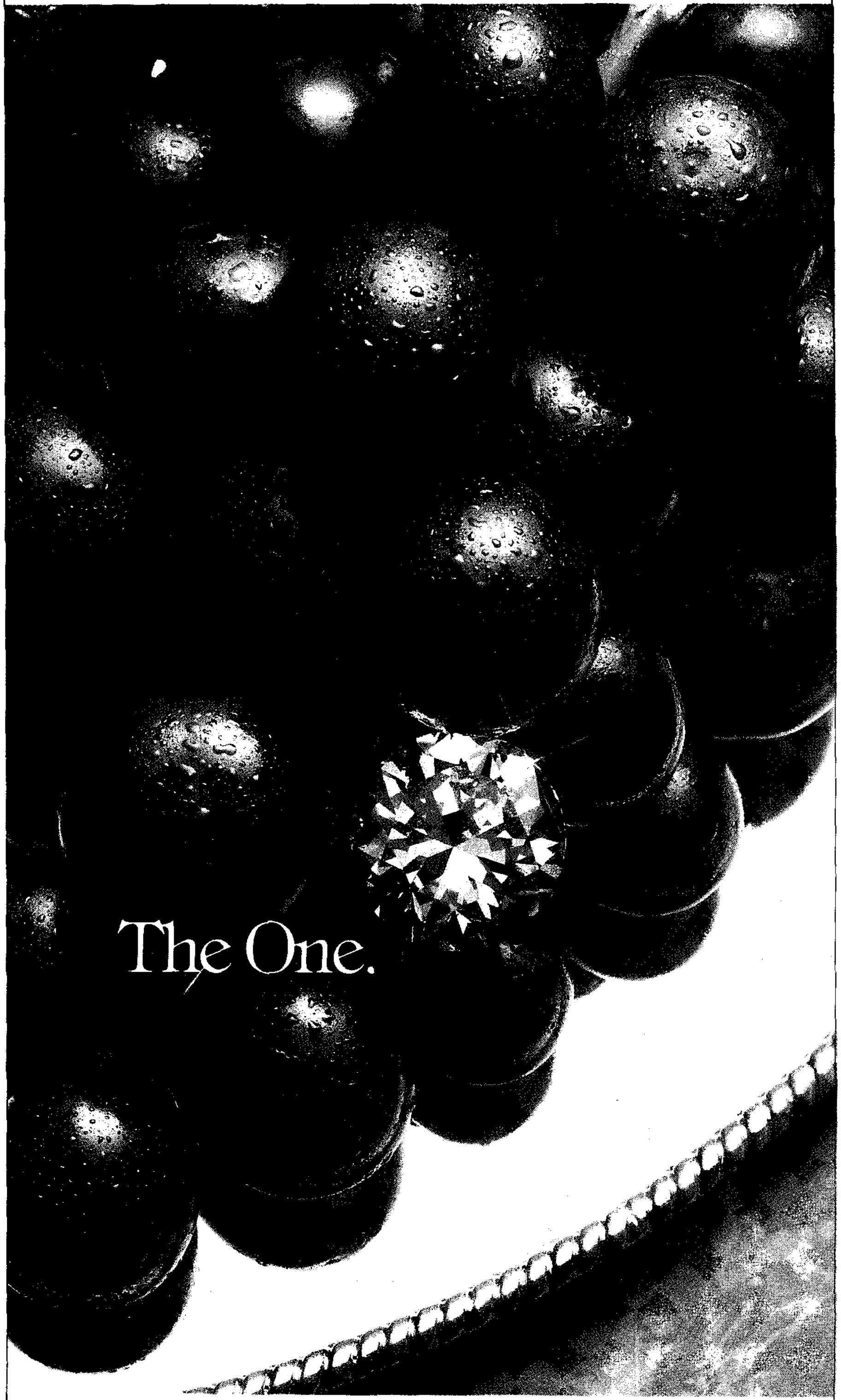

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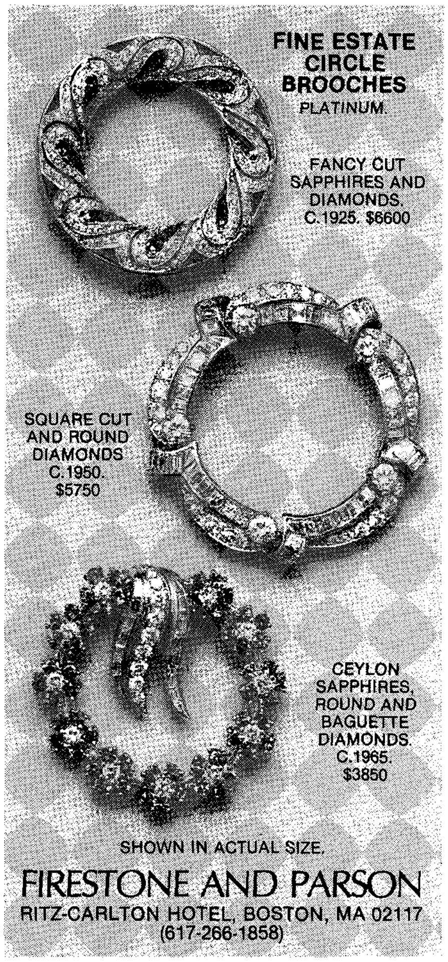
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the World Series, following the Athletics' suppressive, dominating 5–0 and 5–1 victories in the first two games. Will Clark's double and single had been almost the only signs of a Giants offense in Dave Stewart's businesslike first-game shutout, and then Will had been held hitless by Mike Moore and two successors in a four-hitter. It had been a vapid Series so far, and we were looking forward to better things here on the Giants' home ground. I had finished filling out my scoresheet and was wondering whether to take on the *box lunch provided for writers* or to postpone that ungastronomic experience until a bit later. An airliner was overhead, just passing from view—the sky above big ballgames always feels crowded—and the noise of its jets now seemed to deepen, shaking the pine writing table in front of my row. Then it became different. The seat I was in, the concrete floor beneath me, the thick overhanging lip of the stadium above my head, the triple-decked encircling arena and its sixty-thousand-odd arrived or arriving fans, my nearest neighbors, and myself—my innermost self—were trembling and lurching, bumping and joggling, still in one place but on the brink, the outermost edge, of something very much worse. I knew what was happening—we all did. I held tight to my chair arms and watched my two pens skitter across the table before me, and heard myself repeat the frail, involuntary mantra that sometimes comes out of me when I find myself in heavy turbulence in a plane: "Bee Yovva . . . Be Yova . . . Be Ova . . . *Be Over!*" Then it was over. We had felt ourselves on water, on nothing, but now something stronger and more familiar had established itself. Then a wild, quavering cheer arose from the huge crowd—for the *earthquake perhaps*, for the Giants maybe, but most of all for ourselves, who were still here and possibly all right.

No two of us, I imagine, experienced this enormous public and intensely private event in exactly the same way. People down front in the lower deck saw the infield and the outfield grass move in ripples, then waves. A man near me said that he'd looked up at the swaying light tower just off to our left and noticed that the racks of floodlamps at the top seemed to bob and twinkle like Christmas-tree balls. The wife of a writer told us later that

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chunks of concrete had fallen out of the ceiling of the stadium tunnel she was in, and she had felt certain that the whole edifice would come crumbling down. A man arriving late from the parking lots said that the strange *sustained* noise from the crowd within meant that Rickey Henderson had led off with a triple on the first pitch; then he knew better.

We stood and talked and looked at each other. There were jokes, a fragile bonhomie: "At least they can't call this a boring series anymore!" . . . "A moving experience—right?" . . . "How do you score this?" Resident San Francisco writers, attuned to faults and scales, were almost cool about it: a pretty good one—somewhere in the fives, maybe. We could get on with things now, but then I noticed how pale my companions were and how their eyes stared, and I knew I must look the same way. I couldn't quite take a full breath. I sat down again and started to write my first earthquake notes, but the handwriting on the page was not my own. I gave it up and looked down at the field, where the players from both squads had sought safety from their dugouts. They were staring up at us, for a change.

That enormous shift of attention was the first hint for me that this day was altered and there would be no baseball in it. We stood and waited, but nothing here could be explained or announced. The scoreboard had shown weird flickers of some new language before going blank, and there were no loudspeakers, no power. A police car appeared on the field, and then someone began to haul the balloon clusters back indoors, out there beyond center field. We gathered up our things and slowly started down the steep aisles. Some of the players had found their wives and children and friends and families in the stands and had brought them down to the infield, and now, with the athletes still in uniform, they began to walk off toward the exit tunnel in right field, with some couples holding hands or with their arms around each other's backs. We found our tunnels and, crowded among the fans—we were one now—quietly walked down the sloping ramps. No one mentioned baseball or the game that had gone away. That was clear to us all: baseball had been put away. Down the bay, a column of thick gray smoke was rising from somewhere in

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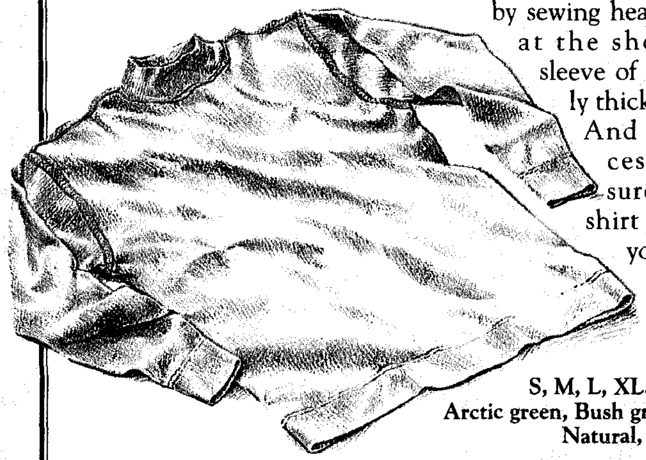

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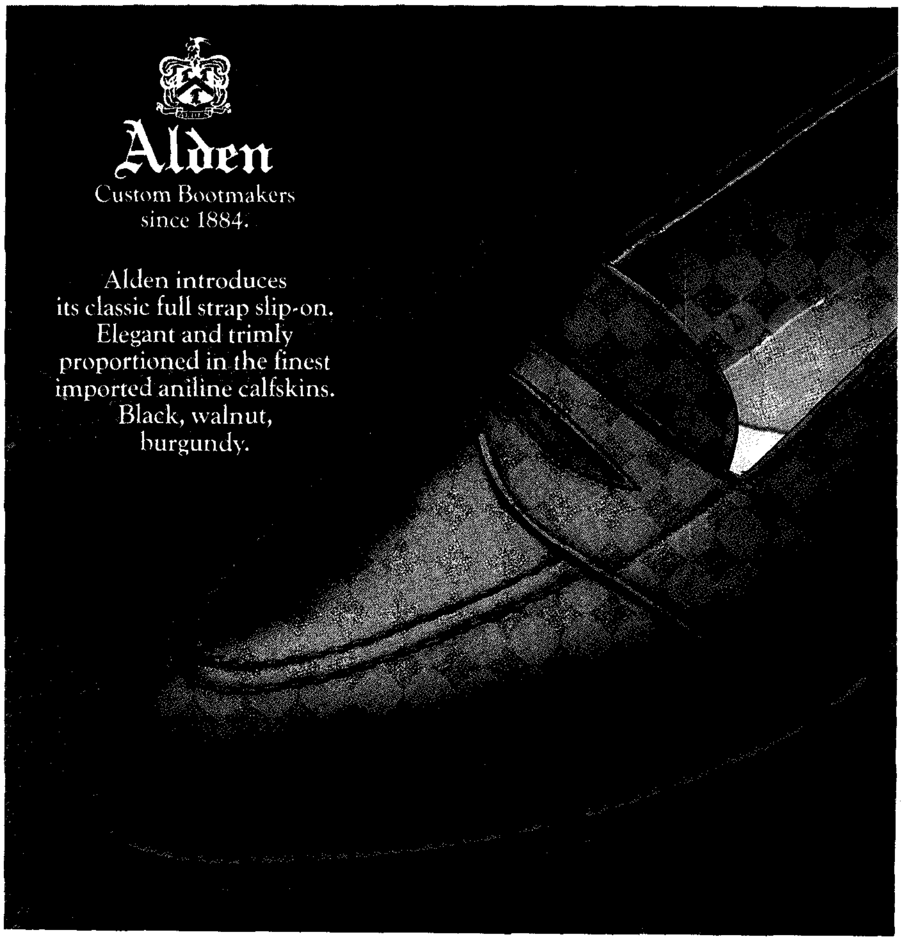

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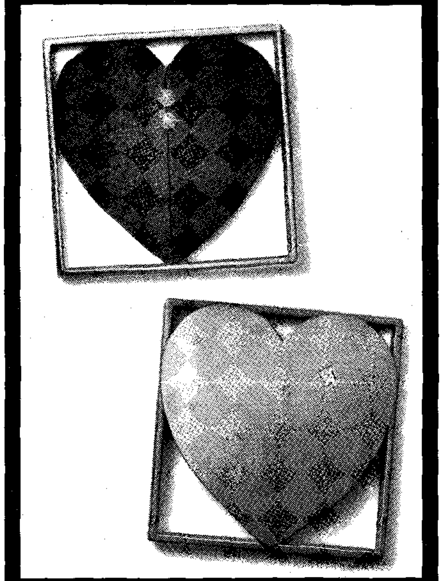

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the city, and now, almost for the first time, we stopped thinking about ourselves and gave thought to friends and houses and highways and neighborhoods and cities around us, and to lives we no longer took for granted. The earthquake had hit us.

We regathered ten days later—same event, same ballpark, same sunshine (it was cooler now: happier weather), but also entirely altered. There were new quips, of course—something about how the *momentum* had shifted to the Giants' side, and Herb Caen's renaming of Candlestick Park as Wiggly Field. What had intervened in that week and a half had also been different for each of us here, ranging on a scale from inconvenience to tragedy, but the knowledge of what had happened around the bay—the Nimitz Freeway collapse, the Marina-district fires, the Bay Bridge knocked out, Oakland hard hit, and Santa Cruz and Gilroy and Watsonville to the south shaken to pieces—had humbled us and made us stop talking about our own scary, fleeting memories of the event. Baseball had remained entirely in the background through this hiatus, thanks in great part to the persevering modesty and good sense of Commissioner Fay Vincent, who had said in the first days of the tragedy that the continuation of "our little games" was a matter of small importance. He took his time, consulted with the mayors of Oakland and San Francisco, talked to police chiefs and traffic experts, to seismologists, to the ABC-network people, to the team presidents and general managers, to ballpark engineers, to the writers. (He also requested and received the counsel of Donald Fehr, the executive director of the Players' Association.) He resisted quick decisions—the decision to cancel the Series, for one—and asked for patience. When at last the new date for the Series was agreed upon, there was no feeling—none that I heard about, at least—that the Bay Series had become a nuisance, or that we shouldn't get back to something as trifling and yet as important as this, now that we were ready. (The last building to be knocked down by the earthquake, by the way, was one not yet built: the proposed new Giants ballpark in the downtown China Basin district, which voters defeated—by a less than one-per-cent margin—on a bond-issue ballot three weeks after the event.

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Without the quake—or possibly without the Giants' whitewashing in the Series—drafty old Candlestick, the second-oldest stadium in the league, might have been given its outright release.)

During batting practice, it came to me that the players on these two teams were no longer just neighborhood rivals for the same sports audience and for this year's official supremacy, but new neighbors in catastrophe. The Athletics and the Giants have never quite been bitter baseball rivals—I can recall none of the bruised mutterings or mean-spirited crowing that used to separate fans of the Yankees and the Red Sox, for instance—and now that won't happen, for they are brothers. When the players on the two squads meet again, in Phoenix and Scottsdale next spring, what they'll still be talking about will be the earthquake, not the World Series. They'll never get over it.

The players and the teams had been wholly unimportant during the wait, and the stories of their workouts and practice games (the Athletics had flown to their spring-training park in Phoenix, to avoid distraction) had seemed embarrassingly irrelevant, like news of Balkan armies on maneuvers. Now, though, we wanted them back, and we longed to have them reimpose that essential distance between athlete and fan that the quake had wiped away. Up in the press rows, we writers (still dealing in private with our own aftershocks; earthquakes, unlike other disasters, do not officially or visibly have a halt) gave ourselves to the restorative rituals. We sang "San Francisco"; we shook hands, on invitation, with our neighbors, left and right; we cheered the anthem, for once; and we smiled at the mid-diamond ceremony in which a dozen rescue workers, Red Cross employees, firemen, and cops who had been involved in earthquake salvage operations were introduced and threw out the first balls in unison. The balloons took wing at last. The final revival, the one we wanted most by now, was the baseball. The Athletics, instantly on the offensive again, scored two swift first-inning runs, and became the focus of our inrushing foolish old concerns. As I entered numbers and symbols on my scoresheet (the hit-and-run figures that would remind me why Mark McGwire's grounder hadn't become a double play, and then the slanting stroke for Hendu's double and the

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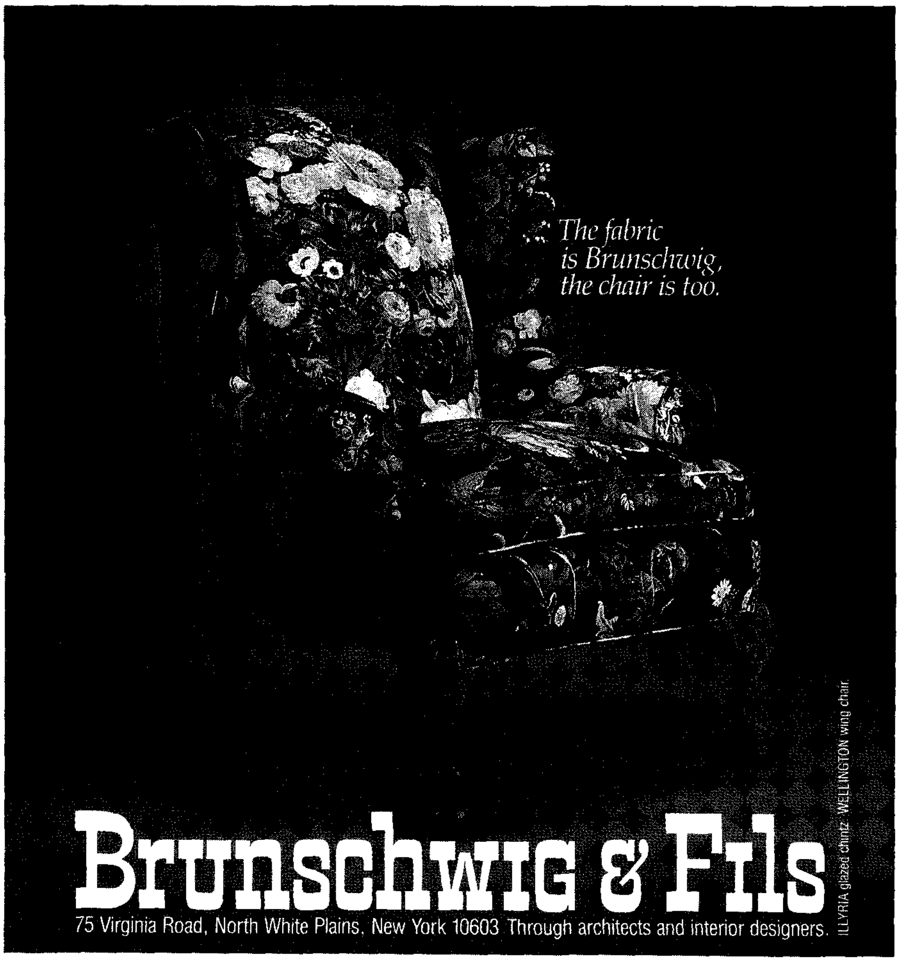

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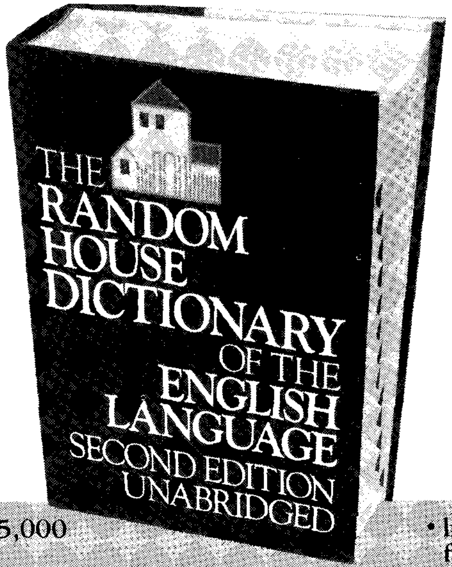

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two dots below for the runs it drove in), it came to me that sports don't just hide reality; they provide reality, of a different sort. Baseball is pleasing and rewarding, and it is also continuous. Now it could continue.

But this Series never did have the right feel to it, for it didn't bring the full engagement of our baseball passions that we all felt we deserved. The terrible licking administered to the Giants by the Athletics over the next two days—they won by 13–7 and 9–6—would have been worse, a true rout, if the Giants hadn't scored so many runs after falling far behind in both encounters. Six-game or seven-game Series are novelistic, for their multiple chapters and turns of plot can be remembered only piecemeal, but these four games felt compacted: a short story that doubled back on itself. Dave Stewart started the third game, as he had the opener, and again got better as he went along. Mike Moore again pitched the next day and again gathered strikeouts and goose eggs; it was like playing two doubleheaders in a row, with the same results. Great teams always find different ways to beat you, however. With Dave Parker on the bench—we were playing on National League turf, with no designated hitter—Dave Henderson supplied the muscle (two homers after that opening double) and the mannerism: that cheerful portside *slant* during his home-run trot or after he pulls down the ball for a big out in center field. Canseco, embarrassed at the plate in the first two games (he had nothing to show for twenty-three consecutive Series at-bats, going back to his first-inning grand-slam in the opener last year), was knocked down twice by Scott Garrelts' inside pitches in his first at-bat of Game Three, and, refreshed (*Thanks, I needed that!*), stroked a single, then homered, then singled again. Close games can suddenly become one-sided in much this same fashion. The Giants, bringing home two runs in the fourth inning, closed to 4–3 on Kennedy's single—the Candlestick crowd had come to a boil—but McGwire ended the uprising with a remarkable belly whopper to his right and a toss from his knees to Stewart for the out. Moments later, the Athletics had picked up four more runs, and the game—barring a nice, moral-victory sort of rally in the Giants' ninth and the fans' funny flashlight show in right field after a bank of lights out there went out—was over. The next evening, Rickey Henderson led off the first inning with a home run against Don Robinson—a returning flu symptom for the Giants, a true discourager—and then, with the A's up 7–0 in the fifth, Tony Phillips, the Oakland second baseman, provided the Play of the Month: a nab of Bill Bathe's hard bouncer in the outermost inches of his glove and a backhand, face-in-the-dirt flip to Weiss for the inning-ending force. Even the Giants fans yelled.

Baseball was about to go away for the winter again, always a terrible bummer, and we wanted to hold its coattails for a few minutes more. The Giants, without the smallest hope now, mounted a real rally this time—two runs in the sixth and four more in the seventh—to close the score to 8–6, while their fans rocked and clapped and brandished their flashlights, and the loudspeakers blasted us with "The Heat Is On," and the young Giants, doing their thing at last, London-Bridged and hugged around home plate, and shook off some of the pallor and passivity that had afflicted them throughout these games. Kevin Mitchell, who had homered in his previous at-bat, represented the amazing tying run when he stood in against Todd Burns in the eighth, and he drove a pitch high and deep to the warning track (YOWWWwwwwwwwohhhh . . . uh), where Rickey pulled it in. Will Clark finished up with an acrobatic dive (a 9.4, we thought, up in my row) into the stands and onto Commissioner Vincent's lap to grab a foul in the ninth, before the Eck came on, floating and flinging, his eyes all afire, and threw the last outs of the year.

IT is the peculiar fate of the Athletics (I can think of no precedent for this) to have played in two successive World Series, losing the first and winning the second, that seemed to demand explanation when the games were over. Last year, the strong feeling was that they were still the better team, even after they had lost so miserably; many of the winning Dodgers said as much. This year, the A's won in such a swift and dominant fashion—the 32–14 differential in runs scored was matched only by a Yankees wipeout of the Cubs back in 1932—that they seemed to depart the field before we could appreciate them or quite take them in. They

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were too good, I kept hearing—not much fun. Because we want greatness affirmed so quickly in our sports nowadays, the present stature of this Oakland club has already been diminished by speculations about a dynasty and unanswerable comparisons between them and earlier all-conquerors: the three-time-champion Oakland team of the early seventies; Cincinnati's Big Red Machine later in that decade; the Yankees of the fifties; the Yankees of the thirties or the twenties. Let's wait and see. Meanwhile, there is nothing to be lost by thinking a bit more about the new World Champions, who are almost better than great: they are interesting.

The dimensions of the sweep were scary. The Giants' pitching staff, the best in the National League this summer, was a casualty ward by the time the Series began, with Scott Garrelts the only sound surviving starter, but it is still hard to believe that no starting San Francisco pitcher made it past the fourth inning, and that the staff earned-run average came out to 8.21. By contrast, Stewart and Moore, who handled all the Oakland starts, together worked twenty-nine innings, with an E.R.A. of 1.86. Offensively, the Athletics outscored the Giants by 25–4 in the first five innings of each game—a burial that caused Giants skipper Roger Craig to murmur that he wished he'd had the chance to do a little managing somewhere along the line. Will Clark was shut down to .250 in the games, with no runs batted in, and Clark, Mitchell, and Matt Williams together batted .226, with three runs driven in. And so on. On the other side of the ledger one could mention Rickey Henderson's .474, Lansford's .438, Canseco's .357, and so on, but the killer stat may be that eight different Oakland batters hit home runs. The Athletics got hot at the right time, then—several of them said that the team had played better through the playoffs and the World Series than at any other time this year—but in truth this was a team that had taught itself how to win under all circumstances: hot or cold, healthy or gimpy, eager or worn down. Whenever I caught up with them this year, I could see that they weren't much liked by their opponents or by any fans except their own—they were too big, they strutted a bit, and they enjoyed

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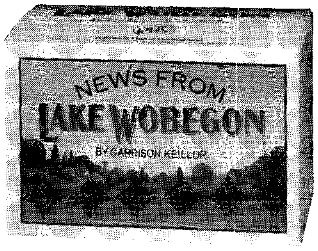

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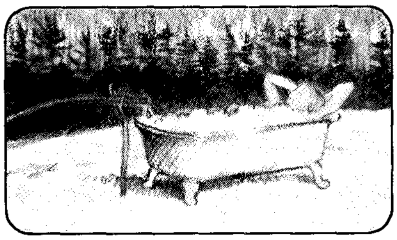

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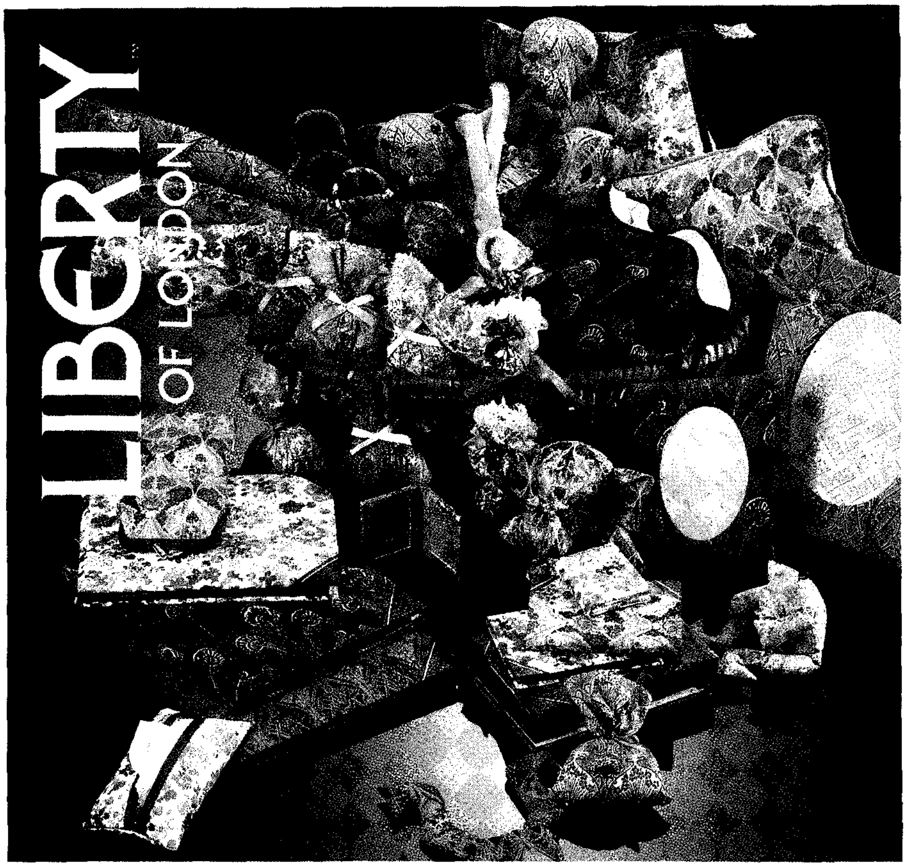
themselves too much out there: they had an *attitude*—and also I could see that none of this mattered much. Along about the middle of the World Series, Will Clark said, "The A's have a showmanship about them. That doesn't mean a single thing unless you get the job done—and they're getting the job done." He had picked up what we had all picked up about the Athletics, on the field or in the clubhouse. Beneath the attitude, or alongside it, they looked businesslike, patient, and serious. They were unflagging.

This 1989 squad wasn't much like the carefree and celebrated young Oakland bashers of the previous season or two. With Canseco in drydock for half of the going, and with only reserve infielder Mike Gallego (a key player at shortstop, what with Weiss's absence for sixty-five games with a damaged knee) enjoying something like a career year, the A's scored eighty-five fewer runs than they did a year ago, and also suffered ungodly difficulties in winning games in extra innings. The pitching was deepened by the arrival of Mike Moore, an off-season acquisition, and by an epidemic proliferation of the split-finger pitch on the staff; Eckersley's 1.56 earned-run average was the best of his fifteen-year career, but his value was perhaps better demonstrated by the club's 20–20 won-and-lost record during his extended sojourn on the disabled list. The defense, always an overlooked factor on teams that hit with power, became almost noticeable, especially with the flowering of Tony Phillips, a remarkable athlete, at second base (he also played five other positions) and Mark McGwire at first; the manager, Tony LaRussa, who is fond of the murmured compliment, said, "We catch the ball pretty well." The A's were also adept at torch-passing. Dave Henderson was dangerous at the plate in the spring and again in September; Rickey Henderson, as previously noted, was a sudden boon in midsummer; McGwire, struggling early, finished with a fine September, as did Dave Parker; Canseco, the late arrival, hit seventeen home runs in two months. (Lansford never cooled off all year.) Good teams also get better if they sense some special purpose to their work, and LaRussa made certain that his troops never quite forgot how well the Dodgers had performed in the Series last fall (they "played the game



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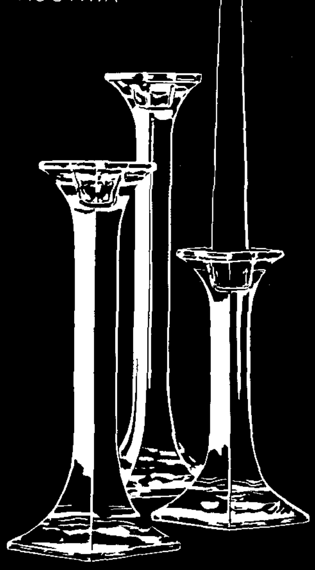

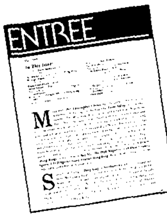

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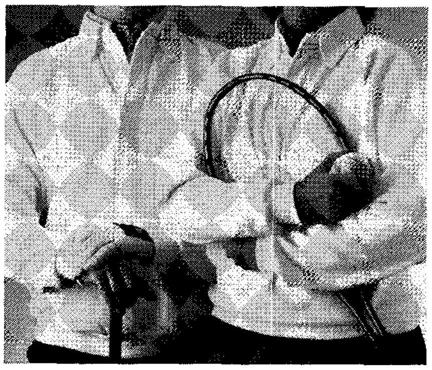
right," in his parlance), and how the A's had let themselves down. He also has a unique ability to keep hearts and minds focussed on the job at hand: today's game and then tomorrow's, and then the team to be faced just up ahead, in the next town. "Tony's great at setting our goals for each series as it comes along," Terry Steinbach said. "That way, the year goes along right and there's no coasting." Just before the final game of the World Series, LaRussa said, "We'll remind each other in the dugout that we got where we are in these games by establishing respect for the Giants in our minds. We never take anything for granted."

I cannot claim inside knowledge of the Oakland team dynamic, but even an occasional visitor to their clubhouse quickly notices a pervasive calmness, a welcome absence of blather or rancorous bullshit, among the muscular troops. This comes down in almost visible fashion from the manager and an outstanding corps of well-paid coaches (Dave Duncan, René Lachemann, Merv Rettenmund, Dave McKay), who are without exception confident, articulate, and highly motivated. This Oakland tone is admired and talked about by players in both leagues, and veterans who have acquired the right to name the teams to which they would accept being traded almost always include the Athletics on their short list. By the same token, older stars like Dave Parker, Dave Henderson, and Rickey Henderson, who fell into desultory work habits at their previous clubs or found themselves on the outs with the manager or the front office, have seemed to brighten and flourish when they put on Oakland's green and gold. Not all the Athletics are grownups—Jose Canseco, the sole four-year major leaguer I've ever heard employ the prefixative "only" when giving his age (i.e.: "I'm only twenty-four") seems to be visibly resisting the process—but the invitation to maturity and to the rewards of playing the game right is there before them every day.

Other teams, to be sure, pursue steeliness of mind in various ways, and look to different players for inspiration along the way. But other teams, it occurs to me, don't have a Dave Stewart. The Athletics can't boast the likes of a Hershiser or a Mike Scott or a Bret Saberhagen on their staff—a dazzler, I mean—but their four prime starters all



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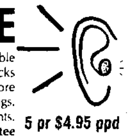

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finished up this year with seventeen wins or more, with Stewart once again in the lead, at 21–9. It was his third straight twenty-game season (he is 62–34 over that stretch), and while no one else in either league has approached such a record he has yet to be voted a Cy Young Award. His first start came on Tony LaRussa's first day at the helm, and he hasn't missed a turn since he went into the rotation in July, 1986, and batters around the league feel that he is better each year. Terry Kennedy, the Giants catcher, said that Stewart's fork ball seemed to have some new wrinkle or unexpected direction each time around in spring training. When I talked to Stewart in Arizona last March, he told me that his plan for the coming season was to cut down on his bases on balls, and when I remembered that and checked his totals in October, there it was: forty-one fewer walks (from a hundred and ten down to sixty-nine, a thirty-six-per-cent difference). His earned-run average was up a trifle, and his strikeouts had diminished, but Stewart told me during the Series that he was very satisfied with the tradeoff. "They're swinging sooner, because they know I'm going to be right around the plate, and they can't wait for that pitch they really want," he said. "It all works my way."

On the mound, Stewart stands wholly at rest before each delivery, with his hands motionless on his thighs. His dark face, nearly invisible under his curved cap bill, shows no expression. He exudes the calm and faint mystery of a tree stump. He doesn't dally, however, and every time you look up he seems to have two outs. At that, the part of his day's toil I most enjoy is when he runs into trouble in the middle innings somewhere, and is facing a tough batter with a couple of men on base. You can see him working on the problem out there, turning things over in his mind. He'll throw a fork ball, for a foul, then another, then another. He'll throw a fastball, away, and then come back with the forker. He doesn't give in, or sigh, or look depressed. Now and then he wipes his face. Then he throws another fork ball—another foul. This way or that, he generally gets out of the jam with the least possible trouble—sometimes with a strikeout, but quite often only after he has surrendered another hit, which somehow scores one run but not two. He frees himself and goes on, and the other team is left wondering why something better didn't happen. "I try to do well in the first couple of innings," he said this fall, "because I know the middle innings are going to be mine."

Stewart is appreciated on his club. "It's a habit to win when Stew's pitching," Terry Steinbach said. Dave Duncan, the pitching coach (and something like the Secretary of State in the Oakland scheme of things), can't say enough about the man. "Guys who do phenomenal things—throw a no-hitter, strike out fifteen guys, pitch a one-hitter—get the headlines," Duncan told me. "If you just go out and pitch and win the game, 3–2, strike out five or maybe six, walk a couple of guys, it doesn't get noticed, but that's what Dave Stewart does. He keeps getting that 'W' after his name and winning his twenty, year after year. Offense is exciting, but pitching is boring. Outstanding pitching is *very* boring. But no one else comes to mind

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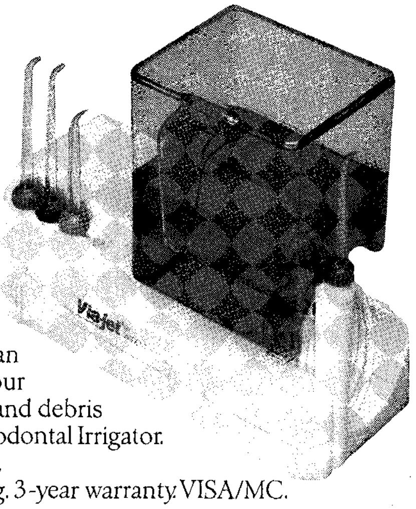

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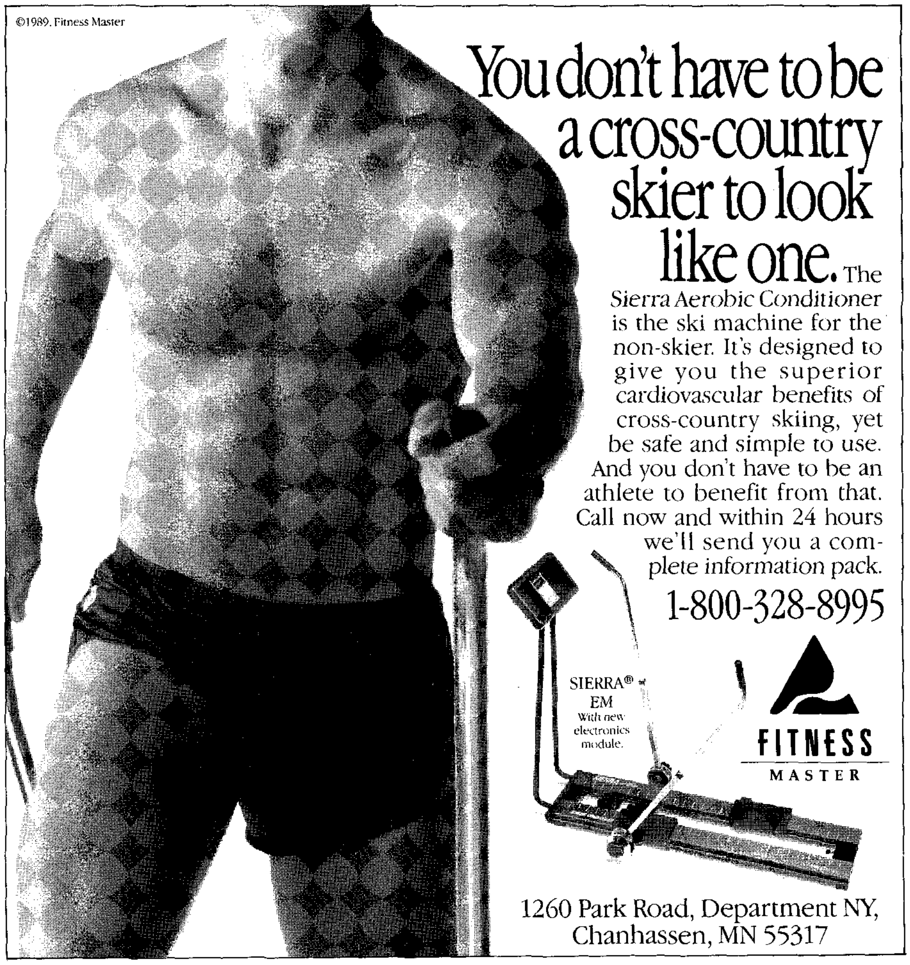

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who's done what he's done for as long as this. Maybe we ought to give him a nickname—then he'd get some attention."

A nickname would simply slide off him, you sense, the way compliments do. When he won the opening game of the Series, throwing his first shutout of the year in the process, Stewart said, "This is no time to get elated." When he won Game Three, he said, "I just want to be known as the guy who's dependable. I look forward to that responsibility." When the Series was over and he had won the Most Valuable Player trophy for the games, he wondered why the vote hadn't gone to his teammate and fellow Oakland native Rickey Henderson. Then he said, "I'm a guy who waits on his time. Feeling we're the champions, knowing we're the No. 1 team—that's the big prize. I'm very proud." Asked inevitably about an Oakland dynasty, he was wary, citing the way egos can get too big. "On the other hand," he said, "there's always room for improvement."

When the games resumed after the interruption, the Athletics' general manager, Sandy Alderson, said that the outcome of the Series would be more important to Oakland than to San Francisco, because of their different reputations and degrees of fame. He didn't point out that the East Bay had been hit much harder by the quake than the big city, but I think this was in all our minds as well. Dave Stewart, who grew up in Oakland and has become its prime sports hero (I wrote last spring about his extensive charitable work with Oakland youths and youth programs), told us that he had visited the collapsed Cypress Underpass sector of the Nimitz Freeway four or five times after the disaster, often in the middle of the night, to talk to the workers engaged in the grim struggle to dig out bodies there; somehow, he said in his thin, calm voice, it made him feel better to be there, and he found he could sleep better afterward. Many of the Giants players and the other Athletics made visits to hospitals and refugee centers during the days of crisis as well, but Stewart's credentials outweighed theirs, and his wonderful performance in the Series became a gift to the city of Oakland when it needed it most. He made us all proud.

There was no champagne celebration in the Oakland clubhouse after the

Series—because of the earthquake and perhaps just because the Athletics wanted it that way. No yelling, no champagne in the hair, no batboy water sports. The camera crews and the floodlights came and went, the trophies were bestowed (Dave Stewart, looking proud, held his great gold ball high overhead, as the photographers requested, but he would not smile for them), and in time the news people thinned out and the players' families came in and took their place. The Athletics were drinking beer and Cokes, and there were many hugs. Tall Mike Moore walked around holding his three-year-old twin daughters, Amanda and Jessica—one in each arm. Terry Steinbach had his arm around his wife, Mary, and asked her if she'd seen him running out his triple in the fifth inning, and she said, "Yes—I didn't think it could be *you*." Bob Welch said, "Hand me that blue bag over there, will you?," and when somebody did he took out a diaper and began changing his baby boy. Mark McGwire sat on a bench with two of his enormous, red-faced younger brothers. Gene Nelson waved and called, "Mom! Mom! Over here!" I spotted the round-eyed eight-year-old Bryn Alderson over in a corner with his pop, the G.M., and suddenly remembered that the last time I'd seen him was in owner Walter Haas's box at the jam-packed Oakland Coliseum on a Sunday in July, where he was bashing elbows with several small friends and Haas-sprouts, celebrating another Athletics rally. Suddenly it all felt like a dynasty—or perhaps just a family, I didn't care which. It was a happy place to end up, after a baseball season like this.

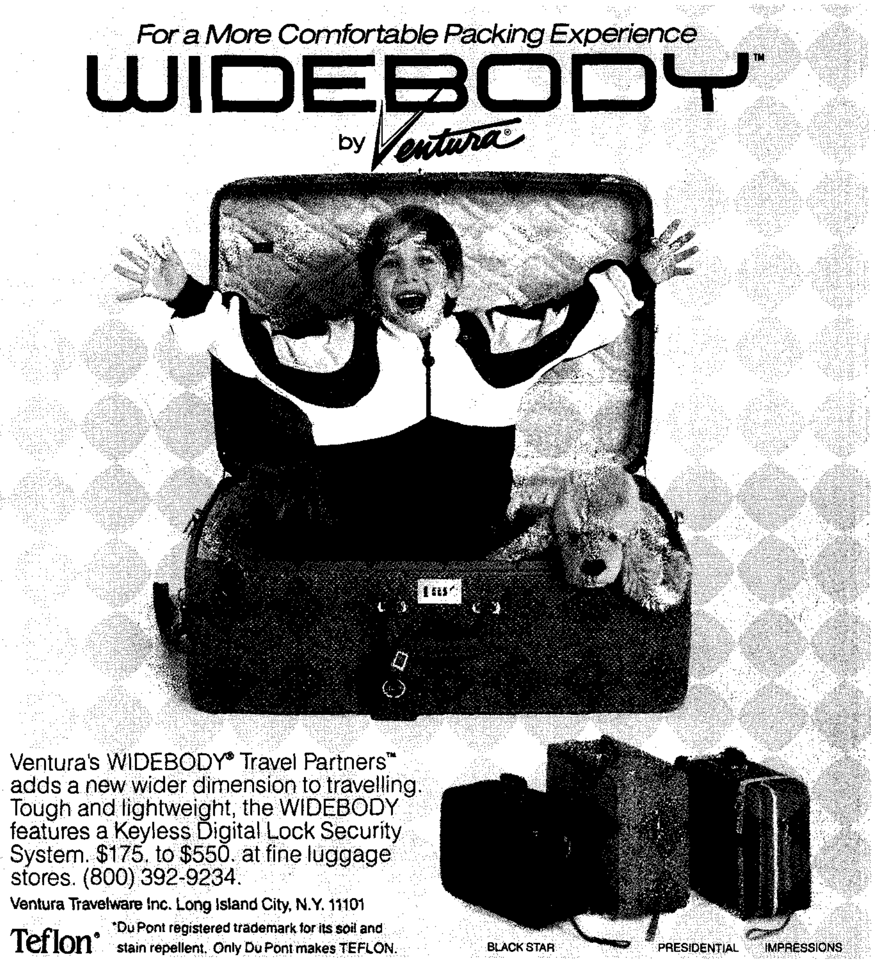
I stepped over to speak to a beaming old friend, Bill Rigney, the old Giants and Twins and Angels manager, who is the Athletics' adviser on baseball matters. Rig had found something a little paler than beer to drink. We bumped paper cups, and he said, "Fifty-one years in this game and this is my first championship."

A moment or two later, watching the enormous, eagerly shouting young men around us, he leaned over and whispered, "Yes, and they're all so *young!* They're still just babies, you know."

"Except for Stewart," I said.

"Except for Stew."

—Roger Angell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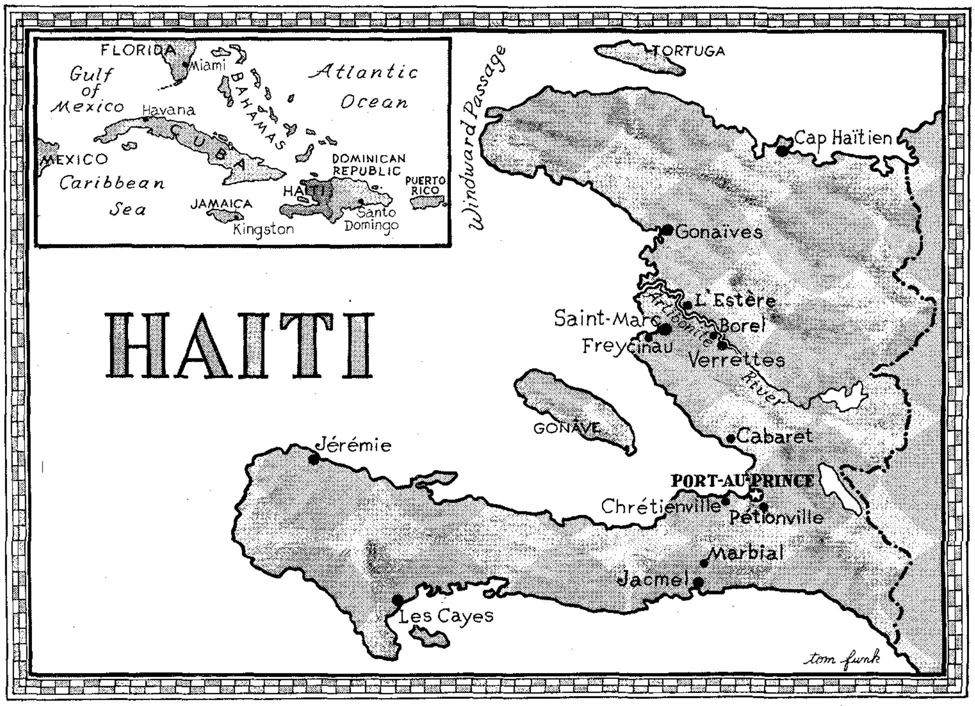


On February 7, 1986, the day the dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier and his wife, Michèle Bennett, flew off to exile in France, a crowd of jubilant Haitians invaded the National Cemetery, a vast expanse of concrete crammed with bright-colored tombs—ivory and turquoise and rose—bearing the names of Haiti's great families. At the surprisingly modest memorial of François Duvalier, Jean-Claude's father, who had ruled from 1957 to 1971, the crowd converged, extinguished the eternal flame, swarmed over the white brick structure, and began pounding on it frenziedly with thousands of stones. Within minutes, the tomb had been reduced to a dusty ruin—a crumpled roof balanced precariously on four battered struts. But when the doors of the vault beneath were finally ripped open, it seemed as if the great dictator, fifteen years dead, had played a final joke on his poor Haitians: the tomb was empty. Some said that the son had made room for his father aboard the plane filled with expensive luggage, others that Papa Doc had never been buried there at all; still others simply looked frightened and moved away.

Several months later, I passed through the yellow gates of the cemetery a little after dawn, when in the gray early light scores of emaciated Haitians—the graveyard's living inhabitants—were just beginning to stir, crawling out in their rags from the shelter of the graves. A sweet high voice was singing a strange, corrupted Latin, and in a moment I saw the *houngan*, a tall young voodoo priest dressed severely in white shirt and black slacks. As he sang the prayer in a sinuous, eerie voice, half a dozen of the faithful stood nodding behind him, all facing an old cemetery building—roofless now, its stone stained and rusty brown—that was jammed with a great confusion of wooden planks and splinters, coffins and parts of coffins. In a window, affixed to a sill splattered with white and black wax, a black candle flickered, and next to it stood a skull: it was Saturday, Baron Samedi's day, and the faithful were honoring him, the *loa* ("spirit") who watches over the land of the dead.

On the low walls surrounding the ruined tomb of Papa Doc—who, with his black suits and hats and his solemn undertaker's manner, had embodied Baron Samedi for so many Haitians—the graffiti had by now grown into a barely legible palimpsest. Some of it was standard political stuff—"We must punish all the bloodthirsty ones!"—but most was obscene: coarse words scrawled in degraded Creole ("Michèle Bennett is an old used whore!" "Jean-Claude is a faggot!" "Going with faggots, snorting cocaine—no more in Haiti!"). Yet among the insults and crude drawings there was hardly a reference to the tomb's former occupant, almost nothing about Papa Doc himself—the man who had killed the great majority of the forty thousand Haitians estimated to have been murdered during the Duvalier years. "The father was tough, very tough," one of the worshippers explained. "He killed many, many. But he cared for the people. In the morning, he would give a speech saying the prices were too high, and in the afternoon the prices would go down. And"—he chuckled, touching his temple—"he was smart, so smart."

A tall, thin man wearing only a pair of filthy brown trousers, who was reclining on a rose-colored tomb nearby, did not hesitate when I asked who had been the better ruler, father or son. "The father, the father," he said. "The father gave us bread."

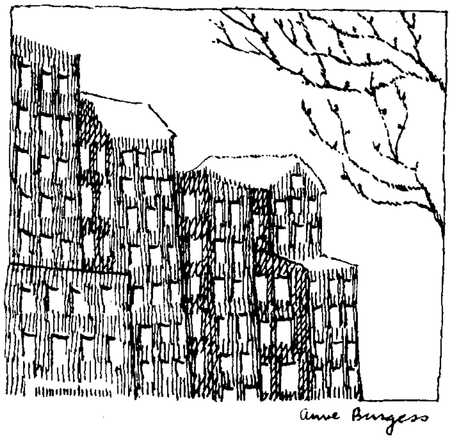
The father had been a Haitian ruler—the bloodiest in Haiti's bloody history, but still a Haitian. He had made himself "sole lord and master" of a land where the overwhelming majority of the people, descendants of slaves, are still haunted by "the spectre of the master," where the people nod in mute unsurprise when their rulers emerge as tyrants, and where those who wield power are themselves imprisoned in the relentless logic of the slave master, who must regard all those beneath his lash as potential rebels. But if the father had been awesome yet comprehensible, the son, inheriting power as a nineteen-year-old cipher, had gradually emerged as something else, something foreign and decadent. By the end of his fifteen-year rule, Jean-Claude and his wife had become the ultimate bourgeois, the consummate arrivistes, ready to sell the country to the highest bidder. The National Palace had become the scene of opulent costume parties, where the young *Président à vie* appeared dressed as a Turkish sultan to dole out ten-thousand-dollar jewels as door prizes, while the rabble outside were invited to watch the festivities on televisions that had been set up in the parks where they slept.

From the outset, Jean-Claude's regime had been a "free-spinning wheel," relying on the momentum conferred by his father's power and, increasingly as time went on, by the United States. At Papa Doc's death, the American Ambassador was called in and asked to detail United States Navy ships to patrol Haitian waters in order to insure a peaceful transition. Soon the Americans were providing more than ships, for Haiti's economic crisis was accelerating. Larger and larger numbers of starving peasants were migrating to the cities. Haiti's soil had been eroding for decades, and, with it, the basis of the extortionist "squeeze and suck" economy on which the government rested; the countryside simply offered less and less to squeeze.

Papa Doc's response had been to reinforce and strengthen the existing apparatus of repression, mainly with his ubiquitous Tontons Macoutes militia, and to close off Haiti from foreign influence. With the accession of Jean-Claude, the country was thrown open. During the first four years of his regime, foreign aid increased tenfold, and it continued to rise sharply. By 1981, when Haiti's entire operating budget had just barely reached a hundred and fifty million dollars, the country was receiving well over a hundred million dollars in foreign aid. Having taken the money from the Americans and their International Monetary Fund and World Bank colleagues, Jean-Claude was forced, to some extent, to take their advice along with it. And the prescription of the planners, while simple in outline, was revolutionary in its implications. Haiti's only hope, they said, lay in its becoming an export economy—what one enthusiastic Agency for International Development administrator described as "the Taiwan of the Caribbean." In the countryside, Haiti must shift from a smallholder system to agro-industry—large-scale agriculture intended to produce winter fruits and vegetables for the American market. Haiti's peasants would have to bow to the inevitable fact that, as a World Bank report said in 1983, "Haiti's long run future will be urban." As an AID report had conceded earlier, "such a drastic reorientation of agriculture will cause a decline in income and nutritional status, especially for small farmers and peasants" and "a 'massive' displacement of peasant farmers."

So the migration already begun would be accelerated; the slums would swell. Out near the Port-au-Prince airport, industrial parks sprang up, rows and rows of hangarlike buildings laid out behind chain-link fences, home to the American sporting-goods and clothing and electronics firms that, encouraged by tax breaks and other incentives, quickly arrived to make use of Haiti's growing pool of cheap labor. Planes flew in each day with plastic and silk, and flew out each night with radios and brassieres. Before long, the assembly industries were employing sixty thousand Haitians, which meant they probably supported a quarter of the population of Port-au-Prince. The Black Republic, independent Haiti, was on its way to becoming a great productive engine, supplying labor to assemble products for American consumers, and depending on American imports for its food. The heir of the Duvalierist revolution had turned the cradle of black nationalism into the world's leading manufacturer of baseballs.

Successfully carrying out such a wrenching economic and cultural revolution, with all its dislocations and anti-nationalist implications, would have demanded the greatest political talent, a skilled and efficient public administration, a consistently strong American economy, and a good deal of luck; Jean-Claude, as it happened, had none of these. The repressive instruments of the regime remained in place, but gradually, under American pressure, the terror died down, and its arbitrary character lessened. Subject to intense human-rights scrutiny by the Carter Administration, Jean-Claude let various independent power centers that his father had crushed regain some of their strength: the Army, whose position had been bolstered by the creation (under American auspices) of the élite Léopards counter-insurgency battalion; the traditional, largely mulatto élite, many of whom had been in exile under Papa Doc, but whose technocratic expertise the young dictator now needed; the Church hierarchy, which, thanks to Papa Doc, was now mostly Haitian-born; the intellectuals, who used the outlets provided by the Church radio station and Jean-Claude's new state television and radio stations to push the political "opening" to its limits. When the father's old-line *noiriste* henchmen—the Duvalierists *pur et dur*—made known their disapproval of these developments, they found themselves out of favor with the son.



Though within days of Reagan's election the opening was slammed shut—a number of intellectuals were rounded up and imprisoned or, in some cases, expelled—Duvalier's Haiti had become a more predictable police state. The regime no longer murdered huge numbers of people; now it preferred to corrupt them.

THE First Family of Jean-Claude's new, showily corrupt élite was unquestionably the Bennetts. They had risen very fast, bursting into prominence in 1980, with Jean-Claude and Michèle's wedding. This huge celebration, in which everything was imported from Paris (gowns, food, hair stylists, fireworks) at a reported cost of seven million dollars, would be remembered as the young dictator's symbolic declaration of independence: it was nothing less than an out-and-out alliance with the mulatto élite—the very families Jean-Claude's ferocious father had decimated. Papa Doc's widow, Simone Ovide, had been vehemently opposed to the match, and in this she joined almost all of the "dinosaurs," the Duvalierist Old Guard. After all, Michèle, a former New York secretary, was not only a divorcée, who was much gossiped

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about among the Haitian élite for her reputed promiscuity, but, worst of all, she had previously been married to the son of Captain Alix Pasquet, a well-known mulatto officer who in 1958 had led the Dade County Deputy Sheriffs' Invasion, the first of many buffoonish attempts to overthrow Papa Doc.

After the marriage, First Father-in-Law Ernest Bennett, who had never been a terribly successful businessman, became very wealthy very quickly and very conspicuously. He took advantage of his Presidential connection to extend his interests into almost every sector of the economy, from his BMW dealership, to his coffee and cocoa export concerns, to the tiny but surprisingly lucrative Haiti Air, whose planes the now untouchable Bennett was reportedly using to transship, among other things, the most remunerative cargo of all: *cocaine.*

Such blatant corruption did not amuse Jean-Claude's American sponsors. In 1982, Frantz Bennett, Michèle's brother, was arrested in Puerto Rico for drug trafficking, and began a three-year jail term. That same year saw the appointment, after vigorous pressure from the Americans and their friends at the lending agencies, of Marc Bazin, a former World Bank official, as Finance Minister. Bazin did not wait long before earning the nickname Mr. Clean, announcing that no less than thirty-six per cent of the government's *funds was being stolen, confiscating* eighty luxury cars from wealthy families pending payment of duty, and refusing to purchase five thousand tons of sugar that Bennett had generously proposed to sell to his son-in-law's government at roughly double the world price. Such "outrages" continued for almost five months before the dictator fired his Finance Minister and sent him into exile.

"Haitians have been undemocratic not because they are inherently Fascist but because they are dishonest," Bazin told me four years later. "The whole *bloody business of repression, torture,* and killing was developed to stay in office, in order to make money."

The country has always been a "kleptocracy." The élite occupy the powerful positions in the government bureaucracy, running the import and export firms, investing in the assembly industries—and paying very few taxes. Traditionally, the government has been supported by commodity and import taxes—paid disproportionately by the poor—and, more recently, by foreign aid. Peasants sell their coffee and other products to speculators at artificially low prices, and they in turn sell them to the exporters (the most powerful of whom, during the later Jean-Claude years, was Ernest Bennett, who—according to "Aiding Migration," by Josh DeWind and David H. Kinley III—accounted for as much as forty per cent of coffee exports). The taxes that cut into the peasants' profits go to fill the government coffers, and thence flow to the élite: squeeze and suck.

Upon this bedrock are constructed various levels of corruption. The first level is on display in any government ministry, where, in the tiny offices and *hallways, hundreds and hundreds of* idle people loiter, "working" only a few hours a day. "I went to see a friend of mine in the Education Ministry," an acquaintance told me, "and I stuck my head through the door of her office and found about twenty people sitting there. So I said, 'I'm sorry, are you busy?' They all looked at one another and burst out laughing." "Oh, you must try the Agriculture Ministry," a foreign economist told me. "An absolute swamp. Crowds in the hallways, masses of people milling about. It's like out in the street." During Jean-*Claude's rule, the number of govern*ment employees doubled, to thirty-two thousand—officially, that is. A World Bank report estimated that in reality the government employed almost twice that number, noting delicately that "there are many non-existent and non-performing employees on the public payroll." Many public servants never come to work at all; many receive several checks, made out either in their own names or in the names of dead people—"zombie" checks.

Another level of corruption is hidden in the inflated prices that all *Haitians pay for products, including* many staples—inflated not only because of high government taxes but because powerful people in the government have awarded import franchises and monopolies to their friends and relatives in the importing business, who then charge Haitians what they please. Under Jean-Claude, so-called [illegible] Tx 624[illegible]

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“national industries”—state monopolies of sugar, cooking oil, flour, and cement—quickly became sinkholes of corruption. In 1982, for example, the Haitian government purchased from an Italian company a prefabricated sugar mill, originally intended for Uganda. The Italians had managed to sell it to Haiti, in part by paying a huge “consultant’s fee”—reportedly more than ten million dollars—to Jean-Claude himself. The mill, unsuited to Haiti’s sugar crop, could never have been profitable; set up in Darbonne, south of the capital, and encumbered with many unneeded employees and with costly secondary contracts doled out to the dictator’s friends, it soon took its place as yet another perpetual drag on government funds—its losses consuming, together with those of the other “national industries,” almost four per cent of the country’s entire gross domestic product from 1982 to 1985.

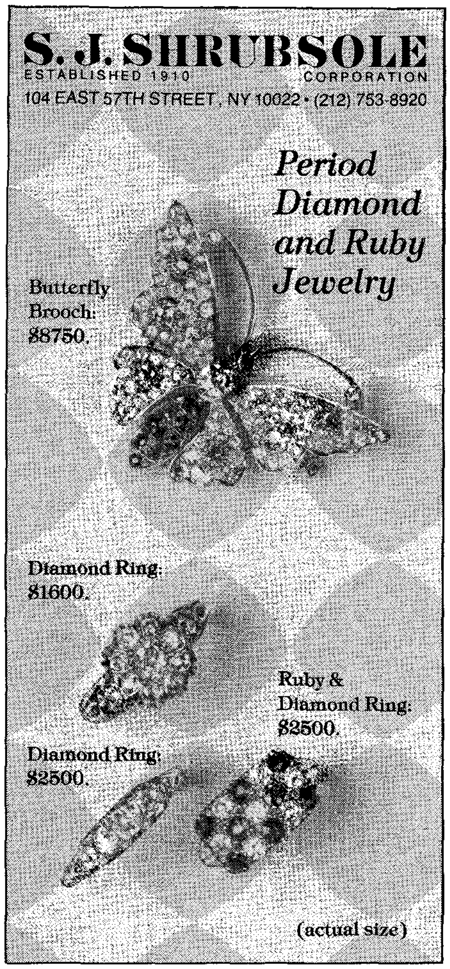
Finally, there is the inelegant but time-honored technique of just plain stealing. Between 1978 and 1984, Jean-Claude, in addition to receiving an annual expense account of $2.4 million and a supplemental account of two million dollars, drew off an estimated thirty million dollars from the Régie du Tabac, which collected commodity taxes. In 1980, the I.M.F. gave Haiti twenty-two million dollars in budgetary support; twenty million simply vanished from the government’s account, to be used, as a 1981 United States Congress report put it, “for unknown purposes.” Under the Food for Peace program, AID donated to the Haitian government millions of dollars each year in food, including surplus wheat, which was then made into flour at the state mill. The flour was supposed to be sold to Haitians at low prices. In fact, it was sold at prices that, according to DeWind and Kinley, were up to twenty-seven per cent higher than what imported flour would have cost, in part because to each sack was added a ninety-three-cent surcharge, which went directly to the Duvaliers.

During the early nineteen-eighties, the risks of the American-designed development program became clear. Though a shakeout among computer manufacturers in the United States helped slow and then halt the growth of the assembly industries, the migrants continued to swell the slums. The numbers of desperate Haitian “boat people” streaming toward Florida increased dramatically. The discovery of African swine fever among Haitian pigs led to an American-sponsored eradication program that further devastated the countryside. (“When the pigs were destroyed, the school population dropped sixty per cent,” a United States government anthropologist told me. “For a peasant, a pig was a savings account: he’d slaughter a pig just before school started, and use the money to buy kids’ clothes and so on.”) The appearance of AIDS among Haitians, and rumors—bitterly resented by Haitians—that the disease had come to the United States from Haiti, led to the abrupt collapse of the tourist industry.

For Jean-Claude’s proclaimed “Decade of Development” the results were grim: from 1980 until Jean-Claude’s departure, six years later, the Haitian economy shrank by about fifteen per cent. His father’s regime, built on brutal repression applied by absolutely loyal retainers, might have withstood such a strain, but Jean-Claude’s government now depended on the support of the élite—a much more fickle and self-centered group. In the cities and towns, the old Duvalierists had already been partly cut out of the spoils, and in the countryside they were being dramatically impoverished. This impoverishment widened the fault line in the Duvalierist coalition into a gaping crevasse, and exacerbated the cultural schizophrenia that had plagued the country since independence.

“Jeanclaudism was nothing more than a perversion of Duvalierism,” General Claude Raymond, Papa Doc’s godson and faithful aide, told me in January of 1988. “When you go into the countryside, as I have, and you see the lot of the peasants, growing more miserable, and poorer, and more desperate, every day, you know this is not Duvalierism. When you hear of the fifteen hundred *houngans* murdered in the countryside during the last two years, you know this is not Duvalierism.”

A BLOCK or two from the National Cemetery stands an enormous house, four stories high, flat-roofed, of concrete painted yellow and orange and green. It serves as the home and the *houmfort*, or voodoo temple, of Mme. Pierre Toussaint, a.k.a. Mme. Pierrot, one of the richest *mambos*, or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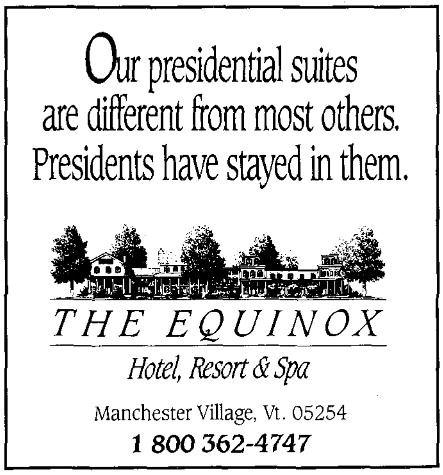
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voodoo priestesses, in Haiti, and an early casualty of the voodoo wars that broke out during the spring of 1986, in the aftermath of the fall of Jean-Claude Duvalier.

Mme. Pierrot is a striking figure: a short, heavyset elderly woman with eyes so glaucous they appear almost entirely opaque; thick, fat lips that look bruised and swollen; and a disconcerting way of seizing her interlocutor's arm and leaning in very close when she wants to make a point. When I spoke to her that April, she told me how, within days of Duvalier's departure, two thousand people had invaded her house and stayed several days, looting and destroying. "It was when the priests began to preach against voodoo that they began to pillage," Mme. Pierrot said, leading the way through the dozens of empty rooms, with bits of wire still peeping out from the walls where the light switches had been, and twisted shreds of cable remaining from television antennas. "You see, the Catholics, they made Duvalier leave, they made him fall," she explained. "And now they have a lot of power, they're organized."

She pointed to graffiti—"Down with Voodoo!" "Liberation of Zombies!"—and laughed grimly. "They came here to steal, that's all—to take things," she said. "You know, ninety per cent of the Haitians practice voodoo; but very often they are ashamed—especially the richer ones—and they come at night." She opened the door to the *houmfort* itself and pointed. It was a large room, with a center post and a carefully smoothed dirt floor, and it had hardly been disturbed.

"Everyone knows Duvalier killed a lot of people, but there are a lot more crimes now than under Duvalier, and the government"—the interim government of General Henri Namphy, the former Army chief of staff, whom the dictator left to rule in his place—"the government does nothing. No one talks about that," she said bitterly.

Thirty feet from Mme. Pierrot's front door, I was stopped by two teenagers. They had helped sack that house, they said. Didn't I know that she was the richest *mambo* in the city, that she had been the preferred priestess of the Duvalier ministers? Yes, Roger Lafontant, the Interior Minister, used to come to Mme. Pierrot; even Jean-Claude himself came once. Didn't I know that all the *houngans* had been in league with Duvalier?

IN Jérêmie, the beautiful City of Poets, on the tip of Haiti's southern peninsula, I met a young lay worker named Bernardin Fleurvil, a pleasant-faced black in a button-down shirt and neatly pressed slacks. "You want to know about uprooting voodoo priests?" Fleurvil asked in response to my question, flashing a bright smile. "We did it ourselves. It was good work," he went on, smiling again, and leaning back against the pale-orange wall of Ste. Hélène Church. "We crushed their *houmforts* and we forced them to recant. You see, all the *houngans* are evildoers. They make people sick, then demand money from them to make them well. And they kill people. All the time. And you know"—Fleurvil lowered his voice—"Duvalier was tied to the *houngans*. That's how he was able to remain in power—he had an arrangement with the *houngans*. Everyone knows that."

And so the *dêchoukaj*, or uprooting,

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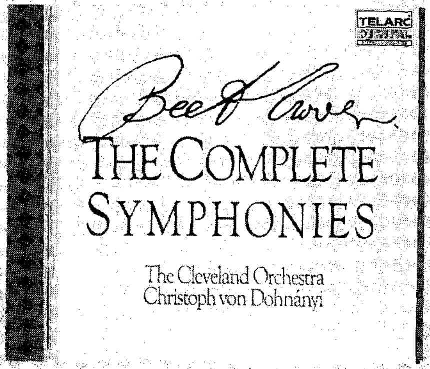

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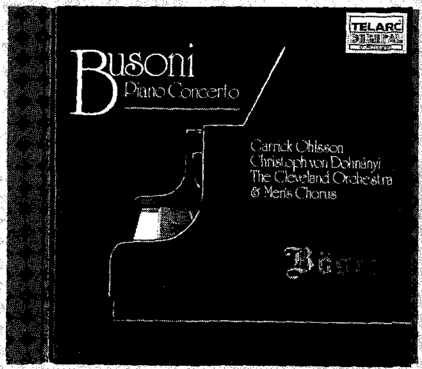

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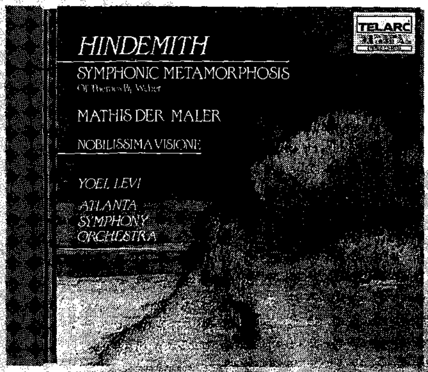

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of Duvalier was directly followed by the *déchoukaj* of voodoo. Throughout the country, during the three months after Duvalier's departure, many *houngans* died—hundreds, probably, though some said thousands. That much is clear, but from there on, as so often in Haiti, motives and ideologies become twisted, tangled, difficult to follow. ("Beyond the mountains, more mountains," Haitians often say.) After the fall of Duvalier and the destruction of those who had served him—Macoutes, *houngans*, or, as was often the case, both—came the eruption of a deep-seated religious and cultural struggle that had inflamed the countryside for more than a century. To the churchmen, it was another battle in a war to the death, pitting their God-fearing Children of Light against the benighted peasants' voodoo Children of Darkness, an ideological struggle to which the recent rise of the Church as a political opposition force had given fresh energy. To the voodoo practitioners—which is to say all the peasants and most of the poor of the cities, as well as nationalist intellectuals—voodoo was the central, life-giving force of Haitian culture, its wellspring. The voodoo priest was not only the Haitian peasant's holy man but his wise man, his adviser, his artist, and—in those thousands of towns and villages that had no hope of ever glimpsing a medical doctor—his healer. But to churchmen, and to many development specialists, voodoo was a retardatory superstition that would disappear with "development."

Fleurvil, twenty-one years old, was a member of Jérémie's Jeunesse Chrétienne, a Catholic youth group. Sitting in the pews of Ste. Hélène's lovely pale-blue-and-white nave, he and several other young lay workers—Marie Danois, Pierre Décembre, Joël Paul—eagerly told me how they had carried out what they called their "moral uprooting, uprooting without killing," against the voodoo priests.

"Right after Jean-Claude left, the people had been very brutal," Fleurvil said. "In the countryside the people killed many *houngans*. Here in this parish, though, we killed only two evildoers—an old woman and a boy. The old woman had killed many, many people; everyone knew it. She was burned alive. Right in the middle of the street—it was a spectacle. Then the boy was decapitated."

"And his ears—" Marie Danois put in.

"Yes, yes, his ears were cut off and dragged behind," Fleurvil said.

Four days after Jean-Claude left, Fleurvil and his friends had a meeting. "We met here in Ste. Hélène School," he told me. "And finally we worked out a method of 'moral uprooting' that would give a moral lesson, that would motivate the *houngans* and the evildoers to abandon their craft. Then we went to see the bishop."

One Saturday in late February, a large crowd of young people, accompanied by a priest and a Protestant pastor and two soldiers in olive green, had proceeded down the narrow streets of Ste. Hélène parish, moving from *houmfort* to *houmfort*, demanding entrance and destroying what they found. "The *houngans* knew if they didn't let us do this they would die," Fleurvil said. "We crushed the *houmforts*. We smashed all the instruments of their craft—the rocks and powders, the little dolls, the bottles filled with foul-smelling liquids. We also found *laissez-passers*—secret passports for travelling at night. The writing on them was horribly deformed."

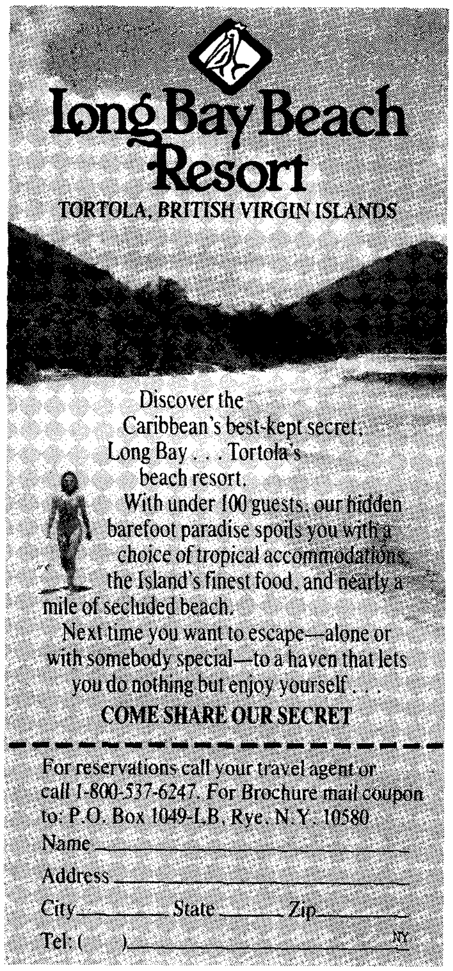
"And we found a list of names," Pierre Décembre said excitedly. "A hundred and sixty-three names—of those the evildoers had condemned to death. Three of them were already dead."

"Of course, now we had destroyed their *houmforts*," Fleurvil resumed, "but we knew that the craft itself remained in their heads. So we talked to them, and they agreed to give up their craft, to begin serving the Church. Thirteen came here and appeared before the congregation during Mass and rejected that profession."

Had the priest coöperated in all this, I asked.

Fleurvil smiled. "Oh, yes," he said. "Père Côté went everywhere with us, walking with us all day, from house to house. He is a priest who is very determined in carrying out his mission."

IN a fine two-story house perched on a knoll in Jérémie, overlooking the Gulf of Gonâve, sat Père Lucien Côté, a tough Québécois priest in his sixties, stocky, with a full head of iron-gray hair, and a big silver cross fastened to his buttonhole. "The people here have always been afraid of these . . . persons," he began, in a gravelly voice,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rocking back and forth in an old wooden rocking chair on a second-floor porch. "Whenever anyone dies, they say one of these people has 'eaten' them—that's the expression. After Duvalier left, ten were killed in Privilé, another ten in Buvet—they had been burned or ripped apart. Terrible. I remember I saw one boy riding his bicycle, and he'd tied something to the handlebars with some string, and when I looked closely it turned out to be two ears he was dragging behind him. Anyway, in my parish thirteen of these persons were supposed to die. When I heard, I said, 'We can't do that. There must be another way.' So I gathered twenty of my young people and the Protestants—they are anti-Satanists par excellence, you know—and we paid them visits, moving over them one after another, like a great wave. We said, '*Bonjour!* We know there are some who want to kill you. But we want to help you.'

"We not only destroyed the *houmforts*," Père Côté went on, "but smashed the oratories and the altars, the small drums they used to call their friends, and the big drums for the ceremonies. We found their hidden bottles of herbs, their potions, their images of Erzulie—she's the double of the Virgin Mary."

Erzulie, the Black Virgin, is one of the key *loas* of the voodoo pantheon; the earth itself was born through her breast, as Christ was born to the Virgin. Yet Erzulie is a flirtatious, capricious, romantic lady who adores fine presents—wine, perfume, chocolates. During ceremonies, she descends the center post in the *houmfort* to "mount," or take possession of, her worshippers, as do all the *loas*. Indeed, Père Côté would have found other familiar figures in the *houmforts*—bright chromolithographs, torn from Catholic prayer books, of St. James the Elder, clad in his steel helmet, who doubles for Ogu, the warrior god; St. Anthony the Hermit, who doubles as Legba, the lord of the road and the interpreter between men and spirits. Voodoo, as Père Côté well knew, is a syncretic, encompassing religion, which, upon its arrival with the slaves from West Africa, in the sixteenth century, began to absorb the Catholic iconography into its own practice. In Haiti today, the voodoo practitioner tends to think of himself as, above all, a good Catholic. Does he not, after all, worship one Bon Dje, one Good Lord, through the intercessions of his *loas*, his saints?

But the Church has always felt otherwise. So as Père Côté and his young helpers marched through Jérémie they would have torn down those pictures of their saints, and destroyed them along with the drums and the potions.

"And then," Père Côté was saying, "we found the powders, made from the bones of children they killed. People said that Duvalier and his father used to ask these persons to give them the bones of babies so they could make ceremonies that would insure the power of the government.

"But our purpose in all this was to make the people's fear of these persons disappear," Père Côté went on. Only progress would eliminate these superstitions: "Gradually, as the people here become more enlightened and aware, they will abandon them. Literacy, for example, will bring us many gifts, and not the least of them will be that the people will

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be more scientific in their outlook."

So, in the end, was voodoo just a matter of ignorance, benightedness, lack of education?

"Oh, no!" Père Côté said, raising his voice and leaning forward in his rocking chair. "It's not only a psychological fact—it's a *spiritual* fact! I do a great many exorcisms, and when I exorcise these spirits I know that afterward these people are healed. Healed! I know that the spirit is in them. I know because it *speaks* to me!"

Talking rapidly, Père Côté told of a religious meeting in a village near Les Cayes, on the southern peninsula, in which a twenty-six-year-old woman suddenly collapsed to the floor, possessed. "She thrashed about on the floor and tried to scratch me with her fingernails and to pull off my cross," the priest said. "I began to pray, in Latin, and, of course, this peasant girl knew nothing of Latin. 'Spirit, what is your name?' I said, in Latin, and instantly from her mouth came a low voice intoning the word 'Agwé.' Of course, they have a spirit called Agwé; so I knew who the spirit was and I prayed and prayed, and finally"—Père Côté grasped the cross he wore—"finally, I cast him out. And at last the girl stood up—she was healed. The spirit was gone from her. And then I asked her in Latin what her name was, and if she knew Agwé, and, of course, she didn't understand a word."

The priest silently rocked back and forth for a moment or two, his eyes closed. Then he looked at me and said, slowly and carefully, "I see these spirits as Satan, another form of Satan. Their own spirits could not act with so much spiritual force. You see, these people"—he swept his arm about to take in the tiny, crude houses below—"believe that they can't talk to God, that He is too far, and that only these spirits can serve as intermediaries. Everything for them derives from their belief that God is too far away."

"THE priest came and said, 'Now Duvalier is gone and there are no more *houngans*,' " Camoniè, an ancient *houngan*, told me several months later. "He said that it was the *houngans* who had made the Duvaliers 'monkeys' "—given them power. "And then the priest took the drums."

Camoniè is a small, wiry old man—perhaps seventy-five, perhaps older, he doesn't know—who lives in a hut set on the edge of a deep gorge near the tiny village of Sainte-Rose, which lies on a footpath high above Marbial. Marbial itself is a cluster of houses in the mountains above Jacmel; only a few miles separate it from that beautiful city, on Haiti's southern coast, but one needs a very sturdy four-wheel-drive jeep, a dry season, perfect weather, and a good deal of luck to make the teeth-chattering trip between them in two hours. Crunching over fields of sun-whitened boulders, constantly plowing back and forth through the quick-flowing river, one slowly climbs into the valley—into what feels like a prehistoric landscape, its steep walls molded into bizarre volcanic shapes. At Marbial, one leaves the overheated jeep and begins the long hike to Sainte-Rose, following the narrow, twisting path up the mountains. Three hours later, one arrives, sweat-drenched, at the Church of Ste. Rose. It is here, in a tiny white stone building with red doors and a sheet-metal roof—before which a scattering of malnourished, listless people loiter, watching roosters peck about and skeletal dogs bask in the sun—that the voodoo drums and other "instruments" of Camoniè and his colleagues were stored in the weeks after the fall of Duvalier.

Three days after the fall of Duvalier, a peasant sitting in front of Ste. Rose confirmed, Père Marat Guiran had come up from Marbial, gathered the people at Ste. Rose, and announced that "anyone who didn't bring in his drums would be uprooted." And when Père Guiran stopped to see Camoniè, the oldest and wisest *houngan* in the region, Camoniè did what he was told. "I didn't argue, because he is a priest," he said. "After all, I have no right to say what the state does." For Camoniè, living high up in the mountains, there is no real difference between a priest and the state. Both are distant, both draw their power from outside, neither is to be argued with.

Along with the other *houngans*, Camoniè, who was old enough to remember the Church's last great "anti-superstition" campaign, in the early nineteen-forties, had gone to Ste. Rose two weeks later, and had appeared at a big Mass where all the *houngans* promised they would no longer "serve Guinée"—that is, serve Africa, by practicing voodoo.

"They say we have no right to serve Guinée," Camoniè told me, waving a hand across the great gorge. "But it's something they can't take away. I was born into this law. It's what I am; it can't be changed. It's useless to try."

Franck Étienne, a well-known Haitian novelist and painter, had told me, "Haitians live in a dream; they are a mysterious, mystical people. Theirs is the opposite of the Western mind, where all is rational, devoted to progress—which means, in the end, profit, 'development.' Our culture is not really a Western culture at all; and the source of it, the wellspring of the art and the way of life in Haiti, is voodoo."

AT the height of the voodoo wars, a *houngan* named Max Beauvoir established a command center at his home, a large stone house and *houmfort* south of the capital. A handsome, articulate black man, Beauvoir was part politician, part crusader, part self-promoter, part charlatan. Educated in Paris and New York as a biochemist, he had returned to Haiti when his grandfather, a well-known *houngan*, died, having designated his grandson his successor. Though Beauvoir styled himself a radical *noiriste*—a fervent defender of voodoo and Haitian peasant culture against the encroachments of foreign influence—he was best known for performing voodoo "spectacles" in Port-au-Prince which were well frequented by tourists.

Ensconced in his study—its gray stone walls draped with beaded voodoo flags, its shelves lined with classics on religion and anthropology—Beauvoir worked at a computer, compiling a list of *houngans* who had been killed or attacked, printing out transcripts of inflammatory remarks that had been broadcast on Radio Soleil and Radio Lumière (the Protestant station), and, above all, keeping in touch with the press, both Haitian and international. To Beauvoir, the central issue was clear: the Catholic priests and, even more actively, the Protestant pastors were seizing their chance to wipe out voodoo once and for all.

One day that spring, I drove with Beauvoir to a *houmfort* near the town of Bognotte, in the sugarcane-growing region of Léogâne. An old *houngan* named Dieusibon came forward to greet us, and offered us chairs under a tree in front of his temple, a small mud building with walls gloriously painted in pale, chalky blue and salmon, covered with the gorgeous figures of Erzulie and her friends—a tribute from the old *houngan* to his *loa*.

Beauvoir listened intently as Dieusibon told how a group of five young people had come to his *houmfort* and demanded money "or else they would crush his place." He had told the gang he had nothing to give but had begged them not to destroy his *houmfort*, promising to have some money when they returned.

"This is how they do it," Beauvoir said to me. "They'll come back later and take his money, then kill him." He leaned forward and asked Dieusibon where the youths had come from, and received in response a gesture: over that hill. He asked again, and after hesitating the man said that he thought they had come from La Colline and, after more prodding, that they had been sent by a "Pastor Harris." Beauvoir looked at me in triumph—La Colline was also known as Chrétienville, after its large Protestant mission.

Beauvoir handed the old man a card and instructed him to call if he had more trouble. "I can be here in an

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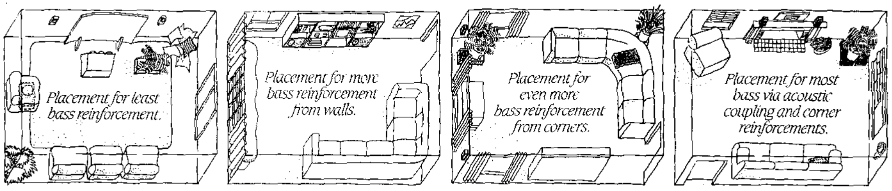
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hour," he said. "And if they come back, blow on the *limbé*"—the age-old Haitian tocsin, inscribed in the iconography of the Revolution: the black slaves blew on their conch shells, summoning their fellows from the plantations to revolt.

La Colline was a small town, but it had at its center a large new church, of pale-orange stone, and a sign informing the visitor that he had arrived in "CHRISTIANVILLE—JIM AND CAROL HERGET, DIRECTORS." I asked a well-dressed, smiling young Haitian where I could find Pastor Harris, and after a bit of discussion he led me up a little hill to a pretty American-style ranch house, built of the same orange stone. There I met Jim Herget, a plainspoken American in his mid-fifties from Buffalo, New York, who introduced himself as a founder and director of Christianville, a mission of the Churches of Christ.

Herget was proud to show me around the mission, pointing out the fishpond, the chicken houses, and the pig farm, all the buildings so trim and new that they looked incongruous in the Haitian landscape, as did the smiling, well-scrubbed young Haitians walking about. In Christianville, Herget told me, they had established Haiti's first 4-H Club; in the Christianville school they taught six hundred children; in Christianville's special feeding program they cared for four hundred undernourished children. Two thousand meals a day were served at Christianville, Herget said; some of the food was raised right there, but much of it was supplied through Catholic Relief, the Church World Service, and other "non-government organizations" and "private voluntary organizations"—N.G.O.s and P.V.O.s in development lingo—supported by American foreign aid.

I asked Herget about Dieusibon's charge—that the youths who attacked him had been sent from Christianville. The missionary laughed. "These witch doctors," he said, chuckling and shaking his head. "Well, it's true we haven't heard much of those drums these last few months." He laughed again, then looked at me. "No, seriously, I don't know anything about that. Look, we hope here that if these kids learn a little they won't need that kind of superstition. Here we try to teach people reading and writing—real basic. We try to see they get fed every day. We try to teach sewing and cooking and other useful things."

They *were* useful things, and many would certainly argue that Christianville greatly benefitted this part of Haiti, as did other Protestant missions that had sprung up in the country during the past few years, spurred on by the available American aid and welcomed by what a 1985 number of Christianville's cheery newsletter, *The Evangel*, called "the beautiful 'open door' given missionaries by the Haitian Government." *The Evangel* observed, in its boosterish tone, "Our 'Missionary Army' in Haiti is gaining strength"—an observation that, however ominous it might sound to Beauvoir, meant that the missionaries were feeding more people, helping to clothe them, trying to educate them.

But in so doing, of course, they were creating God-fearing Protestants. As a self-questioning technician at one of the international agencies bluntly put it, "when I hear myself tell someone I'm 'in development,' I always try to remember that what I'm really in is the culture-busting business."

No other Caribbean country can boast a culture with the vibrancy, the purity, of Haiti's, and, of the beautiful canvases in the galleries of Port-au-Prince, many of the best come from *houngan* painters and use the iconography of voodoo. And yet, the blunt missionary might have asked, do pretty pictures feed Haitians? "The poor are always with us," André Pierre, a *houngan* renowned for his painting, told me, smiling a serene smile. "He who doesn't live among the poor the *loa* doesn't visit." Which is why Pierre so hated the Protestants. "These pastors are rich," he said angrily. "That's all they think about—making money. They don't truly believe in the spirit." For Pierre, as for all Haitian peasants, to believe in the spirit is to believe in the earth—*la terre*. "Everything comes from the earth," he told me. "Everything—even man. That is Haiti: agriculture, working the earth. The inspiration for the paintings," he said, sweeping his hand about a small room, next to his *houmfort*, where an unfinished painting of Ibolélé, the cock *loa*, stood, "comes from the earth, from agriculture. Without it, I could not paint with the hand of God."

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This indomitable sentiment was now fighting against the accelerating decline of the countryside—against erosion, overpopulation, and the pressure of the "development experts," the "culture-busters" from AID and the World Bank and elsewhere, who saw it as inevitable that impoverished, peasant Haiti would become an "urban country." And yet thus far Haiti had had mostly slums and political upheaval to show for their efforts. "I don't know any country that has moved toward this kind of development without crushing its own culture," said Max Paul, the director of the Bureau of Ethnology, a large institution in Port-au-Prince which had grown, like Duvalier's *noirisme*, out of the ethnological movement of the nineteen-thirties. "Televisions, big cars—is that development?" he asked. "We have some of it now, in any case."

At bottom, he said, development was a political question. "Foreign industries of the sort Jean-Claude wanted come here only when you give them dirt-cheap labor, no unions, low taxes. This is a difficult combination to produce in a democracy. That is why we had *la paix jeanclaudiste*—no unions, no labor unrest, etc. The political system guaranteed it."

And that is why, after the fall of Jean-Claude, strikes were not long in coming to the assembly plants, with the strikers demanding wages of up to six dollars a day—double the going rate—and why a fair number of factories responded, with predictable alacrity, by closing down. During the violent months following Jean-Claude's departure, at least ten thousand jobs were lost. And more disappeared when Leslie Delatour, a young University of Chicago-trained Finance Minister appointed by General Namphy's interim government, took advantage of the opening provided by the transition and the increase in American aid to close the Darbonne sugar mill and other corruption-ridden remnants of "Jean-claudism."

For Delatour and his American

sponsors, as for the American sponsors of Jean-Claude Duvalier, Haiti represented an economic problem to be solved, and the only solution was the American market.

"Look, first, this country will not be able to survive without extensive foreign aid," a high-ranking American diplomat told me. "Foreign assistance is just a fact of life for Haiti. And if you want jobs real quickly, the quickest way to do it is bring in factories. It's that simple."

But what about the overwhelming power it gives the United States?

The diplomat smiled and looked at the ceiling. "Look, I mean, let's face it: America doesn't really *need* Haiti," he said. "The American interest in Haiti is to prevent things from getting really bad, to get a decent life for Haitians, so we can prevent all the things that *could* happen if we don't: Haitians killing one another, Haitians killing Americans in Haiti, more Haitian boat people heading to Florida."

When Haitians looked at the results of Jean-Claude's rule, they saw not the new assembly plants but a ravaged countryside and a plundered economy. And when they looked at the interim regime of General Namphy they saw the same policies being applied with what seemed to be more efficiency and even more drastic results: large state-owned enterprises summarily closed, throwing Haitians out of work.

Another result was the wave of contraband, much of it from the United States, that suddenly flooded through the now "liberated" ports, thereby helping Delatour in his efforts to "liberalize" the heavily protected Haitian economy. In Gonaïves, Miragoâne, Saint-Marc, and other ports, ships from Miami would tie up at piers crowded with eager Haitians, and unload cargoes of cheap American rice, or used refrigerators, or secondhand bicycles, or even used Mercedes sedans. For each item that passed through his port the local Army commander would receive a fee: ten dollars, it was said, for each bicycle, from two to four dollars for each bag of rice, as much as a thousand dollars for each car. Though Delatour had stamped out some of the corruption tied to the state industries, smuggling provided the delighted officers with an entirely new cash flow—one that bypassed the government entirely.

Others were not so pleased. De-

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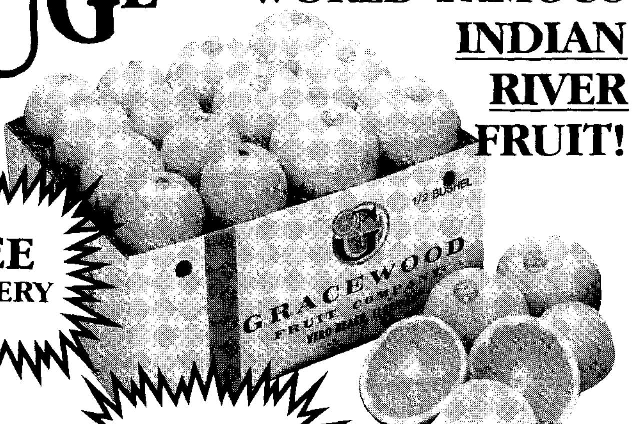

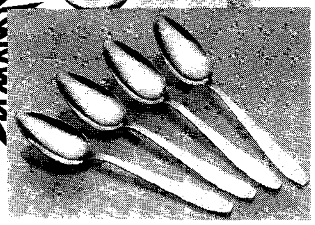

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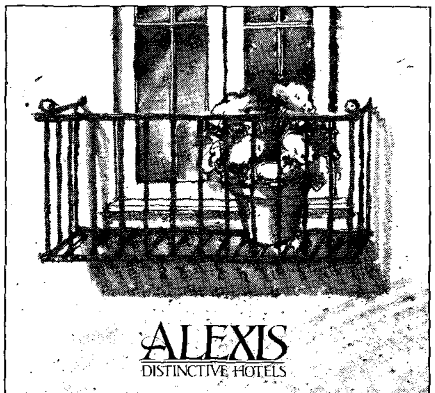

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latour's layoffs led to large demonstrations. The contraband rice and other products ruined Haitian farmers; peasants began attacking the convoys of smuggled Miami rice as they made their way to the capital. Namphy's policies seemed only a more effective—and harmful—version of those of Jean-Claude Duvalier.

That is why it makes more sense to understand the real anti-Duvalier "revolution" as having happened not in 1986, with Jean-Claude's fall, but in 1971, with his ascension. As the arch-Duvalierist General Claude Raymond told me bitterly, "Duvalierism died in 1971, along with François Duvalier." A decade later, the extreme unpopularity of his son's policies, and the corruption attached to them, had begun to engender a nationalist reaction in the countryside and the provincial cities. "The revolt started among the displaced peasantry," Jean-Jacques Honorat, an agronomist and development theorist, told me. "In the slum of Raboteau, in Gonaïves, for example, it started among the displaced peasants."

But this nationalist reaction produced only the interim regime of General Namphy; the strong nationalist aspirations that had helped overthrow Jean-Claude were left unfulfilled, and various groups sprang up to lay claim to them. Most prominent was the "democratic sector"—the intellectuals, mass organizations, and peasant groups that eventually formed the leftist Front National de Concertation.

There was also a darker claimant—an old-line Duvalierist counter-movement, which had begun as a movement of Duvalierists *pur et dur* against Jean-Claude and the American and mulatto encroachment he welcomed. These staunch black nationalists did not interpret the public disgust with Jean-Claude as extending to *them*—on the contrary, Jean-Claude's policies disgusted them as well. And at least some of these Duvalierists actually believed that they could win an election.

Nine months after Jean-Claude's flight, the old-liners tried to start a "neo-Duvalierist"—that is, "true Duvalierist"—party. But Haitians poured into the streets in huge protests—protests the Duvalierists believed were orchestrated by the left-wing opposition. The Duvalierists were forced to disband. They watched angrily as the opposition gained control of the electoral process, by drafting a con-

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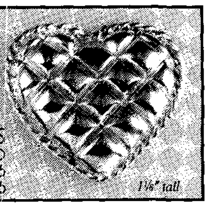

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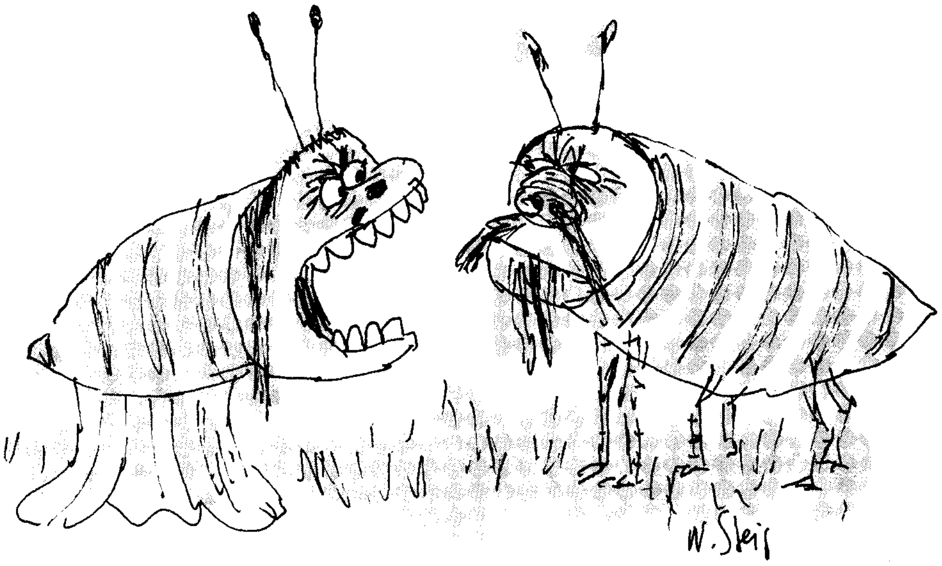

"You don't love me anymore!"

stitution that stripped the Army of its power to run elections and gave it to an independent Electoral Council. Then, when the Council barred Clovis Désinor, Claude Raymond, and the other Duvalierists from competing in the elections, and when the Army under General Namphy stepped ostentatiously aside—to show that it would not defend the electoral process the Council was conducting—the Duvalierists at last had their say: in bloody massacres on Election Day, November 29, 1987, in which at least thirty-four people were killed as they waited to vote.

After the massacre, the Americans withdrew their aid from the traumatized country, and the four most popular candidates announced that they would refuse to take part in a second election, which the Army was hastily organizing. The officers would use this second election, many Haitians believed, to bring an old-line Duvalierist to power. But the officers, after three decades of serving Duvaliers, had little desire to see Désinor or Raymond in the Palace. Shortly before the election, an Army-controlled Electoral Council shocked Haitians by disallowing the Duvalierists' candidacies once again. The Duvalierists' ambitions were left unsatisfied.

In the days leading up to the new election, Haitians passed the time speculating about whom the Army would choose as its *président marionnette*. The candidates scurried and postured, making pronouncements and courting influential officers at diplomatic receptions. On January 17, 1988, perhaps one Haitian in ten stepped forward to vote, and after a delay proper to the gravity of the occasion it was announced that a world-renowned political scientist, scion of one of Haiti's most distinguished families, a political leader who had spent a twenty-three-year exile struggling to achieve democracy in his homeland, had been elected Haiti's thirty-seventh ruler. And thus, two years to the day after Jean-Claude's fall, Leslie F. Manigat came to power.

TO say that Manigat came to power is to simplify matters somewhat, for the question of his power had yet to be decided. On Inauguration Day, the new President sat behind a tiny table in the Salle des Bustes, on the main floor of the National Palace, beaming as the *chef de protocole* brought forward well-wishers. As he waited, Manigat, looking less portly then usual in a smart black suit, toyed absently with the blue-and-red Presidential sash—placed over his shoulder only an hour before by General Namphy.

During the ceremony, the General's light-colored, moon-shaped face had repeatedly crinkled into a broad grin; indeed, it was remarked later that he had spent a good part of what was meant to be a solemn occasion smiling, even laughing—that he had seemed to regard it all as a big joke. After the ceremony, while the President finished greeting the well-wishers in the Salle des Bustes, General Namphy waited upstairs, in the Salon Jaune. The General, who was beginning a three-year term as Commander-in-Chief of the Haitian armed forces—a position to which he had prudently appointed himself three months before—watched as servants arranged three Louis XVI chairs carefully on the gold carpet: one for the new President; one for the smiling Commander-in-Chief, at his right hand; and, at his left, one for General Williams Régala, who for two years had served as General Namphy's deputy in the interim regime, and also as his Minister of the Interior and of Defense. As holder of the latter position, General Régala—a handsome black man with an intelligent, if permanently smirking, face—had authority over the Army, the police, and the security services.

So the scene in the Salon Jaune—the newly elected President flanked by his self-proclaimed Commander-in-Chief and his Minister of Defense, as he greeted Haitian and foreign dignitaries—illustrated a central problem confronting Manigat: how, as a President who came to power in an election run by the military, in which so few eligible Haitians voted, could he find the support to counterbalance the generals and become anything more than their puppet?

As the men took their seats, a heavily built, very black officer with a frighteningly impassive face stepped forward and stood beside General Namphy: Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, the commander of the Dessalines Battalion, housed in the Casernes Dessalines, the mustard-colored barracks adjacent to the Palace. Today, however, Colonel Paul was serving as General Namphy's bodyguard; he held, discreetly, almost swallowed up in one enormous hand, an Uzi submachine gun. Colonel Paul was known to be a great friend of many of the old Duvalierists; it had been his olive-green-clad troops who had stood by while voters were shot and hacked to pieces on November 29th. He was rumored to be involved in drugs, and would soon be indicted by a Miami court for cocaine trafficking. The new President, in his inaugural address, had surprised Haitians by lashing out at drug trafficking—an activity known to have become a lucrative pastime for a number of senior officers, and thus a preoccupation of Reagan Administra-

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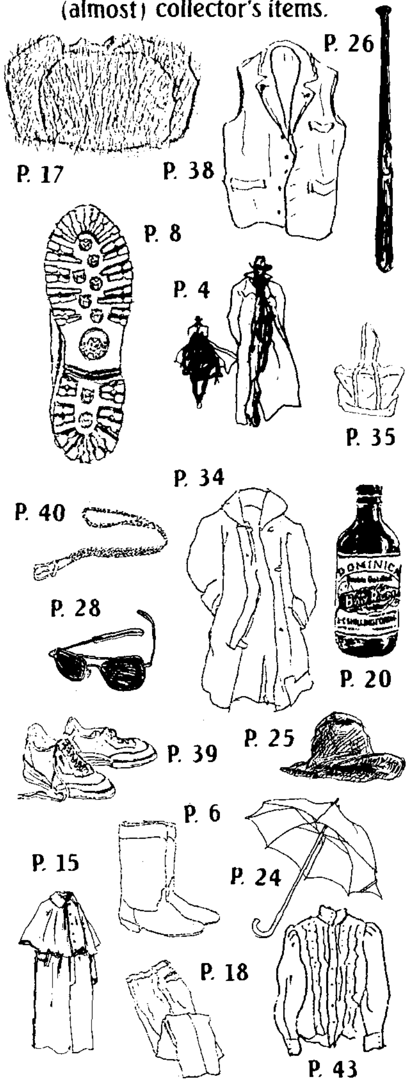

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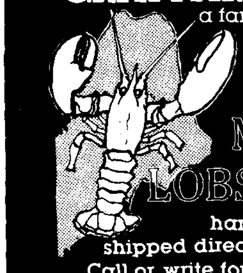

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tion officials, who had so far refused to restore American aid.

For President Manigat, assuming control of a country whose economy was being slowly strangled for lack of hard currency, Colonel Paul and his Uzi thus represented an interesting complication, as they also did for at least one member of the diplomatic corps who would shortly be brought forward to toast the new President: the American Ambassador, Brunson McKinley, a tall, distinguished, but on this occasion rather sheepish-looking man, whose dexterous efforts to avoid speaking to the new President were later remarked upon by several guests. Only the week before, the Ambassador's boss, Secretary of State George Shultz, had told Congress that the United States, in evaluating its support, would be waiting to see whether President Manigat would "in some way assert himself so that he isn't simply a spokesman for the military."

Others were waiting to see that question answered as well. Leslie Manigat, formidable scholar of Haitian history that he was, undoubtedly recognized his predicament as a variation on what during the eighteen-forties had come to be called *la politique de doublure* ("the politics of understudies"), whereby certain powerful elements in Haitian society would choose as a figurehead a malleable person, through whom it would be convenient to rule. On the last occasion, in 1957, the Army had had the misfortune to choose François Duvalier.

As a protégé of Duvalier, Manigat had been on hand to see that episode played out. He had seen how the supposedly feeble Papa Doc moved swiftly to replace the preening chief of staff who had brought him to power, how he had cleverly played one officer off against another.

Of course, the officers (including Namphy, then a young second lieutenant) had seen it all as well. They chose Manigat at least partly because, having been so long in exile, "he was the one who had *no* electoral support, who had no one behind him," as a former high official in Jean-Claude Duvalier's Interior Ministry told me. But of all the candidates Manigat was the last one anybody would pick as a malleable puppet. He was famously brilliant, famously charming, famously strong-willed. With so many politicians eager for a chance at the puppet's role, why did Generals Namphy and Régala single him out? Because, in the words of Leslie Delatour, "he was the most respectable, and his international connections were fantastic." After the November 29th massacres, Haiti had become an international pariah. Who better than Manigat to bring the country in from the cold? But that, of course, raised the awkward matter of Ambassador McKinley and, behind him, the officials of the Reagan Administration, who were so concerned about drugs.

From what sources would Leslie Manigat be able to draw power? There were only three: from outside the country, by restoring the foreign-aid lifeline; from within, by somehow proving to Haitians that, despite the manner of his coming to office, he was an independent leader; and from the military itself, by playing the officers off against one another. These strategies, as would soon become apparent, were irreconcilable. It was as if a kind of cat's cradle had formed, an intricate trap that during the next months would shift and move, assume different configurations, but would always hold entangled at its center the struggling figure of the brilliant Leslie Manigat.

EVEN before Manigat's victory was officially announced, he had launched an appeal to the other candidates to join him in "a coalition," which would include "not only those who took part in these elections but those who didn't." But the most popular of the opposition candidates remained aloof, demanding that the new President prove his good intentions by moving quickly to liberate political prisoners, halt the continuing arrests in the countryside, and appoint independent commissions to investigate the election violence. Meanwhile, "popular leaders" like Père Jean-Bertrand Aristide, a charismatic priest lionized by his parishioners, in the slums of Port-au-Prince, immediately began denouncing Manigat's "*gouvernement diabolique,*" and warning ominously that "from now on the people will refuse to take to the streets empty-handed."

This was just the sort of talk that the November 29th massacre had been meant to stifle. It was sure to be very unpopular with the officers—especially men like Colonel Paul. After the fall of

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Jean-Claude Duvalier, the Colonel had disarmed at least one large unit of Macoutes and brought them back to the Dessalines Barracks, absorbing a substantial number into his battalion, according to a young lance corporal and former Macoute. And he employed hundreds of others as "attachés" of the Army.

And now Franck Romain, the newly reëlected mayor of Port-au-Prince, established another Duvalierist power center, at City Hall. Romain, himself a former Army colonel and a Papa Doc protégé, had built up his own Macoute organization, drawn from the Cité Soleil slum.

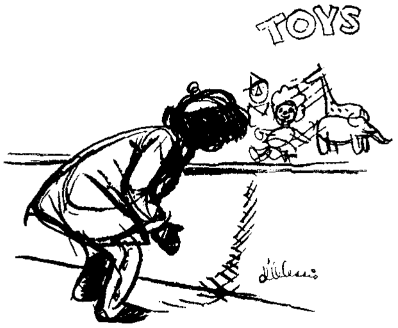
Soon after Manigat took office, the capital began to endure what came to be called a "climate of insecurity." Cars were stopped at roadblocks, and their occupants searched at gunpoint; there were arbitrary arrests, searches of opposition figures, armed robberies; and corpses littered the streets each morning. In the countryside, the extermination had continued steadily since the twenty-ninth. "They have cut off the heads of the democratic organizations that had emerged," Père Freud Jean, a liberation priest from Belladère, a town near the border, told me. "Those organizations that existed have been systematically destroyed." In the Artibonite region, a local priest said, the *chefs de section* were going after democratic leaders with machetes.

Manigat could do nothing about any of this; he had little power over his Commander-in-Chief or his Minister of Defense and, in any event, the nation's recently adopted constitution gave the President no power to remove the Army commander before the end of his three-year term. The constitution had envisaged a weak Presidency and a strong legislature. Unfortunately for Manigat, his legislature had come to power the same way he had: the officers had had the Council declare those candidates most congenial to them the new senators and deputies. Since virtually all the deputies therefore owed their jobs to General Régala, Manigat's own Defense Minister could reach around the President and block legislation as he saw fit.

The endless quarrels that resulted were carried on in an atmosphere of economic collapse. Though Manigat's government would eventually obtain promises of small amounts of aid from France, Italy, Taiwan, and Japan, the Americans wouldn't budge. The congressmen insisted on "free and open elections," which the new President of Haiti was not in a position to provide. As a senior American diplomat told me, "We began the process of trying to do something for Manigat, but while we convinced the executive branch we couldn't convince Congress; the people in the opposition whom Manigat had not managed to bring around had too strong an influence there." The congressmen also demanded the extradition of Haiti's allegedly No. 1 drug dealer—a man who also happened to command the most powerful unit in the Haitian Army. "Each time I met with the American Ambassador, he asked about Jean-Claude Paul," Martial Celestin, Manigat's Prime Minister, told me. "They were obsessed with him." Of course, Manigat couldn't deliver Colonel Paul; only other powerful officers could do that.

IN May, 1988, President Manigat—with his treasury almost empty, no American money in sight, and his troubles with the legislature increasing—began to move against contraband and corruption. He appointed a new customs official for the port city of Saint-Marc and fired the heads of the state flour mill—a notorious source of corruption—and Téléco, the state telephone monopoly. In Saint-Marc, Captain Ernst Ravix, the local Army commander, responded by organizing a demonstration against his President in which some three thousand residents marched, chanted, and burned barricades. In the capital, coup rumors flew, for the two executives Manigat had fired were associates of General Namphy. About thirty corpses appeared on the capital's streets during May alone.

Early in June, Gérard Latortue, the Foreign Minister, visited Washington and asked State Department officials and members of Congress "to come to see and assess the situation" before they took further action against the Manigat government. He urged the United States to consider the alternatives: "If we go, it will not be democracy that comes."



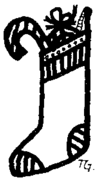
On June 14th, General Namphy summoned Colonel Paul and informed him that he was being "promoted" to head of intelligence at military headquarters—that is, to a desk job. There were rumors that Reagan Administration officials, who had been heavily criticized for the United States' inability to unseat Panama's Manuel Noriega, had promised Latortue a partial resumption of aid if Paul was transferred. Some people said that Namphy, annoyed by Manigat's recent actions and impatient with his lack of results in dealing with the Americans, was preparing the ground for a coup against the President; others that Namphy had ordered the transfer at the urging of the President, who was setting a clever trap for the General.

In any event, Colonel Paul—no doubt with American prisons on his mind—left the General's office and, finding the entrance to the Dessalines Barracks blocked by soldiers loyal to Namphy, went to the Palace and told his President that he would not accept the transfer. He then climbed over a wall of the barracks, regained control, and barricaded himself inside with his men. Paul's vulnerability had provoked a split in the Army; at last, Manigat's chance had come.

Early on June 15th, Manigat issued a communiqué. "To avert a major crisis," it began, "from which democracy and the country will suffer the damage, I am ordering the withdrawal" of the transfer order, which, he said, violated the constitution, because General Namphy had not informed the President of it beforehand. This was bald defiance, and the capital braced for action; but now Manigat had the cornered Paul on his side, and the thousand Dessalines troops. A few hours later, the General publicly backed down, issuing a communiqué that rescinded Paul's transfer "for the moment."

The next day, Manigat told journalists that his action had had nothing to do with "individuals" but was a matter of "the supremacy of civilian power and respect for constitutional norms." Yet the President's demeanor seemed to belie his words. "He was all puffed up, pumped up with his power," Jean-Claude Bajeux, a National Front leader, said later. "You could see it, this feeling of 'Now, at last, I—*I have taken power!*'" And he immediately began to use it. On the evening of June 17th, Haitians were astonished to learn that Manigat, the puppet president, had fired General Henri Namphy, Commander-in-Chief.

It was a Friday night. "What I heard at parties that night from everyone was 'Oh, Manigat's a big man, he did it!'" a longtime Port-au-Prince resident told me. "A lot of people started to respect him a little, because he had got rid of Namphy." And though the streets of the capital quickly emptied in the expectation of trouble, there came not a sound from the officers of the Haitian armed forces, the powerful men who only four months before had installed the powerless Manigat in office.



But while the officers sat paralyzed in their houses there was anger in the ranks; among the troops of the Presidential Guard it had been brewing for a long time. From the beginning, the arrogant intellectual from the diaspora had shown little talent for the peculiar blend of condescension, diplomacy, and patriarchal largesse—the essence of military politics—that had bound Haiti's praetorian guard, created under François Duvalier, to its President. The soldiers were mostly uneducated young men from the slums, peasants, or sons of peasants. Papa Doc had made sure he knew each soldier's name, had listened to his problems, and, most important, had personally handed him his money, adding special bonuses to help pay for a corporal's new house or for the care of his sick child. Jean-Claude had continued this tradition, and so had General Namphy.

The troops who were stationed at Manigat's house, a private told me later, "weren't even given a place to sleep." And he added, angrily, "His wife didn't respect the soldiers of the Presidential Guard." Mme. Manigat, he said, on being told by one soldier that his daughter was about to take her first Communion, reached into her purse and handed him a dollar. The Guardsmen were not impressed with the President's high-toned "foreign" scruples; in a country where power traditionally binds its servants fast with condescension and cash, they felt themselves spurned and deprived. And now, in siding with Paul over Namphy, the President had "favored the troops of the Dessalines Battalion" over those of his own Guard, and thereby upset the delicate balance of rivalries that held the Haitian armed forces together.

Saturday morning, hours after Manigat fired General Namphy, Paul sent about eighty of his soldiers to Namphy's home, a walled house north of the city, where the General sat brooding. The Dessalines men, clad in their olive-green combat uniforms, surrounded both the house and Namphy's regular contingent of twenty-three khaki-clad Presidential Guards. General Namphy was effectively under house arrest, imprisoned by the forces of the man he had tried to unseat only four days before.

By midmorning Sunday, the disgruntled Presidential Guardsmen had gathered in the inner courtyard of the National Palace. "You know, Manigat's never done a thing for us, and Namphy's done a lot," one corporal told the men, according to several soldiers. "Let's go out and get him." The men agreed, resolved to rescue their chief, and spent the rest of the day readying two armored vehicles that were kept in the basement garage of the Palace.

Meanwhile, Manigat had determined to push his advantage. That afternoon, a major reshuffling of officers was announced. Among other dramatic changes, Colonel Prosper Avril, who had been a close aide to Jean-Claude Duvalier and remained a highly influential officer, was transferred to a minor post supervising Haitian military attachés abroad. Manigat had made a point of humiliating the officers, evoking memories of Papa Doc.

That evening, soldiers of the Presidential Guard piled into the two armored cars, rumbled out through the Palace gates, and headed north on Route Nationale 1. The departure of two armored vehicles from the Palace with no authorization during a time of political conflict seemed to attract no official attention. Manigat, whether because he didn't trust the Guardsmen or because he thought he had won, had not come to the Palace.

When the armored cars reached

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Namphy's house, the Guardsmen, finding the Dessalines troops still on guard, fired their cannons. "They ran like butterflies in the sugarcane," a Guardsman told me later, laughing as he quoted the Creole saying. The armored cars pushed their way through the gate, and the sergeant in command clambered out and ran into the house. There he informed a startled and, by some accounts, frightened General Namphy that he, Namphy, was on his way back to the Palace, and back to power. The imprisoned General, humiliated by Manigat, abandoned by his fellow-officers, had fallen into a deep depression; when the Guardsmen appeared, he did not believe them at first, suspecting a Manigat stratagem to send him into exile. His wife, it was reported, burst into tears. Finally, the Guardsmen managed to convince their general that it was not a trap. They helped him into his combat uniform, then put him and his wife, daughter, and brother into an armored car for the triumphant ride back to the Palace.

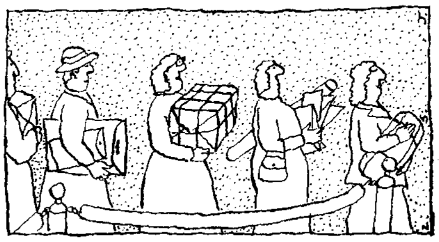
Around this time, Port-au-Prince residents, unaware that anything unusual was happening, were plunged into darkness—troops sent to the electric company had "pulled the plug"—and with the blackout came a barrage of gunfire from the Palace. Instantly, the streets emptied. Minutes later, the celebrating soldiers gathered in the courtyard to greet their still befuddled chief with gunfire and cannon bursts. It was only now, according to several participants, that Guardsmen were sent to fetch Colonel Avril and various other senior officers. (The five or six Guardsmen I spoke to insisted that they had acted on their own, and had not been manipulated—as many Haitians, including Manigat, believe—by Avril and other officers.)

The excited Guardsmen continued firing, hoping to intimidate the Dessalines troops next door. By then, Haitians were convinced that a major battle was taking place. "Everyone was frantically calling all night," a woman told me later. "I tried to call a friend to find out what the hell was going on, but all the circuits were busy." At one o'clock in the morning, Haitians saw a grotesque image flicker to life on their television screens. There before them, surrounded by officers and troops, stood a furious and almost incoherent Henri Namphy, steel helmet askew on his head, machine gun in his hand, shouting Creole at the camera in his barking, stuttering voice.

"Haitian people, here is your general, General Namphy," he said. "You know how we love our Haitian Army. . . . You know that General Namphy loves you, too, that he loves the country. What happened is what they didn't want . . . that the Army and the people, the people and the Army, are the same thing."

High above the city, in the Villa d'Accueil, on the Pétionville road, Leslie Manigat, his wife, his daughter, and a number of close aides watched in silence as the General rambled on. After the broadcast ended, the President turned to his family and associates and said simply, "You must prepare yourselves for anything, for now all is lost." Soon two armored cars were roaring into the courtyard, and at the sight of them a unit of Dessalines troops stationed outside the villa turned and fled. The Guardsmen climbed down, and a soldier brought out a megaphone and announced to the now unguarded building, "Manigat, come down!" The President responded by turning off the lights. The soldiers fired a cannon, and "the whole house shook." Finally, Manigat shouted, "All right, we will come down quietly." When the President emerged with his wife and aides, their hands above their heads, the Guardsmen cursed them: "Band of pigs!" Then they lined up the twenty or so people and raised their guns. "I thought they were going to kill us all," Mme. Manigat said later. But they contented themselves with firing in the air. The President and his family were then taken to the airport. In a few hours, the former First Family would be in Santo Domingo.

Meanwhile, Paul was on the telephone negotiating, first with Namphy, later with Avril. Avril offered him a deal: if Colonel Paul agreed to support Namphy's new government, he could keep his command. Paul accepted—apparently persuaded not only by Avril's appeal to military solidarity but also by the noise of the automatic rifles and cannons of the Presidential Guard. For all the shooting that night, there was only one casualty: a soldier shot himself in the leg. ("Against unarmed civilians," Manigat said later, "the Army is strong. But . . . in its military function the Army is extraordinarily weak.")



The next morning, Colonel Paul stood beside Namphy as the General informed Haitians that Manigat had been trying to make of the military "a docile instrument of his personal power," as a first step on "an irreversible path toward dictatorship in its most brutal form." Manigat, in other words, had tried to become Duvalier; Haitians should be grateful that this time their brave soldiers had been able to prevent it. The General proceeded to dissolve the legislature and name himself President. But it was his appearance a few hours earlier that Haitians remembered—when, with a steel helmet on his head, Henri Namphy had waved his Uzi, and shouted at the camera, "Now the Army will rule—with this!"

Namphy II had begun.

THE Henri Namphy who had returned to the Palace was a very different man from the gruff but genial officer who had greeted journalists after the fall of Duvalier. Bitter and angry and paranoid, he would brook no challenge to his power. "To understand anything about Namphy Deux, you have to realize that he had never been respected in the Army," a former Duvalier official told me. "That is the main reason Duvalier made him chief of staff. The officers would say, 'You know, Namphy's brain is burned out by alcohol. At two in the afternoon he's in civilian clothes. Friday to Monday he's drunk.' " Thanks to Manigat (who remarked in Santo Domingo that the General was "mentally ill"), the other officers' contempt for Namphy had been thrown into high relief: a puppet president had humiliated their commander, and not one of the officers had so much as raised his voice. Back in the Palace, and marvelling at his resurrection, the drunken, sickly General came to attribute it to nothing less than an act of God.

It was out of his isolation that Namphy made an alliance with Mayor Franck Romain. Like Papa Doc before him, Namphy had been set atop a fractious, plot-ridden military; like Papa Doc, Namphy tried to counterbalance the officers—in his case, with Romain's Macoutes. Speaking at the Palace on July 8th, the General formally welcomed the Duvalierists back into official national politics. He declared that the 1987 constitution, which remained hugely popular, "introduces foreign elements into our history and traditions." It would be set aside; he, Namphy, would give the nation a new charter, one that would "take account of the Haitian reality."

In early July, Lafontant Joseph, an internationally known human-rights activist, was found murdered in his car; he had been beaten, and stabbed numerous times, and one of his ears had been severed. In the weeks that followed, Namphy's "Haitian reality" became increasingly clear: churches were strafed and burned, priests were beaten and intimidated, and corpses were left on the streets each morning. In early August, a group of bishops issued a statement that detailed a numbing list of shootings, burnings, assaults, and other "atrocities," and bluntly concluded that "no one can live peacefully in such a state of insecurity."

In September, a group of prominent "democratic leaders" met to announce a "Constitution Day." They asked Haitians to observe the appointed day, September 11th, by wearing white—as they had in March, 1987, when a million Haitians turned out to ratify the constitution that Namphy had now abolished. Then the white had symbolized "yes"; now it was to "signify our formal willingness to stand by this Constitution and to defend it."

On September 8th, General Namphy visited City Hall, the stronghold of his friend Franck Romain, and gave an angry speech. "He was raving, his mouth wide open, talking so fast he was spitting, ranting against the Communists and the Church, totally out of control," a frightened witness told me. The overwrought General took the occasion to offer his "solemn warning to the demagogues, so that they don't try to come between the Army and the people." Eventually, Mayor Romain took the President's arm and led him away.

On the morning of Constitution Day, a Sunday, the pews at St. Jean Bosco Church, near Port-au-Prince's La Saline slum, were a sea of white. A thousand or more people had squeezed into the nave to worship with the fiery and controversial Père Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the most outspoken of Haiti's liberation priests. (Only the Sunday before, Aristide had narrowly escaped the latest of several assassination attempts when a man waiting to receive Communion was found to be concealing a .38-calibre revolver.)

Minutes after the service began, as the priest raised the chalice above his head, a rain of stones hammered against the side of the building. Through the windows in the back doors, which had been chained shut, worshippers could make out a crowd of men smashing the windshields of cars parked outside. As the people exchanged glances and began to move about nervously, Aristide's young assistants called for calm, and began to lead the congregation in a song, urging them to raise their fists in triumph.

As the congregation stood with arms high, the doors burst open, and two dozen howling men stormed in, spraying the crowd with gunfire and swinging machetes, clubs, and knives. On their faces was a look "of crazed fury, worse than any animal," according to a woman in the congregation. The packed nave became a shrieking, deafening chaos: in panic, the people fled from the rear doors, crushing themselves into a surging mass near the altar as the bellowing attackers waded forward, slashing about them with their machetes and clubs and firing their pistols. "Right in front of me I saw them stab a pregnant woman in the stomach," the woman told me. "I saw them stab a man to death, and shoot several people point-blank. A man grabbed me and tried to use me as a shield as he pushed toward the door. I had to hit him, and finally pulled free. Then I felt a hand grabbing me, and I looked and saw one of them raising a machete over his head. For a second, I thought I was dead. But I pulled away with all my might, and left him standing there with the back of my dress in his hand."

Crying, screaming people were clogging the doorways, trampling one another. (A band of worshippers had instantly formed a circle around Père Aristide, and managed to hustle him out through the sacristy door.) "People

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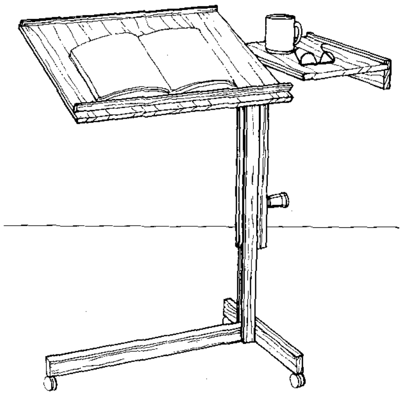

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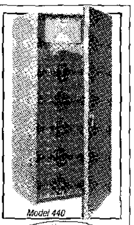

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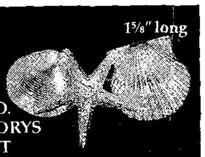

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were clawing at the doors, hiding behind the altar, diving under the pews, anywhere," the woman said. The bloody bedlam lasted for perhaps five minutes—"It seemed to go on forever," she said—during which more than seventy people were wounded, and at least thirteen, perhaps as many as twenty, were killed. In the courtyard, men stoned or clubbed those trying to escape, while others leisurely set about pouring gasoline around the bodies and torching the building. Père Aristide's church was soon engulfed in flames; only after it had been gutted and the roof had collapsed, in a great, crackling groan, did a fire truck arrive. "As I walked by the barracks," the woman said—there is a large military compound a few yards away—"I saw the soldiers leaning against the wall and peering out. They had watched it all."

Nor did the soldiers act when the gang of attackers moved past them down the Avenue Jean-Jacques Dessalines, the capital's main street, assaulting anyone they found wearing white (including some churchgoers who were unlucky enough to be wearing white choir robes). Within minutes, as the attackers went on to strafe and silence Radio Soleil and another radio station, then sack the party headquarters of two leading politicians—both of which lay in full view of the National Palace—the streets of the capital were deserted.

The next day, six people presented themselves at Radio Mètropole. Soon astonished Haitians were treated to a peculiar "post-game interview," as the authors of the massacre offered their personal accounts of how they had carried it off. "I was at the head of the gang," one boasted. "What you saw yesterday was child's play," said another. "Whatever parish lets Father Aristide lead a Mass, there will be a pile of cadavers attending. . . . We have good *cutting* weapons that can slice open backs and cut off heads." Making no effort to conceal their identities, the gang members later appeared on Tèlè Nationale, the state-owned station, to offer their accounts. To a question about the pregnant woman one replied matter-of-factly, "She shouldn't have been in our way." (The next day, they stormed into the city hospital's maternity ward, hoping to finish her off. They moved from bed to bed, lifting up the gown of each woman

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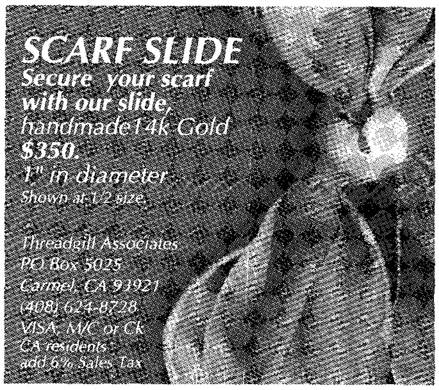

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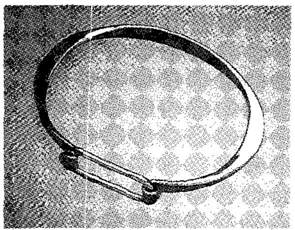

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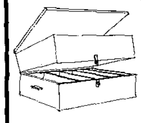

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to look for stab wounds, but they left disappointed; the victim had been moved.) Mayor Romain, whose City Hall employees had been recognized among the attackers, also took to the radio, advising the citizenry that it was Père Aristide who should be blamed, for "preaching violence." "He who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind," Romain intoned.

As had been intended, fear settled over the city; even Papa Doc had never put his Macoutes on the air to give Haitians public accounts of their massacres. Among the Presidential Guardsmen there was disgust as well. One respected soldier, Sergeant Frantz Patrick Beauchard, had arrived at St. Jean Bosco near the end of the attack, fearing that his girlfriend had been in the congregation. "I saw the church in flames, the people running, and the guys chasing after them, stabbing them," he told me. "It was a shock to see people lying dead with Bibles in their hands."

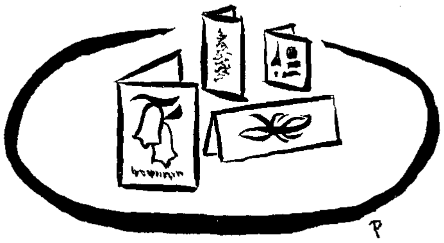
Beauchard was the leader of a group of about thirty Guardsmen who for some time had been discussing mounting a coup against Namphy. Ever since they brought the General back to the Palace, they had been disgruntled, for they had not received the money or the attention they thought they deserved from the President who owed them everything. Instead, Namphy had spurned the Army and come to rely on Franck Romain and his Macoutes—men who had traditionally been the soldiers' rivals and watchdogs, and had now taken on that function once again. "Several times, 'attachés' drew their guns on soldiers in the street," a Guardsman told me angrily.

"It was after St. Jean Bosco that we decided things must change," a sergeant told me. "Everybody knew that Franck Romain's people did it. And Romain came to the Palace every day." It was clear from a number of soldiers I talked to that the attack shamed them—that after that Sunday, as one young man put it, "a soldier could no longer walk with his head held high."

The coup was set for the following Saturday, September 17th. On Friday, Romain informed Namphy that a plot was under way, and the General asked his ally, along with a loyal officer, to investigate. Early on Saturday, Romain arrived at the Palace, armed, with several of his men. By that time, Namphy had a list of thirty names. ("He sent men to dig thirty holes at Fort Dimanche," a private told me.) Leaving an officer and some of Romain's men to begin arresting and interrogating those on the list, the General and the Mayor went off to attend a voodoo ceremony in a slum south of the city.

In midafternoon, the officer and Romain's men began arresting soldiers. "The commandant and the attaché handcuffed one of the soldiers, and five others started shooting in the air," a Guardsman told me. "The commandant and the attaché ran. I ran to get my gun. In the dormitory, a captain was on the floor trying to rip off his officer's stripes; when he saw me, he ran, jumping over a wall." As Haitians outside the Palace, hearing the heavy firing, raced in panic to get off the streets, the soldiers brought out armored cars and trained their guns on Namphy's office, where the General, the Mayor, and a number of armed attachés had holed up. Speaking through a megaphone, a soldier announced that Namphy had five minutes to surrender. A few rounds were fired down into the courtyard, causing a great deal of confusion and allowing Romain to make his escape.

The soldiers gave Namphy a second ultimatum. When he failed to respond, the soldiers, having taken care to turn their megaphone toward the Dessalines Barracks and warn their rivals "This has nothing to do with you—it is our affair," began firing. Taking up his own megaphone, Namphy offered to negotiate, but the soldiers told him it was too late and went on shooting. (Some of their comrades were meanwhile tracking down Private First Class Délinois Sonthonax, the soldier who had provided Namphy with the names of the plotters. Discovered cowering in the shower, Private Sonthonax begged for a chance, according to a soldier who found him. "We said, 'No chance for you!' and we each gave him a *coup de Galil.* He took at least two hundred and fifty rounds.")



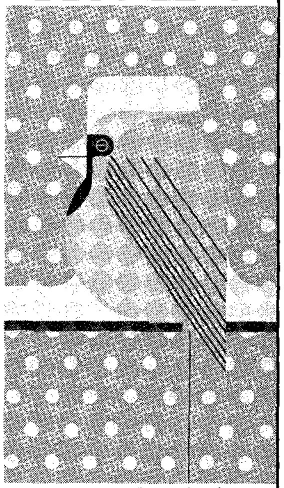
At last, General Namphy surrendered, and three soldiers, one of them armed with a heavy machine gun, brought him out of the Palace, along with his wife and daughter. As they shoved him toward an armored car, he became sick and asked for his medicine. Then he appealed to the soldiers. "Whatever you want I'll give you," he said, "but let me stay here as a citizen of my country. Don't exile me."

"We told him, 'No, after what you've done you're no longer a citizen of this country!' " a soldier reported. After taking his wife's and daughter's purses, the soldiers pushed the General and his family into the armored car and sent them to the airport. In a few hours, General Namphy was occupying the same suite in the same Santo Domingo hotel that had accommodated the fallen Leslie Manigat three months before.

The rebels were now faced with the question of how to fill the empty Presidential chair; many of the thirty original plotters, tipped off earlier that Namphy was on to them, had fled the Palace grounds—including Sergeant Beauchard, the man who was meant to take the reins of power. The plan had been, Beauchard told me later, for him to hold power until the senior Supreme Court Justice could be installed as a provisional President, responsible for leading the country toward "free and honest and rapid elections, according to the constitution Namphy shredded."

But when the time came Beauchard wasn't there. And Faustin Miradieu, the young private who was designated to find Beauchard, happened to be a supporter of Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, who, along with Prosper Avril (now a General) and several other officers, had by this time come to the Palace in response to a frantic call from Namphy.

In the President's office, a number of soldiers were arguing about who should be given power. At this point, Private Miradieu led Colonel Paul into the room. As a sergeant later described the scene, "Faustin took Paul's hand, put him in the chair, and said, 'Jean-Claude Paul, you are President.' " General Avril, who had been observing the discussion, immediately agreed, and sat down to write the speech President Paul would shortly deliver to the nation. But then Captain Joseph-Frank Timothée, the man who had led



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the group that brought down Namphy, strode into the office, carrying his heavy machine gun. When he saw Paul seated in the President's chair, Timothée exploded. "No!" he said. "Paul is impossible," and he reminded the soldiers of their problems with Paul's attachés. The young soldiers continued to argue heatedly until, as one described it, "Timothée grabbed Paul by the collar and said, 'Get out!' "

A bizarre scene ensued in which the excited soldiers offered the Presidency to one man after another—Lieutenant Luce Elie, Lieutenant Zamor—and each refused. "We weren't of a class to do it," one private told me. They didn't think they had enough education. Then someone was sent to fetch Sergeant Joseph Hebreux, a medic, who was distinguished from his colleagues by his high-school degree. After he was found—hiding under a bed in the infirmary—Sergeant Hebreux was offered the Presidency, and he, too, refused, bursting into tears.

Finally, Timothée turned to Avril and said, "Get in there. *Take power!*"

As the luckless Beauchard later put it, a bit wistfully, "Power was there, floating in the air, and Avril only had to seize it."

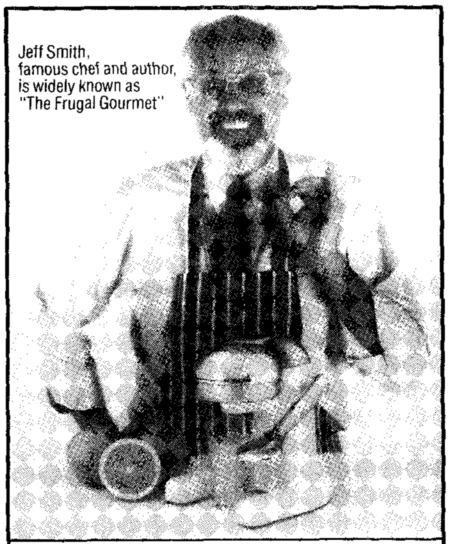
"AH, *l'intelligent Avril*," no less a judge of men than Papa Doc had famously remarked of his young aide-de-camp from the little town of Thomazeau, east of Port-au-Prince. And, indeed, Prosper Avril was to be a fixture in the Palace for two decades, becoming even more essential to the young Duvalier than he had been to the old, taking his place not only as the dominant officer of the Presidential Guard but also as Jean-Claude's closest military confidant (the able officer who kept an office in the National Bank, and who was sophisticated enough to take numerous trips to Switzerland and elsewhere to see to the young dictator's "investments") and, finally, as the key figure behind the scenes during the Namphy regimes. Indeed, for most Haitians "behind the scenes" had been the defining characteristic of Prosper Avril; they would tap their temples and smile knowingly when his name was mentioned. Though he might not appear on television to address the nation, they would say, it was Avril who wrote the speeches. And, of course, however quiet his role in the Palace, the young man from the provinces had made sure that his services were richly rewarded: Avril's house above the city—a spectacular mansion, every orange and rose brick of which was supposedly imported from Italy (along with the craftsmen who built it)—was famous throughout the country. Now the intelligent Avril had become President, and during the next hours and days Haitians would be able to see the fifty-year-old officer justify Papa Doc's comment.

Among the soldiers there was still dissatisfaction; they would not be content to wander back to their barracks empty-handed. So, in the chaos of that room, the new President modestly suggested—or perhaps helped the soldiers suggest—that it would be only fair for one of them to rule alongside him. And thus, in the early-morning hours, when frightened Haitians saw the inevitable gathering of soldiers appear on their television screens, they were startled to see a nervous, unfamiliar face. It was that of the tearful twenty-seven-year-old high-school graduate Sergeant Hebreux (with whom, as it happened, Avril was well acquainted, since Avril's wife worked in the same Palace infirmary as the young man). Surrounded by enlisted men in helmets, the young Sergeant read out a statement prepared for him by the helpful General Avril, explaining that "the little soldiers," in deposing Namphy, had aimed at nothing more than "to restore honor to the Army" and had therefore installed as Haiti's new President "one of the most honest officers in the Army." Only then, after demonstrating to the Haitian people that he had come forward at the urgings of the "little soldiers," did Avril address the nation that he now proposed to "save" from "anarchy and chaos."

A charming man, who had been trained by the United States Marines at Quantico and by the Navy at its Intelligence School in Anacostia, who spoke English competently, and who, as one diplomat observed during the next days, was "very worldly," Avril wasted no time in telephoning and then meeting with Ambassador McKinley. To the Ambassador—who for the past three months (when the Americans' former client General Namphy seemed to have been transformed before their horrified eyes into another Papa Doc) had had reason to regret his Embassy's cold treatment of Leslie Manigat—this meeting must have seemed too good to be true. It wasn't long before the Embassy was reporting the new President's "hopes for a transition to civilian rule." Soon, too, it became clear that reports that Colonel Paul was to become the Army's Commander-in-Chief (an unfortunate choice, in the American view) had been mistaken.

But this had been a "little soldiers' coup," and though Avril very shortly had the aspect of a man riding a tiger, he actually managed to ride it very much in his chosen direction. For the soldiers, most of them uneducated peasants earning a few dollars a month, living in squalor, and enduring the contempt of their officers, the time for their own *déchoukaj*—their own chance to uproot—had at last arrived. In the capital and all around the country, angry enlisted men turned on their astonished officers. President Avril sat back to watch as one after another of his former colleagues was delivered, handcuffed and bound, to the Army headquarters and left there, to the cheers of an excited crowd. In short order, virtually the entire upper tier of the military—comprising almost all of Avril's major rivals—had been swept away. Meanwhile, the home of Mayor Franck Romain, who had taken asylum in the Dominican Embassy, was sacked, and in front of the ruins of St. Jean Bosco many of the men who had been foolish enough to reveal themselves as the authors of the massacre were brought forward and burned alive.

President Avril busied himself behind the scenes. The day after the coup, the thirty original plotters called on him and demanded that he appoint Sergeant Beauchard his Interior Minister. Avril, remarking gently that the Sergeant "was not competent to manage the politics of such a job," appointed him president of the National Gaming Commission instead—a post that had little to do with reform but offered toothsome opportunities for self-enrichment. After the soldiers presented Avril with a list of "Nineteen Points" that they had prepared to guide them after the coup—among which were "reinstate the Constitution in its integrity," "organize free and honest elections within a year," "eliminate corruption," "eliminate paramilitary forces," and (no doubt bring-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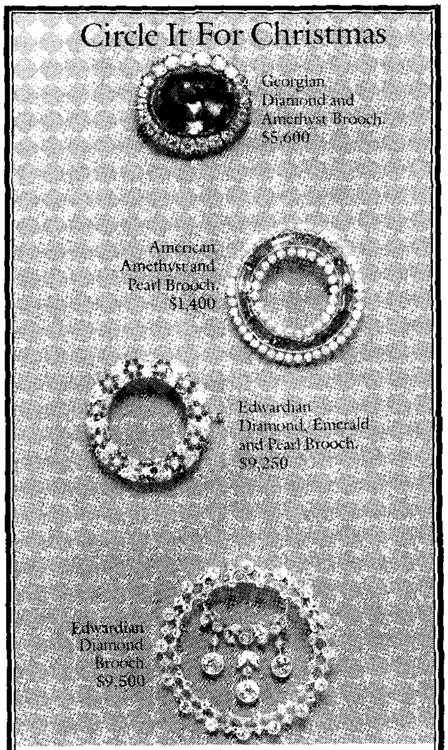
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ing a smile to Avril's face) "forbid the military to run the country"—the avuncular President wisely created for the men an "Office of Suggestion" within the Palace where they would be free to develop their plans.

Less than two weeks after taking power, Avril presented the Haitians with a stunning *coup de théâtre*. Jean-Claude Paul, the man whose reaction all Haitians had awaited with trepidation, had accepted retirement. Following a frank talk with the highly persuasive new President (who happened to be an old classmate from the Academy), Colonel Paul quietly left his stronghold and returned to his lovely home in Fermathe, high above Port-au-Prince. (A month later, after eating a bowl of soup, he collapsed and died. Accusations that he had been poisoned were never proved.) Hours after Paul left the Dessalines Barracks, Presidential Guardsmen stormed a safe house that he had established for the Macoutes, arrested a number of his "attachés," and confiscated a large store of weapons.

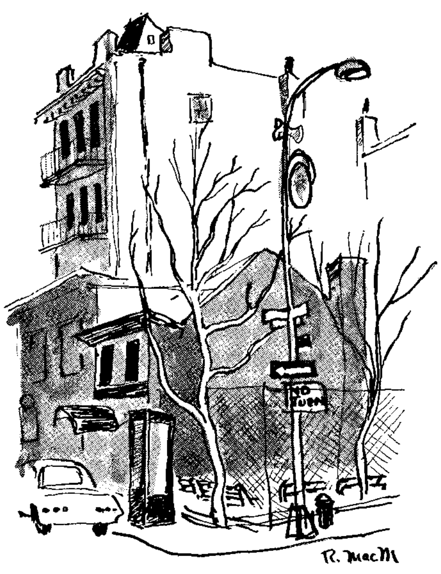
Meanwhile, General Avril was embarking on a political offensive. At the Palace, he held a highly publicized series of "dialogues," in which he and the ever-present Sergeant Hebreux met with representatives of all sectors of Haiti's political world: popular leaders, unionists, and politicians of all stripes, including the leaders of the Communist Party. Avril vowed to put Franck Romain on trial; to close the dreaded Fort Dimanche; and to "definitively install democracy in Haiti." Along with this pledge, however, the General carefully noted his country's "pressing call to the international community to furnish financial aid . . . without which we will not be able to reach that point."

Within a few weeks, Haiti and the United States had signed an agreement under which the Americans would provide "financial assistance" to help the Haitians fight drug trafficking. A high-profile anti-narcotics campaign followed, and soon the Haitian government was presenting the Americans with more than three thousand pounds of captured cocaine, and the Americans were praising the new government for the "seriousness with which it considers the problem of illegal drugs in Haiti." A month later, the United States made about thirty million dollars available to the Avril government.

In mid-October, when a month of highly publicized "uprootings" had left the top ranks of the Army depleted, General Avril moved adroitly to rein in the renegade Haitian Army. No sooner were rumors of a coup plan circulating than it was announced that certain "plotters" had been arrested and jailed—none other than Sergeant Beauchard and the other "little soldiers" who had carried Prosper Avril to power a month before. "He said we were Communists and were planning a coup," Beauchard told me later. "It wasn't true. Avril just gave seventy dollars each to forty guys in the Guard to crush us." Avril made sure that his own men—especially the troops of the armored-car unit—were well rewarded. The Dessalines troops and the Léopards watched jealously as the longtime Presidential Guardsman consolidated his position.

During the winter and early spring, General Avril played a complicated cat-and-mouse game with the opposition: he held a televised "democratic forum" to discuss the question of elections; he imprisoned two prominent politicians on charges that they were planning terrorist acts; he saw to the appointment of a new Electoral Council but offered no clue to when elections might be held. Before long, as the economy continued to deteriorate, strike calls began.

In late March, the day after a senior State Department official paid a visit to the General, Avril fired four officers for alleged involvement in drug trafficking. During the early hours of April 2nd, a contingent of Léopards showed up at the General's mansion and took him prisoner. Several hours later, when the Léopards were transporting the handcuffed President to the airport for the flight to exile, they found their way blocked by the armored vehicles of the Presidential Guard, under the command of the dauntless Sergeant Hebreux. After a tense confrontation, General Avril was released, and the coup leader, Colonel Himler Rébu, of the Léopards, was taken hostage in his turn.



A week of confused intra-Army warfare ensued, in which the capital remained under a nighttime curfew, stores were shuttered, and soldiers from opposed Army units—rebellious Léopards and Dessalines Battalion troops who had joined them, and loyalist Presidential Guards—blocked roads, occupied airports, and, by turns, seized radio and television stations to declare their intentions to the Haitian people. Finally, the Presidential Guards launched a tremendous battle against the Dessalines troops, in their barracks, next to the Palace. All over the capital, the noise of shelling and machine-gun fire was deafening, and scattered reports claimed huge losses of life. But by the time the Guardsmen, in their armored cars, had forced their way into the Dessalines Barracks—only to find them half deserted—no more than six soldiers had died. (A few days later, the Haitians learned that their wise President had taken care to use "training rounds"—blanks—for nearly all his bombardment.) With the Dessalines men in flight and the Léopards demoralized, Avril grasped the opportunity to dissolve both units, and assigned most of their troops to isolated posts around the country. By that stroke he dismantled the divided, rivalrous "Duvalierized" Army. Now his own Presidential Guard reigned unchallenged.

RECEIVING me in his office in the National Palace at the end of August, Avril stood at attention beside an immaculate desk, shoulders back, head held high, a very slight smile on his face. From the beginning to the end of our interview, he could have been playing the role of a competent, clever American-trained Third World military man, burdened with a distasteful job but determined to see it through: he would clean up the country, see it right, install true democracy at last; he

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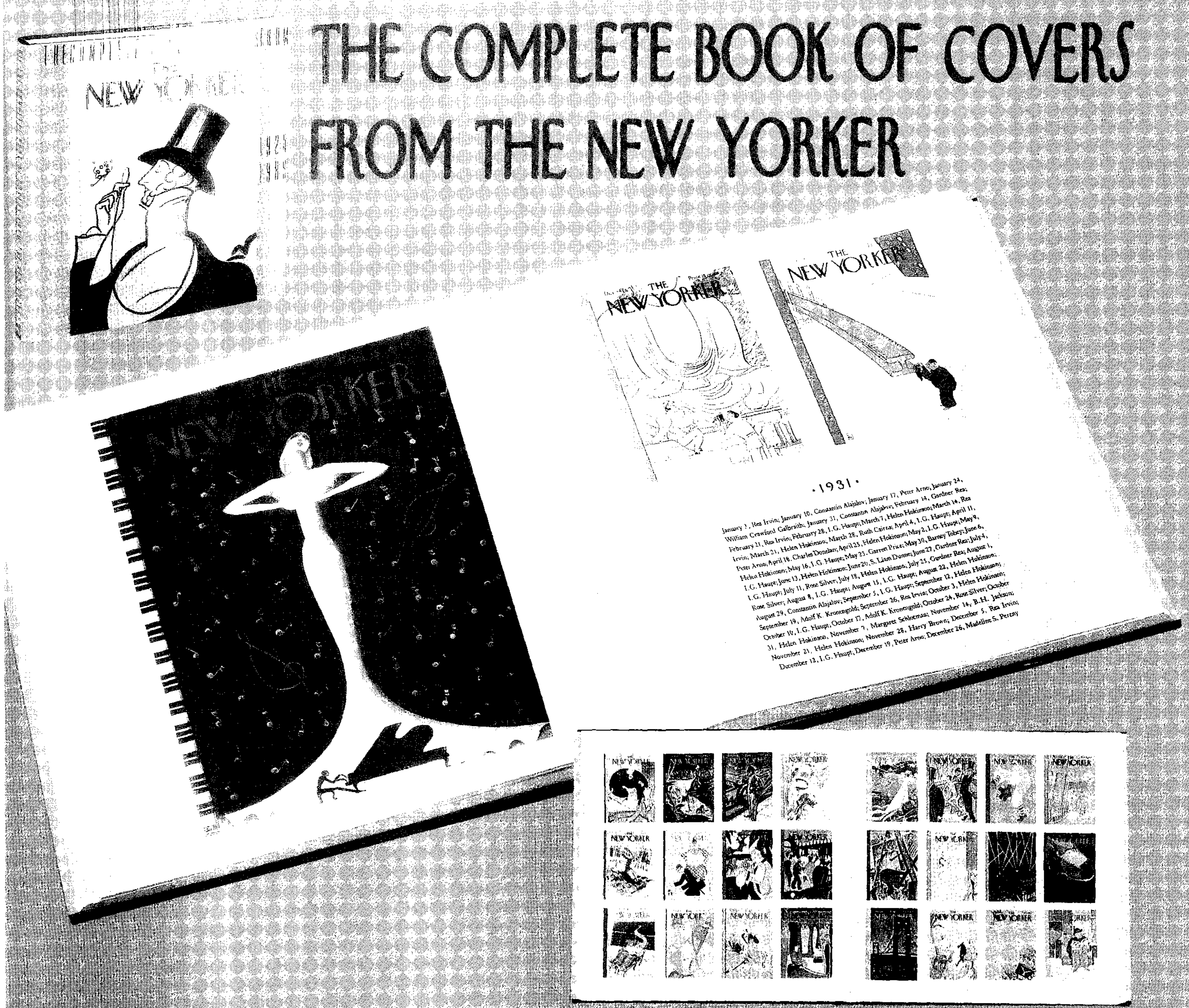

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didn't underestimate the difficulty of the job nor did he find the challenge insuperable.

The General spoke to me appreciatively of his American training at Quantico and at Anacostia and of his desire to "restructure" the Haitian Army. "The Army has been neglected for thirty years," he told me. Then: "Wait, I'll show you," and with that he suddenly rose from his chair and left the room. In a moment he returned, with a sheaf of photographs in his hand. "Look, look at the work we have to do," he said, flipping through the pictures of military posts around the country, some of them barely more than huts. "This is the situation we find ourselves in. This is why we ask for aid. Look, here's the post at Abricot. How can such a force assure democracy? We need at least nine million dollars to fix up these posts."

For Avril, confronted with an American visitor, all questions turned on drugs and foreign aid. About the insecurity in the streets he said, "A good deal of this comes from the terrible struggle we are waging against drug trafficking. Last week, we captured five hundred kilos of cocaine. Many times when there are bodies in the streets it is these drug dealers settling scores with one another."

And the charges that Tontons Macoutes, cashiered soldiers, even some Presidential Guards, were preying on the citizenry at night?

"No, no, that is finished. We have carried out a number of searches to recover the Macoutes' weapons. We've published requests in the newspapers for people who know of Macoutes with weapons to let us know, and we send soldiers to get them." As for the "climate of insecurity," the General shook his head, smiling condescendingly. "You know, in any city of a million people there is violence," he said. "Here they say there is 'a climate of insecurity'? In New York, every day there are scores of cases in any hospital like these." (An American diplomat had made much the same point: if there were robberies and killings, it had less to do with "any grand design of Avril's than with the collapse of the police state"; that is, it was a good sign.)

"Things are starting to move now," the General told me. "American aid is starting to arrive. The World Bank money is starting to arrive. We are starting to do what we must: put the

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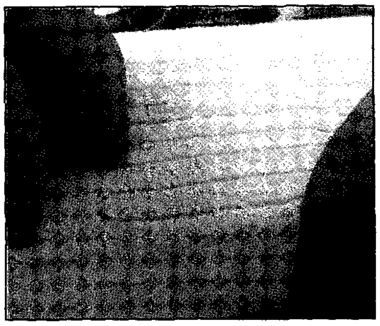

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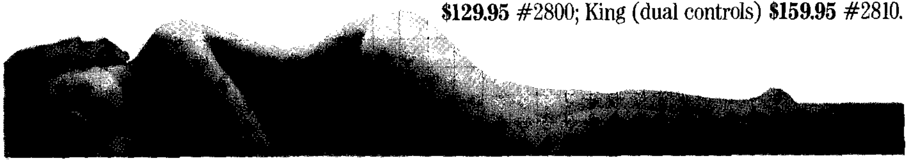

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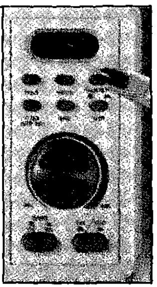

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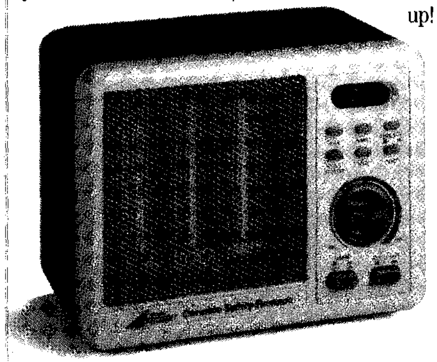

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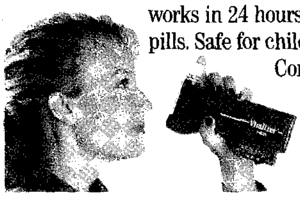

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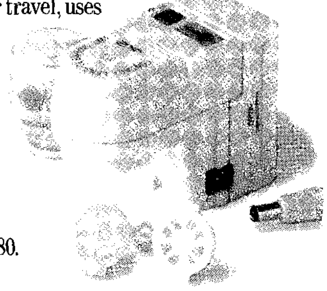

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people to work, restructure the armed forces, better equip the police, so they can remedy the 'climate of insecurity.' " When I mentioned the constitutional provision that the police be separated from the Army and placed under the Justice Ministry, the General looked at me with a wistful expression. "Well, of course we would like to do that," he said. "But it takes money."

What did the General think about the claims that he himself had stolen money—that he had served as Jean-Claude Duvalier's "bag man" on his trips to Switzerland and elsewhere, and that his enormous house and others like it were no small cause of the governmental poverty he was pointing to?

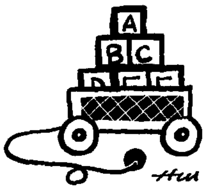
The General was indignant. "There was an American law firm here, investigating," he said. "They went through all the documents, from the National Bank, the Ministry of Finance—everything. They never found the name of Prosper Avril."

Perhaps this only proved that Prosper Avril was more intelligent than the others? The General smiled, acknowledging the compliment. "Ah, no, my friend," he said. "*That* intelligent it is not possible to be." He went on to say, "Right now, our job is clear: to assure a good start for our democracy, to arrange truly democratic elections, elections where the people *choose* a President."

IN September, Avril's Electoral Council announced a complex schedule that would begin with local elections in January, continue with legislative elections in July and August, and conclude with Presidential elections in October and November—more than two years after General Avril came to power. The schedule provoked criticism from candidates and popular leaders alike. Why, with the country's economy worsening daily, its coffers almost empty, and its currency collapsing, not to mention the "climate of insecurity" that left bodies in the streets every morning—why was such a long delay necessary before Avril's "irreversible democracy" could be installed? Unless, that is, the General intended to stay in power?

The month before, when I had raised with Avril the question of postponed elections, he had looked at me in mock horror. "But I cannot do that!" he said. "The Council is *independent*. I cannot interfere in its decisions—and neither, for that matter, can the candidates." Besides, he said, it had been partly the lack of preparedness that had doomed the elections of November, 1987. "To have elections when the country is in a state of revolution is just not possible," he said. "Even without the violence, there were no ballots, no polling places. It was a mess." This time, he added, things would be done right.

In August, the American government renewed Haiti's food aid—a ten-million-dollar shipment of wheat. "The most immediate thing we restored is the government's respectability," a senior American diplomat told me. "You have to understand," he said, "that Avril—Avril is a politician, as Namphy never was. And we believe he's sincere when he says he wants to move the country toward elections. The only alternative, after all, is some sort of crackdown, and he just isn't the type for that."



After the Council's schedule was announced, the pace of strikes and demonstrations increased. On October 31st, a coalition of twenty-three groups announced a monthlong program of marches, strikes, and demonstrations to protest against the Avril regime and the "climate of insecurity" still prevailing in the country. On November 1st, soldiers arrested three prominent coalition leaders: Evans Paul, the head of the mass organization KID; Jean-Auguste Mesyeux, a leader of the union federation CATH; and Étienne Marineau, a former sergeant in the Presidential Guard who had been one of the "little soldiers," in the coup that brought Avril to power.

The night after the arrests, Major Léopold Clerjeune, head of the Anti-Gang Service—a division of what had been Jean-Claude Duvalier's political police—appeared on Télé Nationale and read a statement accusing the three men of having concocted a "terrorist" plot aimed at assassinating General Avril and "all the officers and noncommissioned officers of the Armed Forces of Haiti." While he spoke, the camera panned off to his side to show the three men, standing mutely by. Evans Paul's boyish face was a swollen mass, and his shirt was drenched in blood; Mesyeux's face was also badly bruised, and his head was clumsily wrapped in bandages; one of Marineau's eyes was swollen shut. "Right after their arrest, the soldiers beat them about the head, trunk, genitals, and feet with iron bars," Dr. Louis Roy, a surgeon who was permitted to visit them in the National Penitentiary, told me. "Marineau was bleeding from his right ear and his right eye. I would guess he had a cranial fracture. He was in very bad shape, as was Evans Paul."

The sight of the three startled many Haitians. It was true that killings in the night had increased, but such a public display of brutality did not seem Avril's style. Now an ever-larger segment of the political spectrum began denouncing the regime and demanding its early departure. "We cannot have elections in these conditions. The people are united against elections now," said Dr. Roy, who is the head of the Association for the Defense of the Constitution. Hubert de Ronceray, the leader of a major coalition of centrist parties, put the matter bluntly: "We demand the departure of Avril because we know he is not seriously organizing elections. He is making fun of everyone."

As the second anniversary of the November 29th massacres approached, the only major figure who was still publicly declaring his readiness to participate in Avril's electoral process was Marc Bazin, who had come to be referred to as the "American candidate." "Yes, there is a 'climate of insecurity,' " he told me. "But will you tell me how *not* having elections will remedy that?" Bazin, in language that seemed especially crafted to soothe suspicious Duvalierists, was now urging "a recognition of 'Haitian realities.' "

But, as so often in Haiti, history seems to be repeating itself. Bazin's rivals accuse him of courting the officers; they say his strategy is to position himself as the only viable candidate in an election boycotted by the other leaders. ("Bazin is trying to pull a January 17th move," Dr. Roy said, referring to Leslie Manigat's ascension in a largely boycotted vote.) In any case, if the government remains deeply unpopular—and this seems likely in view of the steadily worsening economy, exacerbated by an I.M.F. "austerity" plan that has raised food prices—only a figure highly critical of the military rulers can be expected to win a free election. And the officers are unlikely to let that happen, as the mas-

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sacres of November 29th show. And the more unpopular and controversial Prosper Avril becomes, the more repressive his regime is likely to become; the more repressive his regime, the less likely it is that Prosper Avril, with his mansion and his investments, will be able to walk away from the Palace and live peacefully and prosperously in his native land. If he were to attempt it, there might be inquiries, investigations, trials—even (and perhaps more likely) uprootings, for there are no independent courts, no strong Justice Ministry, no respected legal code that he can count on to protect him. He might well face the choice that so many Haitian rulers before him have faced: the Palace or exile.

This is what Haitians mean when they speak wryly of *le Fauteuil*—the Chair. Every Haitian of note seems to want the Chair, but once he has taken his place in it the Chair imprisons him and transforms him. The mumbling country doctor becomes a ferocious monster, the stuttering general becomes a drunken Caligula. For, once in the Chair, the Haitian ruler—"provisional" or permanent, king or general—finds himself with no choice but to fight to keep it. It was in this fight, in his determination to *endure*, that François Duvalier revealed his genius, by fashioning a repressive system that persists to this day. "All these candidates and their pronouncements are a joke," one of his followers told me proudly not long ago. "Duvalier still rules this land. He will rule it for fifty years."

There is much truth in this, and not only in the Macoutes still haunting the neighborhoods, the Duvalierists still plotting in their big houses. The dictator's rule is strongest in the Haitian mind. He bequeathed to Haiti a more powerful, more corrosive version of its traditional politics of paranoia: the general in the Palace sees plots everywhere, and feels compelled to crush them; the people outside can understand their leader only as a dictator, potential if not real. Along with the new paranoia, Papa Doc left his people a political desert: from a land virtually devoid of institutions and parties, a land whose politics seemed doomed to act out a recurring drama of conflict and conquest and terror—politics as bloody opera—the dictator had swept away even the players, the actors who had traditionally fought for power.

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It is only this last that has begun to change. The strongest of the parties that sprang up after Jean-Claude have not vanished; they have become more established. Haitians have grown used to seeing the faces of their leaders on television, to hearing their voices on radio. At long last, the politicians have begun forming coalitions, to join together rather than split apart. For the first time since 1957, Haiti has an established opposition. It is just possible to hope that these new groupings are the fragile beginnings of those institutions the country so desperately needs if it is to arrest the human and political decay. But, even if they survive, they are only the beginnings.

Late one night last August, I was driving on Haiti's main road from Gonaïves to the capital when a thunderstorm swept in from the Caribbean. Within moments, a bridge was flooded. As I sat in my jeep in the darkness, waiting in a long line of stranded trucks, I turned on the radio, to find Marc Bazin being interviewed. Bazin, a well-educated, thoughtful man, articulate in several languages, graceful and charming, the highest product of Haiti's élite, was eloquent as he welcomed the current move toward political coalition. This was absolutely vital, he said, "to help the country emerge from the current crisis."

Suddenly, through the rain lashing the jeep's windows, I became aware of dark shapes outside, moving silently along the road. Looking more closely, I realized that I was sitting in the midst of a village; on either side of the road, scores of mud huts extended back into the trees. Now the rain had come, and—as would happen many times every year, hundreds of times in every lifetime—the villagers' homes had instantly been flooded, and the entire village had been forced from sleep out into the rain. With each flash of lightning, I could see them all, hundreds of them, standing mutely on either side of the road, thigh-deep in water. On the radio, Bazin's low voice droned on, smoothly, gracefully, forming its perfect sentences, continuing a brilliant analysis of Haiti's political crisis. When it rains in Haiti, the country's one highway is immediately impassable. When it rains in Haiti, the people have no shelter.

—MARK DANNER

(This is the third part of a three-part article.)

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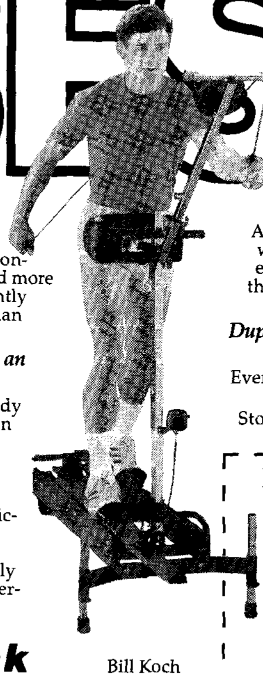

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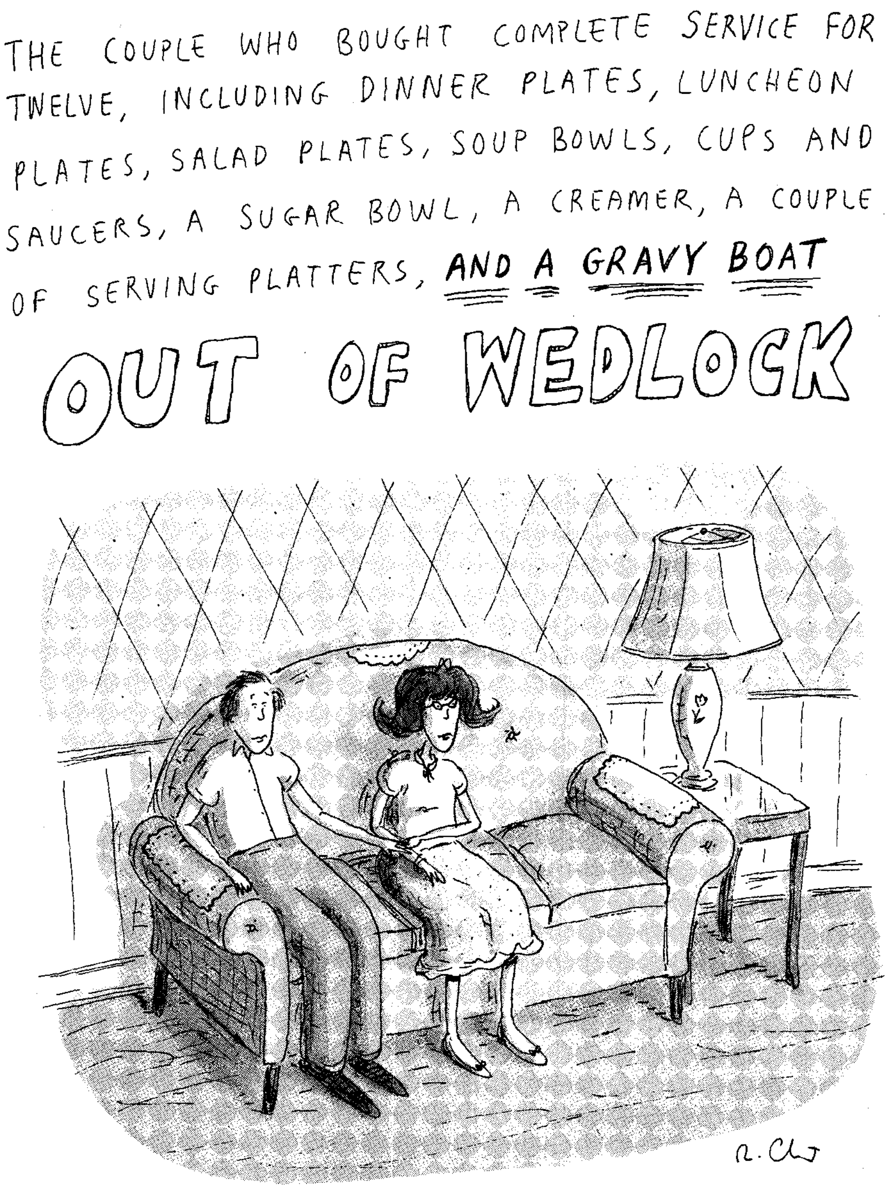
The richness has been achieved at a cost. Audiences once grew impatient if they were not offered new operas; today, audiences prefer to hear works of the past. Star singers—Senesino, Giuditta Pasta, Mary Garden—were once eager to create new roles; Maria Callas, the biggest star of recent years, "created" only one role, and that was Eurydice in the belated première of Haydn's "Orfeo." Instead of new operas, revivals and eccentric or extravagant new interpretations of familiar old operas hold the limelight. Musicology, with its critical editions, and the early-music movement, with its endeavor to recapture sounds and techniques of the past, seem to echo Verdi's 1871 plea "*Torniamo all'antico: sarà un progresso.*" Progress it has been, in the cleaning away of obscurant traditions and in the freshness and brightness with which "antique" works—by Francesco Cavalli, Antonio Caldara, Verdi himself—have spoken again, directly, to a modern public. Regrets that new operas are no longer much in demand and that commerce urges famous singers to concentrate upon a handful of famous roles can be tempered by delight in the wide range of operas now performed.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OUT OF WEDLOCK
R. Chast

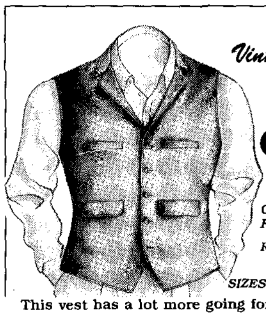
PIETRO MASCAGNI from 1890 to 1920 strove to provide the world with new operas. Only "Cavalleria Rusticana" (1890), the first of them to appear, made an international and indelible mark. The others are revived from time to time. Placido Domingo has recorded "Iris" (1898). "Parisina" (1913), which has a D'Annunzio libretto, opened the 1978-79 Rome season. "Sì" (1919), Mascagni's operetta about a girl who can't say no, has been done at the Montepulciano festival. His native Leghorn this year revived "Il Piccolo Marat" (1921). Last year, the New Jersey Opera staged "Iris" and "Zanetto" (1896), and this year "Lodoletta" (1917). This year, the Ars Musica Chorale gave a concert performance of "Silvano" (1895), a verismo piece in "Cavalleria" vein, in the First Presbyterian Church of Englewood, New Jersey. And last month Westchester Opera gave the American première of "Le Maschere" (1901), an opera that is remembered chiefly because it was billed for simultaneous first performance in Milan, Rome, Naples, Venice, Genoa, Turin, and Verona. Six of the premières took place; the Naples one was delayed for two days because the tenor Giuseppe Anselmi was ill. Laura Brambilla and Caruso sang in the Milan cast, and Toscanini conducted; Celestina Boninsegna, who recorded an aria, and Amedeo Bassi (Covent Garden's first Dick Johnson and the Met's second) sang in Rome, where Mascagni conducted.

The libretto, by Luigi Illica, is a three-act commedia-dell'arte romp, gracefully written but unskillfully constructed. The plot turns on adding a powder of disconcerting effect to a festal potion: the legitimate comic device is clumsily handled. Eight commedia-dell'arte characters, each of them given a chance to shine, prove too many. The score seems scrappy and short-breathed, the drama inconsequential. Yet there was evidently a serious, ambitious intention behind the work. It closes with a hymn: "Inspired Italian Masquerade, which hast given eternal art to all the world . . . now that thou art risen again, ever true and human, with immortal and triumphal charm destroy exotic, fatal deceit, and return to make fruitful what is great and Italian." Had Illica been reading Albert Giraud's "Pierrot Lunaire," or was it just that "Die Meistersinger" had been making the rounds of Italy? Mascagni resists the spells of the Northern Enchanter. His musical manners are deliberately eclectic but wholly Italian: he pays homage to Paisiello, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and the Verdi of "Falstaff," and brings forward his own personal, passionate vein in an aria for the heroine, "Signor grande, illustrissimo." She embarks on a simulated grand-opera protestation of grief but then, "overcome by emotion, begins weeping in truth" and falls into the powerful, poignant accents of Santuzza. The score is carefully and gracefully composed and is delicately orchestrated—Mascagni was the director of Pesaro's Liceo Rossini while he wrote it—but it lacks sustained melodic inspiration. There are many admirable, charming episodes. Afterward, little remains but the memory of agreeably wrought numbers strung on a silly plot.

The Westchester performance was given in Tarrytown's delightful 1885 theatre, which holds eight hundred and forty people: opera has the intimacy and directness that small Italian houses provide. No one needed to push, though at times some of the singers did. The work could well have been performed in English. (It was done in Italian, with supertitles.) The cast was not hole-and-corner. Adriana La Ganke, the Met's Ortlinde (and an Aida, a Tosca for lesser companies), was the Rosaura, and she rang out movingly in "Signor grande." (The role calls for a soprano who can be both playful and hefty; Maria Caniglia undertook it in La Scala's 1931 revival.) Florindo, the role created by Caruso, Bassi, Anselmi, was bravely but not always accurately voiced by Neil Breeden, who has been a Don José and a Radamès for small companies. And so on. Philip Tatum, the Brighella, made his operatic début after experience in plays and musicals; his directness and his forward words, untainted by *wah-waw* resonance, were a pleasure.

The director, Franco Gratale, had had the unhappy idea of turning Rosaura and Florindo into broad parodies of Zinka Milanov and Luciano Pavarotti. A touch or two could have been funny. Miss La Ganke's dismay when columns she emotively embraced in the famous Milanov manner wobbled away from her was amusing. Mr. Breeden's flourish of a white handkerchief during his serenade produced a predictable laugh. But since the caricatures were sustained throughout the evening—since Mascagni's young commedia-dell'arte lovers were enacted as two monsters uninterested in one another or in the drama, concerned only with a gesticulated display of their voices to the audience—the opera was slighted. One hesitates to mention "Le Maschere" in a breath with "Così Fan Tutte," yet there is something in it of the play of true, deep feeling against stock convention: commedia dell'arte, as the final hymn of "Le Maschere" asserts, can "humanly alternate laughter and tears." This aspect of the opera went unregarded in the Westchester show. The piece was played for instant effect; what could have been touching was guyed. Steven Larsen conducted a rough and unready small orchestra. His beat was insistent, not flowing; perhaps too little rehearsal time made that necessary. Anthony Cappa's sets, executed in shiny reflective materials, could be described as parish-hall Pizzi. The opera came through, in a zestful, enthusiastic, unsubtle performance.

IN "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria" (1640), Monteverdi brought to the public theatre the dramatic genius—his command of the way words sung, enacted, accompanied, shaped into musical forms can convey and stir feeling—with which more than three decades earlier he had, in "Orfeo," transformed court opera. "Ulisse" joined the English National Opera repertory last month, in a production by David Freeman, and I read of "an ensemble performance of eloquent simplicity and heart-lifting beauty" which "seems to



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lock into the lives of all its audience, to make the events on stage and in the pit part of their own lives.” That is what I felt about the “Ulisse” that Stephen Wadsworth presented in Milwaukee last year, at the Skylight Opera. It was a knockout theatrical adventure. That is what I hoped to feel about the two different productions of “Ulisse”—by the Waverly Consort and by the Opera Ensemble of New York—that were presented in New York last month. But neither show began to do justice to the work. Neither of them—Waverly’s staged by Philip Minor, in the Miller Theatre, up at Columbia, and the Ensemble’s staged by John Sheehan, in the auditorium of P.S. 6—showed any dramatic flair, any awareness that the yearning, fidelity, trust, suspicion, despair, amorous insouciance, reluctance to accept happiness but final surrender to it which Monteverdi expressed so subtly and keenly, were emotions to be projected, and shared by the listeners. The singers sang dutifully, adding scrupulous adornment to a slowed-down close of nearly each phrase. Period orchestras—Waverly’s directed by Michael Jaffee, at the lute, and the Ensemble’s conducted by Paul Echols—plonked away at accompaniments or sawed through the parts that had been composed for them. And the drama died. This was archeology at its dullest. On the credit side: Laura Pudwell, Waverly’s Penelope, has a well-formed and reliable voice (but no dramatic presence); and Jonathan Kline, the Ensemble’s Irus, made much of a mad scene that begins as comedy and turns into horror. In 1976, the City Opera gave us an “Ulisse,” in the Leppard revision, that was unsatisfactory but had some dramatic force. We look to Christopher Keene, the new City Opera director, to provide New York with regular Monteverdi performances that lock into audiences’ lives.

“Die Frau ohne Schatten,” the late William Mann wrote, “is perhaps the most pretentious of [the] Strauss-Hofmannsthal operas; it is perhaps the most ‘pretentious’ opera in operatic history. And yet it is possibly the most moving and beautiful of all.” Hofmannsthal sought through his collaborator to create the Great German Opera: a “Faust” musicked, a “Magic Flute” without the frivolity, a “Fidelio” less strenuously earnest. His libretto was a confection. Hermann Broch called it an “artificial fairy tale grounded in no kind of popular myth.” The composer was led into worlds of symbolism where he felt ill at ease, but he responded with exquisitely wrought music, and he humanized Hofmannsthal’s artifice.

Last month, the Met revived its famous production of “Die Frau ohne Schatten”—it was first seen in 1966 and has been absent for seven seasons—without having been able to assemble an adequate cast. Eva Marton, the Empress originally billed, withdrew; her replacement, Mechthild Gessendorf, fell sick; on the first night of the revival, the role was taken by Ruth Falcon, making her Met début. She sang the role at Covent Garden two years ago, for Christoph von Dohnányi, and the reviews were not unfavorable. At the close of the Met “Frau,” she was pelted with flowers. But I thought she was screamy, unethereal, and unmoving. Marilyn Zschau, as the Dyer’s Wife, had a moment at the start of Act III when her understanding and warm communication of the role transcended the ugly way in which she sang it, but elsewhere she, too, was screamy. Helga Dernesch tackled the Nurse, a role she could no longer compass. Bernd Weikl trumpeted Barak’s music, and Robert Schunk delivered the Emperor’s stolidly. There were few voices onstage from whose climaxes one did not flinch. Christof Perick, a clear and capable conductor, had devised cuts different from those of Karl Böhm in Acts I and II, largely concordant in Act III; one heard some passages unplayed before in the Met. (To hear the complete “Frau,” one must turn to the Angel recording, conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch.) The stagecraft was also inadequate: the descent of the fishes and the sudden apparitions of a tiara and of a fiery sword were muffed, and at the crucial moment of the drama—when the Woman without a Shadow gains a shadow—no shadow appeared. Offstage music was coarsely amplified, and a persistent electrical hum smutched the score. A disappointing revival—ill-sung, unimaginative.

“Salome,” “Elektra,” and “Der Rosenkavalier” entered the international repertory without delay. “Ariadne auf Naxos” took a little longer, and only in recent decades have performances of “Die Frau ohne

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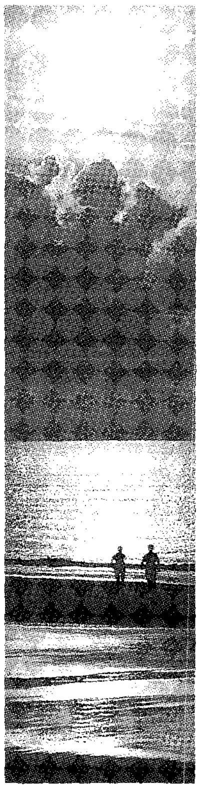

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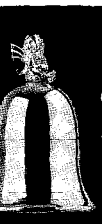

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Schatten" and "Arabella" become common. With those works and "Capriccio" we have the best of Strauss. His other operas—and they all prove worth hearing—are matter for occasional revival. "Friedenstag" (1938) received its New York première last month, at a Carnegie concert given by the Collegiate Chorale. The opera is in effect a dramatic cantata, a pacificist paean. It was conceived by Stefan Zweig, although the words were written, in the main, by Joseph Gregor. The work falls into three parts, concerned with loyal, war-weary soldiers and their Commandant's stern decision to blow up the citadel rather than surrender it; with the Commandant's heroic, loving wife, Maria (her long aria and the duet with the Commandant are the finest stretch of the score); and with the coming of peace and the overcoming of the Commandant's reluctance to accept it. The sentiments are elevated, and although Strauss's music does not always rise to them it is always full and fluent, and sometimes noble. The close is a long-sustained C-major peal from double chorus, soloists, and large orchestra, about which Gregor was enthusiastic: "The great simplicity and monumentality of 'Friedenstag' will make it long shine out among all your works. . . . The only comparison I can find is the close of the Ninth, but the close of 'Friedenstag' is still simpler, more monumental, more exalted." (Strauss's reply was a laconic "Let us hope that in your authorial delight you do not overrate me.")

There were able veterans in the Carnegie cast: Richard Cassilly as the Burgomaster, George Shirley as the Marksman (a role first sung by Julius Patzak), and, especially incisive, William Wildermann as the grizzled Sergeant. The Commandant (a role first sung by Hans Hotter) was Roger Roloff, clean and firm of voice but bland in expression. Alessandra Marc, as in last year's Santa Fe production of "Friedenstag," was Maria. She did some horrid things with her opulent and potentially important voice, screaming high C's until they turned into painful—though well-tuned—howls. The Collegiate Chorale and the New York Gay Men's Chorus formed the two choruses. The first concern of the conductor, Robert Bass, seemed to be to coax ever more volume from his forces; the finale was more noisy than inspiring.

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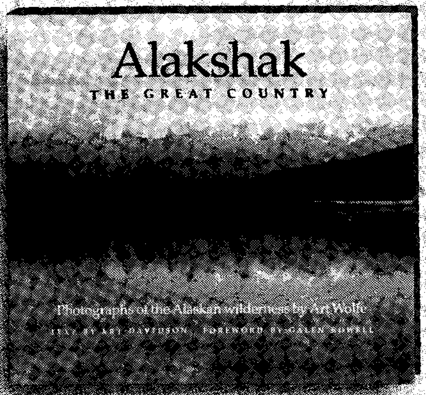
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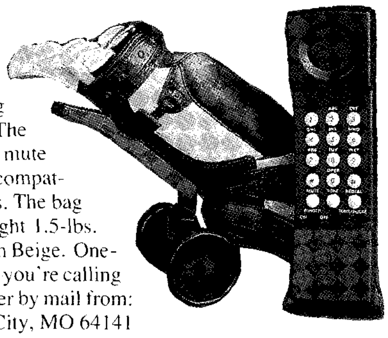

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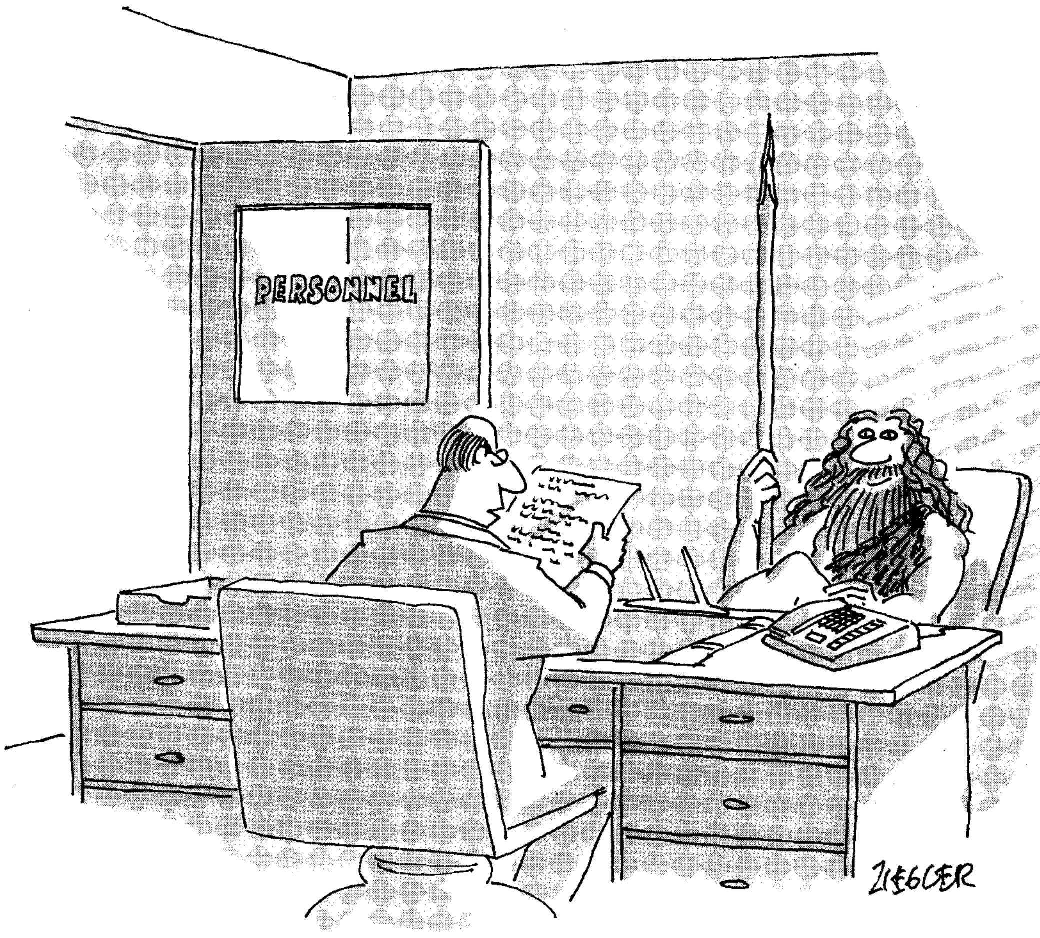
THE love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. It's a rich subject for a movie, and Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed "Blaze," responds to it. (At least, he responds intellectually.) Ol' Earl was on one of his regular visits to the Bourbon Street burlesque clubs when he walked into the Sho-Bar and saw Blaze Starr. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. It was early in January, 1959, and she had been in New Orleans only three or four days, but she had been working in Baltimore and Philadelphia and other cities, and was already a headliner. As she said in the autobiography ("Blaze Starr: My Life As Told to Huey Perry") that's part of the source material for this movie, she loved stripping as much as Ol' Earl loved politics. He was a white-haired sixty-three when they met; she was in her slim, rounded twenties—ripe and bouncy. Earl was a hungry man; she would be the woman he could never get enough of.

Shelton (who made "Bull Durham") cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. A. J. Liebling, who covered the Long politicking of 1959 and 1960 for this magazine, adored him, too. (The articles came out in hardcover as "The Earl of Louisiana," which was reprinted in the good, fat 1982 compendium "Liebling at Home.") Liebling, who says that he'd left New York "thinking of Earl as a Peckerwood Caligula," came to regard him as "the only effective Civil Rights man in the South." Shelton doesn't quite engage with the political ideas, and doesn't quite capture the richness of the love story, either. For a long time, we don't get into the film. Newman's Earl doesn't have the natural exuberance that we expect, and we don't feel as if we're hurtling along dirt roads in a Cadillac with tail fins. We're watching Earl K. Long, yet we never get to see his real oratorical genius with poor voters. (Liebling—a man not easily impressed—describes his own response to an Earl Long speech: "He called for a show of hands by everybody who was going to vote for him, and I waved both of mine.")

Shelton skitters over things: we don't feel the full effect on Earl of that first view of bosomy, overscaled Blaze in the spotlight; we don't get a moment where it hits us that the two belong together. But if the movie is a little flat, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue—a Peckerwood Caligula—in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." (An incident demonstrating Earl's foxiness—he gets jobs for black doctors and nurses in the state hospital system by pretending to be shocked to see white personnel taking care of black patients—is actually drawn from Huey Long's life.) What sustains the viewer's interest is the joke that Ol' Earl doesn't fit the liberal-left stereotypes of what a virtuous politician should be.

The center of the movie is the event in Earl Long's third term which became a national scandal and defeated him in his 1959 gubernatorial campaign. Ol' Earl was fighting the voter-registration law that was being used to disenfranchise blacks, and, rattled, angry, and maybe a little drunk,



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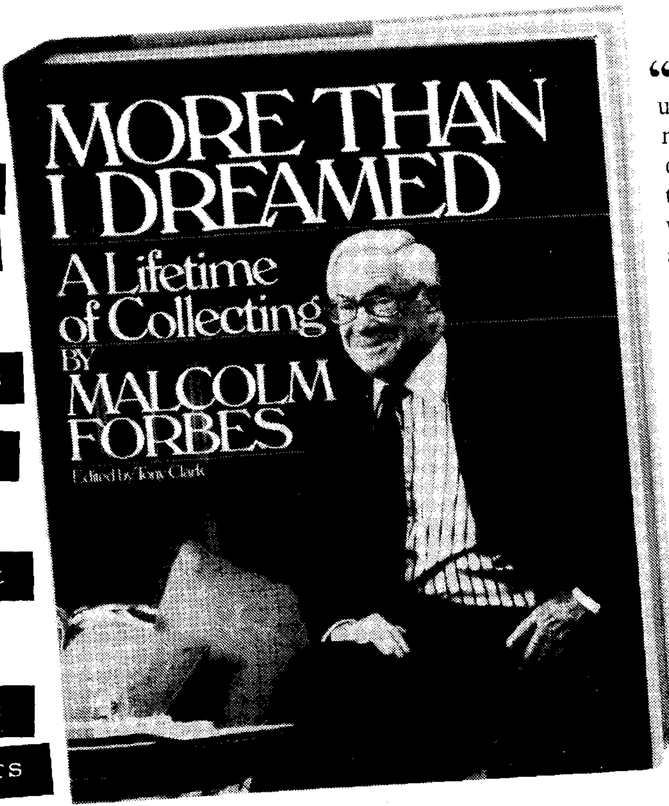

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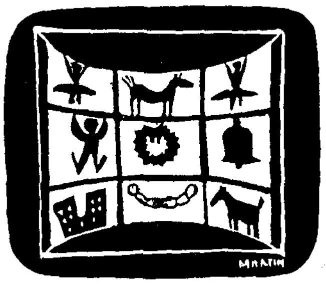
he took the floor of the state legislature and shouted, "You got to recognize that niggers is human beings!" The legislators thought he'd gone crazy—not because of his choice of words but because of his views. And, with the enthusiastic help of his estranged wife (who was upset about his dalliance with Blaze), he was given injections of drugs, hauled off to a mental hospital, and locked up. His beliefs got him diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic. (It's startling to look at newspapers and news magazines of the period and see how scathingly they described his outburst as evidence of insanity.) Confused and incoherent, he was still able to use his authority as governor to fire the mental-health officials and appoint a new top man, who promptly released him. (Afterward, he referred to himself as "a tried and true man, half crazy and half intelligent.")



Paul Newman has trouble with his earthy, expansive role. He just isn't the kind of actor to play a spellbinder who knows how to work up a crowd. Yes, he's red-faced and choleric here, and he uses the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker. But it sounds false coming out of him; Newman's Earl Long seems an eccentric husk of a man. Newman tries hard to play a man of instinct, a man who's dishevelled and larger than life. And you're aware of the effort. Newman doesn't transform. He belongs in trim, self-contained roles—that's what he's built for. (There's something essentially private about Paul Newman.) Yet when he acts what he doesn't really have in him something works in his favor. We in the audience are touched by Newman. (We love him the way Louisiana voters loved Ol' Earl.) Our affection for him begins to fill in the character, and his acting fills it in, too. You can feel Earl's gratitude for Blaze's availability and generosity; this is the woman who liked to call the men she performed for "you li'l ol' evil tomcats"—you can feel how happy she makes him.

Born circa 1935, the year Huey Long was assassinated, Blaze came from a family with eleven kids who lived in a two-room shack in a Dogpatch in West Virginia. She left home at fourteen and became a carhop, and a couple of years later she was working in a Mayflower Donut shop; soon she was an underage stripper. By the time she met Earl, she'd been through enough to appreciate a courtly big spender. Lolita Davidovich, a Canadian-born actress (of Yugoslav parentage), resembles the real Blaze Starr and handles the twang very deftly; she has a lovely, creamy-skinned figure (padded in her clothes) and a wide-faced sensuality, and she's been given mountainous flaming-red hair. Davidovich doesn't show the overblown personality of a burlesque star, but she moves triumphantly in her comic steamy routines. She touches the right chord: the way she plays the part, you never doubt that Blaze loves Earl. His being the governor is part of what she loves about him, but she doesn't stop loving him when he's out of office. Blaze Starr herself—she's in her mid-fifties now—appears in a scene backstage at the Sho-Bar. She's in the dressing room that Paul Newman's Earl comes into—he pays his respects to her with a kiss on her shoulder.

Shelton isn't a leering director; he's protective of both the actress and the woman she's playing. He mythologizes Blaze Starr, in a clearheaded way. Shelton has a lyrical sense of America (as he showed in "Bull Durham"). He isn't antagonistic toward his characters. He likes the fast-talking strip-bar manager (Robert Wuhl) who puts the make on the scared young Blaze, and he enjoys the Southern politicians: Thibodeaux (Jerry Hardin), La Grange (Gailard Sartain), Tuck (Jeffrey DeMunn), and old Doc Ferriday (Garland Bunting). He doesn't find it necessary to condemn the professional segregationist Willie Rainach (James Harper) or the hot-under-the-collar police captain (Stanley Tucci). They're all family, like members of Preston Sturges's stock companies.

By the end, when Ol' Earl is running for Congress in 1960, and drives himself so hard that he has a heart attack on Election Day, we understand his refusal to go to a hospital—or even to lie down—until after the polls are closed. (He's afraid his voters won't turn out if they hear he's in bad shape.) On the street, staggering between cronies who hold him, he greets passersby and calls out "Vote for Earl!" as he makes it to the hotel lobby, where he can be propped up. Newman has won us over; we've come to understand that politics is life to Earl, and it's full of surprises. (He won the election; it was just fifteen months since he'd been locked away as insane.)

Ron Shelton didn't have to do much mythologizing with crude, gallant Earl; almost all the political side of the film is factual. Shelton just does some juggling here and there, moving the incidents around. "Blaze" should be a better picture than it is; it's a lame, rhythmless piece of work. Still, it's about populism, corruption, and raw high spirits all working together. It's a last hurrah for a high-powered ol' tomcat. Paul Newman begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him.

"BACK TO THE FUTURE PART II" is all manic and wacky. It's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. I've never seen another movie in such a hurry or with so much shouting. Or maybe I have—"Who Framed Roger Rabbit," which, like this one, was directed by Robert Zemeckis. But I found "Roger Rabbit" such a nightmare that I put it out of mind; it's in a horrible genre all its own. "Future II" isn't nightmarish; it's sort of fun. But there's no real zest in it. It's more like a board game—or a video game—than a movie.

Zemeckis and his frequent writing partner Bob Gale are themselves obsessed mad inventors; they devise screwball-comedy contraptions that rival Doc Brown's DeLorean time machine. Their script for Spielberg's "1941" and their scripts that Zemeckis has directed—"I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "Used Cars," and the two "Future"s—are all marked by mechanical ingeniousness, but usually there's a spark of boyish impetuousness, too. Their movies are jokes that get carried away with themselves and swallow the universe. You can feel the kinetic impulse to go too far that drives these pictures forward; you can share in it, and feel terrific. But "Future II" —which is the middle film of a trilogy —smacks of the assembly line. All our attention is focussed on where Doc and Marty are in time, which of their multiple selves or their relatives they're going to run into, and what the bullies Biff and Griff (both played by Thomas F. Wilson) are up to. The inventiveness seems to be on a treadmill in a void.

When Doc rushes onscreen (in 1985) and tells Marty that they have to go to 2015, because something has gone wrong with Marty's children, it's just a gimmick to get the picture off the ground; we barely get a look at "the children" (both played by Fox). Characters interact with themselves at different ages; they're multiplied all over the place. But the only humor is in the special-effects multiplication processes (which probably account for the film's looking so dark); there's no ingenuity in the creation of the characters themselves. (Making the Marty of 2015 a business executive who's a cringing loser goes against the grain of everything we've seen Fox do as the young Marty, and the movie seems rather offhand about making Marty's son a wimpish twit.) There are no performances—except, maybe, in a nasty scene or two featuring Wilson's young Biff—because the continuum is too speedy for acting. Marty's girlfriend, Jennifer (Elizabeth Shue), is brought on board the time machine and then rendered unconscious and slung around like a sack of potatoes. Lea Thompson, who brought a dazed sexiness to the role of Marty's mother-to-be in the first film, is now split into three selves, all of them blanks. Christopher Lloyd has just one real moment; it comes at the end—he evinces surprise and promptly faints.

"Future II" got made because, as the Universal publicity material puts it, "in its initial release, 'Back to the Future' earned over $350 million worldwide, and emerged as the top grossing film of 1985." Obviously, if Zemeckis and Gale had not agreed to make the sequels themselves their characters and conception would have been turned over to other hands. It's no wonder that the film seems more hectic and more drab than the first. It doesn't have anything like the first film's what-the-hell Oedipal humor; maybe so much is at stake here that Zemeckis and Gale don't feel the freedom to be funny—they're caught in a machine-driven hysteria. The inven-

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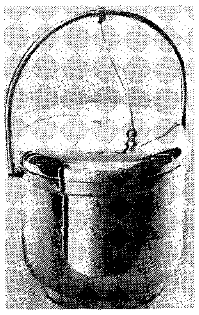

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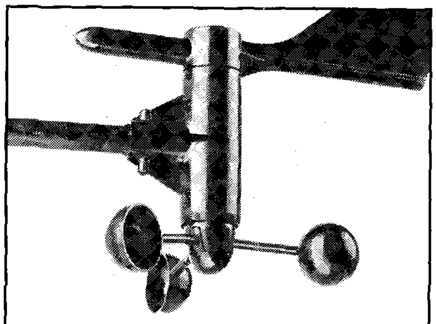
tiveness is fast and furious, but low in spirit. Inventiveness has become a formula. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off.

Hans Christian Andersen's tear-stained "The Little Mermaid" is peerlessly mythic. It's the closest thing women have to a feminine Faust story. The Little Mermaid gives up her lovely voice—her means of expression—in exchange for legs, so she'll be able to walk on land and attract the man she loves. If she can win him in marriage, she will gain an immortal soul; if she can't, she'll be foam on the sea.

I didn't expect the new Disney "The Little Mermaid" to be Faust, but after reading the reviews ("everything an animated feature should be," "reclaims the movie house as a dream palace," and so on) I expected to see something more than a bland reworking of old Disney fairy tales, featuring a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra. This is a technologically sophisticated cartoon with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. (The Faust theme acquires a wholesome family sub-theme.) The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea"), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out.

Are we trying to put kids into some sort of moral-aesthetic safe house? Parents seem desperate for harmless family entertainment. Probably they don't mind this movie's being vapid, because the whole family can share it, and no one is offended. We're caught in a culture warp. Our children are flushed with pleasure when we read them "Where the Wild Things Are" or Roald Dahl's sinister stories. Kids are ecstatic watching videos of "The Secret of NIMH" and "The Dark Crystal." Yet here comes the press telling us that "The Little Mermaid" is "due for immortality." People are made to feel that this stale pastry is what they should be taking their kids to, that it's art for children. And when they see the movie they may believe it, because this "Mermaid" is just a slightly updated version of what their parents took them to. They've been imprinted with Disney-style kitsch.

—Pauline Kael



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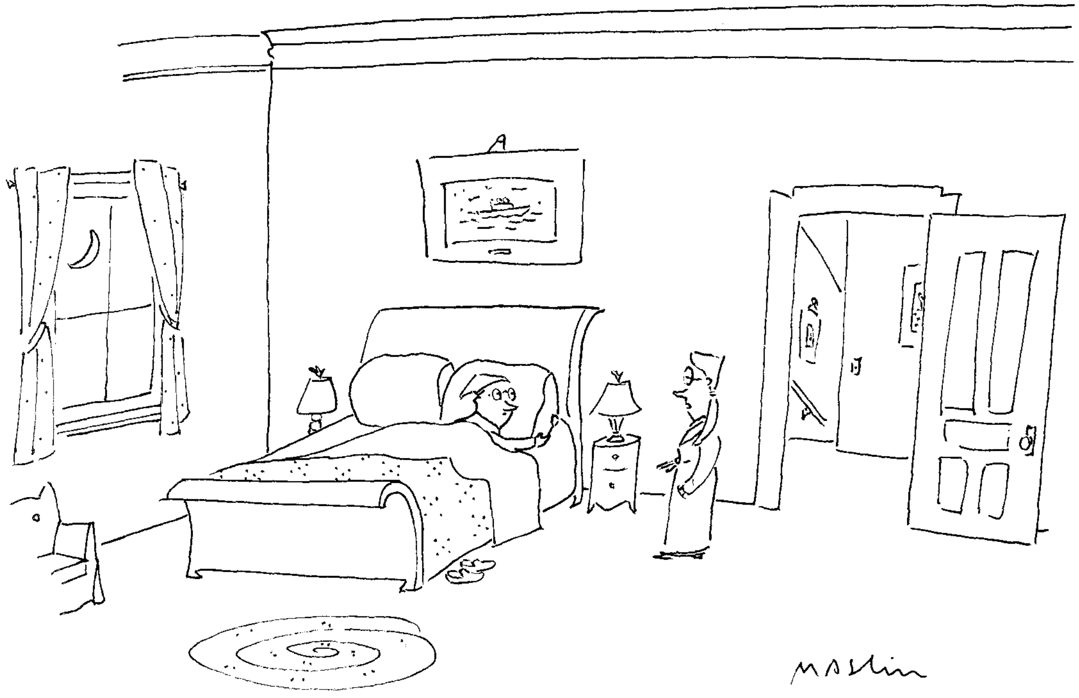
CHRISTMAS comes close to the turn of the year, so retrospection and the celebration of the new are simultaneously the order of the day, but that's not why many seasonal visitors to the toy departments these December weeks look as if they don't know which way to turn. Their minds often seem to be elsewhere as they inquire dutifully after the items on the Santa Claus lists that some young persons have made out for them. If the lists are long enough to be alphabetized (and the belief that greed, if not good, is perfectly O.K. has been perceptible at age levels far below those of Ivan Boesky and Gordon Gekko), the "N"s will quite probably include something associated with the Nintendo video-game system, otherwise known as the World of Nintendo, which Americans had never heard of until 1986, when the Japanese company entered the American market. This year, Nintendo's American branch expects to rake in more than two and a half billion dollars—not all of it out of your own pocket, of course, although to some parents, some weeks, it may almost seem that way. Nintendo is credited with having revived a dwindled-to-almost-nothing video-game industry and now accounts for more than eighty per cent of the money spent for such games. The basic "action set" will run you maybe $100.

A more elaborate "power set," which has a "power pad" and one extra game, might cost a more powerful $150. A new, hand-held version, called Game Boy, which measures only three and a half by six inches and plays smaller game cartridges, is just under $100 with various accessories. Shop around—and that advice also goes for the scores of cartridges, whose prices range from $25 to $65. The children will doubtless provide you with the names, dimensions, and serial numbers of the ones that a kind-hearted Santa would surely understand that they absolutely cannot do without. Watch it: the cartridge that involves the name Super Mario has nothing to do with politics, and the one called "The Legend of Zelda" has nothing to do with literature. Some adults complain that four- and five-year-old children are more adept at the games than they are. Other parents complain that the kids do nothing else. Whether you invest or bravely resist, the subject will come up. You may even be importuned to buy the new Nintendo cereal, which the children can munch while they crunch some hostile electronic force or other with a joystick.

Just ahead of Nintendo on the alphabetical list someone has handed you could be "Ninja turtles." That would be short for Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, which came on the market in June, 1988. Kay-Bee (in the new A & S Plaza) and Woolworth's have a good supply of the bizarre-looking four-inch plastic turtle types for $4.99. Consider what odds you'd have given a couple of years back that ranking fourth on the toy charts—that is, the list of best-sellers that the trade publication *Toy & Hobby World* issues each month—would be an item called Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. (*First* on the charts is, of course, Nintendo. Nintendo items are also sixth, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth.) Is it possible that Mr. Rogers, the little kids' friend, will soon be asking around the neighborhood, "Can *you* say '*mutant*'?" According to the biography that comes with them (nearly all action figures—the mutant turtles' toy category—are accompanied by biographies nowadays), there were four pet turtles named Leonardo, Donatello, Michelangelo, and Raphael whose owner tripped, dropping them into the city's sewer system, where they were trapped between two battling Ninja masters—one good guy, Splinter, and one bad guy, Shredder. Shredder didn't resort to the usual Ninja flying kick to the head but instead threw radioactive goo on his enemy, and some of it splashed on the hapless turtles. Splinter, the story goes, was turned into a giant sewer rat by the glowing slime—slime has been very big on the toy counters in recent years—while the pet turtles mutated into monstrous-looking purportedly pubescent turtle types, whom Splinter, now the Rat, trained in the Ninja arts so



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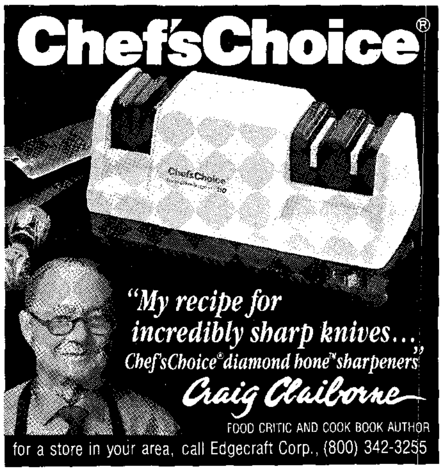
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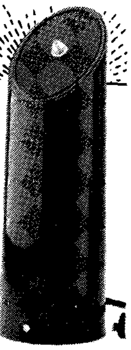
they could help him fight Shredder and his evil crew. "Fresh from the Sewer," it says on the cover of the literature handed out by the turtles' sponsors, Playmates Toys, Inc. The four turtles have been joined in their underground adversity by other mutants: a Samurai rabbit with "hare-trigger reflexes," for instance. There are now twenty of them available for purchase, each with a different name and individually horrible characteristics. Although the *Times* described them as "perhaps this year's most unlikely toy business success story" (that's the celebrated *Times* "perhaps"), they have prospered mightily. A cartoon series about their subterranean adventures is now a fixture on the after-school television-cartoon lineup. A videocassette based on these is $43.95. (Like all children's books and cassettes mentioned in this report, it is available nearly everywhere such items are sold.) A video-game cartridge—Nintendo, of course—is also on the shelves; at F. A. O. Schwarz, it is $47. A movie about the turtles is in the works, with prominent stars said to be vying for the role of Shredder. So far as is known, it has not been offered to Jack Nicholson, despite his stylish warmup in cartoon villainy as the Joker in "Batman." The Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street and 626 Columbus Avenue (90th), has a Joker Electronic Laughing Ball. Touch it—it's made of metal—and it lets loose with a wild, eerie laugh; $12.99 for this boffo item. In Waco, Texas, not long ago, actors wearing mutated-turtle outfits and hired to sign autographs at a toy store outdrew President Reagan, who made an appearance in town on the same day. The turtles are now third on the charts and the most popular action figures, G.I. Joe having fallen to eighth place, even though *his* full title is G.I. Joe, a Real American Hero.

The alarming-looking Rat—formerly Splinter, now one of the Ninja mutant figures available for $4.99 at Woolworth's—isn't the only rodent portrayed as a friendly sort in the toy world this season. Last summer, the *Times* asked a number of well-known authors what fictional character they would like to go on a trip with. John le Carré chose the Water Rat in Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows," saying, "He has everything I look for in a travelling companion: a sunny disposition, a love of countryside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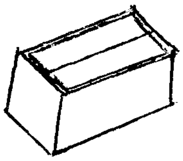
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and good fellowship, a sound attitude to picnics, and a sufficient awareness of one's weaker feelings to know when it's time to turn around and head for home." A thirteen-and-a-half-inch version of that accommodating Rat—actually, he's labelled "Ratty"—is $25 at F. A. O. Schwarz. A casual type, he wears overalls, a shirt, and a polka-dot kerchief. A slightly taller Badger, more resplendently dressed in a red velveteen jacket, is the same price at the same place. At the Barnes & Noble stores, a hardback version of the Grahame classic, elegantly illustrated by Michael Hague, is $16.11. At Schwarz, the Rat and the Badger share the enclave, just to the left of the main entrance, that is devoted to some of children's favorite Edwardian characters, their companions being Peter Rabbit with his family and friends. Stuffed versions of these old familiars ranging from about eight to about ten inches tall cost from $35 to $50. "The Complete Tales of Beatrix Potter," original and unbowdlerized, is also sold here, for $29.95. A few years ago, someone concerned about children's sensibilities (and obviously not having taken a good look at the plastic gore among the action figures on the toy counters) published a version that left out the reference to Mrs. McGregor's having baked Father Rabbit in a pie. Anyway, the lineup of Peter Rabbit family figures this year at Schwarz does not include Father Rabbit, in pie or out.

Among the Ninja mutants being sold for $4.99 at Kay-Bee is one with an unlikely name, even for a mutant: Baxter Stockman. He's half man and half fly, and is identified as a mad scientist who brings along his own Anti-Turtle Swatter. You can buy four ounces of Retromutagen Ooze at Macy's for $4. Although it says "Non Toxic" right on the package, it is allegedly the goo that started everything by getting splashed on the pet turtles. (*Chacun à son goo*, you might say.) The devisers of the mutant-turtles story line and characters freely admit that they are having a great time spoofing the sometimes violent, infinitely strong, good-versus-evil sobersides superheroes—He-Man, the Star Wars figures, and that crowd—who dominated the Saturday-morning cartoon world and the boys' toy counters during much of the nineteen-eighties; some of their ardent devotees must be all of ten years old by now. The mutant-turtle world began with a couple of young part-time comic-book artists from New Hampshire, Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird, who thought the He-Man sorts were ripe for parody. Eastman, doodling, came up with the absurdity of Ninja turtles. Laird instantly saw them as belonging to the teen-age-mutants category. Why turtles? "They fit the parody," Eastman has explained. "On another day it might have been guppies."

The noble cause constantly on the minds of these mutant parodists is the pursuit of pizza. Possibly the plan was to encourage little-girl customers to join the little boys in crowding around the Ninja turtles. In the girls' departments, a major draw is still plastic food. Fisher-Price is owned by the Quaker Oats Company, whose television commercials remind us relentlessly of the nutritional value of its cereal products. The only Fisher-Price product now on the charts is its Fun with Food line, which was also a best-seller last Christmas. The Toy Park has about a dozen Fun with Food items for $8.99. One that seems to transfix the little girls is Homemade Pizza. This highly unnutritious—that is, plastic—item includes nonedible sauce, cheese, and pepperoni, and dough, with which comes the announcement that "pastry bag keeps pretend dough 'fresh.' " While the plastic food is pretending to cook, the kids could stay in the food mood by working a Fast Food Yo-Yo shaped like a hamburger. It's $3.50 at Mary Arnold, 962 Lexington (70th). For the diet conscious, a Fun with Food item that's $7.99 at the Kay-Bee stores is Garden Salad—plastic lettuce, tomatoes, radishes, and so on. The little girls' eyes widen at the sight. They give no sign that they see anything even faintly comical about spending their afternoons in the earnest preparation of plastic salad. Is it possible that little girls tend to be less receptive to parody than little boys? Saying nothing about girls, Richard Sallis, the marketing director of the Playmates company, said recently, "Boys are different today. They were born after the moon landings and will live in the twenty-first century. The sci-fi and superhero figures their older

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brothers collected seem like ancient history to them."

The news that superhero action figures are ancient history would startle many of this year's Christmas shoppers, who, even as they search out the newest toys and games specified by children they know and love, often look as if what they were really hoping to come upon is a Chatty Cathy doll, say, or an old American Flyer electric train, or a Davy Crockett outfit. Reminders that these items aren't being made anymore somehow don't lift their Christmas spirits. Some of them also look as if they had been reminded many times that buying toys—Margaret Mead called them part of children's "cognitive environment"—is a grave responsibility. Dr. Benjamin Spock once urged that buyers of toys consider the "inherent morality" of each one. At a conference on the subject, years back, a Harvard professor of pediatrics described some parents as being full of "anxiety, doubt, and guilt" if they didn't buy their children educational toys.

Well, there's always the old rule "When in doubt, go with the tried and true." Blocks, for instance, are usually a safe bet. Among those who are in profound agreement with this view are the proprietors of Blocks and Marbles Brand Toys, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, whose slogan is "Toys of the Future with a Touch of the Past." The company recently sent out a newsletter that took quite a severe tone on this subject. "Consumers are, frankly, sick of gross violent toys," it said. "We manufacture quality wooden toys, with no sexism, violence, or grossness implied or inherent." A set of twenty-one of their blocks, cubes, and rectangles made of polished maple, oak, and walnut and ranging from a one-and-five-eighths-inch cube to a beam-shaped block six and a half inches long, is $25 at Mary Arnold. The set includes seven marbles. Some of the blocks have holes in them a little larger than the marbles, and in any structure that is built the holes can be lined up so that, with the help of gravity, the marbles spill downward through it in a highly satisfying way.

Of course, no matter how worthy a toy may be, there's no guarantee that everything will work out benignly once the present is unwrapped. How, for example, could the person—say, a fond

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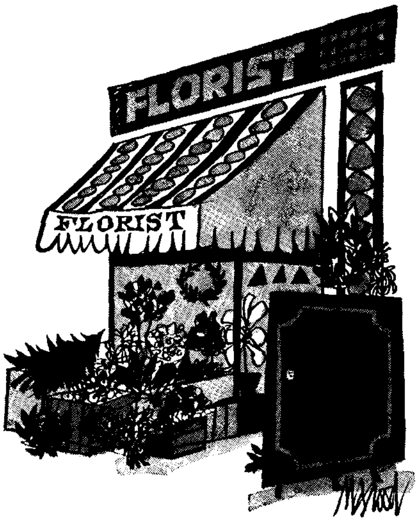
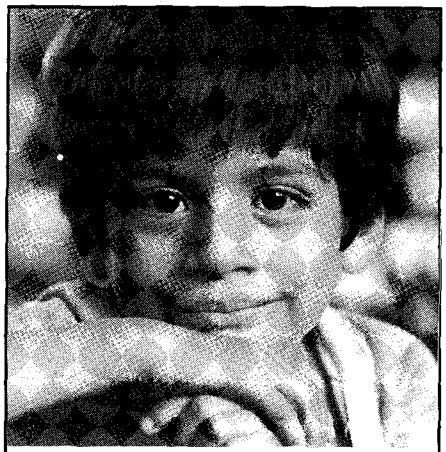
aunt—who many years ago gave two of the little Trump boys, Donald and his younger brother, Robert, a supply of blocks have known what Donald would do with them? One day, in an early demonstration of what has become the familiar Trump view of eminent domain, he grabbed up some of his brother's blocks and glued them to his own, so that his building would be taller. "I was as angry as could be," Robert told a *Newsday* reporter this fall, the predatory raid still vivid in his mind. Of course, there are the Lego bricks, which fit snugly together. Maybe they would be helpful in fending off hostile attacks if a child of your acquaintance bears some resemblance to young Donald. Doing a little proselytizing, you could spread the information that the name Lego is derived from *leg godt*, which means "play well" in Denmark, where the Lego line started. A really big investment in Lego this year would be the Lego Pirate Set. (Predatory would be built in here, wouldn't it?) It contains a thousand and fifty plastic pieces, with which children can build a Caribbean clipper, a fortress, and a Forbidden Island. There are sets of pirates and soldiers, a cannon that fires, and even a circling shark. This is $168 at Schwarz. It is not clear whether, after Donald struck, all those years ago, Robert Trump picked up some spare blocks and threw them at his brother. If you know someone who, because of temperament or youth, is not likely to be amenable to the *leg godt* line, precautionary measures are available. The Toy Park has, for $21.99, six four-inch foam-rubber blocks covered with colorful fabric, the sides of which show a cow, a bus, a bunny—that kind of thing. "Squash them, throw them, bite them. . . . They can't hurt you," it says on the package. It also says that the company responsible for them, James Galt, Ltd., of Cheadle, Cheshire, was granted its warrant in 1848 by Queen Victoria. There's a touch of the past for you.

DONALD TRUMP would surely consider board games far more suitable than blocks as the toys for his name to be associated with this season. Last year, the Milton Bradley Company brought out a game called Hotels. Milton Bradley, established in 1860, was the oldest board-game company until 1984, when it was bought by Hasbro, which is now the largest toy company in the world, and which made its mark in the business with the G.I. Joe doll. Hotels is still around: Penny Whistle, at 1283 Madison Avenue (91st) and 448 Columbus Avenue (81st), has it for $31.50. On the side of the Hotels box it says, "BUY LAND! BUILD A RESORT! WHEEL AND DEAL! OWN IT ALL!" Many who saw the game assumed that its devisers must have had Trump in mind and that in his next wheeler-dealer foray the man whom the *News* has called "The People's Billionaire" would take over the Hotels game, if not the entire toy industry. He settled for another option: last February, he and Milton Bradley brought out Trump: The Game. Over a million copies have now been sold. By August, it was No. 11 on the charts, right behind the Real Ghostbusters action figures (in whose toy lives slime also plays a major role). "Consumers seem to get a vicarious thrill out of being Donald Trump," Milton Bradley's vice-president for marketing said a few weeks ago. "It's the aura of high finance. It's glamour. It's glitz." (Apparently glitz didn't wear as well as he thought. Trump: The Game is off the charts now.)

Milton Bradley is considered the founder of the board-game industry in America, thanks to the high moral tone of one of its early products, the Checkered Game of Life, whose message was that unchristian behavior leads inevitably to poverty, disgrace, and ruin. After that, some influential souls in what then thought of itself as a churchgoing nation decreed that board games could be looked upon not as frivolous pastimes but as something like Sunday-school lessons, and the board-game industry took off. We don't know how Milton Bradley would have prospered if it had instead featured on its game boxes the moral lesson now on the front of Trump: The Game, which is "It's Not Whether You Win or Lose, But Whether You Win!" Another currently popular Milton Bradley game is A Question of Scruples, in which players have put to them various questions that test the level of their ethical standards. It sells for $22 at Macy's. The newspapers have, of course, been full of revelations about the curious—and, in several cases, indictable—operations of Ronald Reagan's Housing and Urban Development Department. One revelation was that, on Friday afternoons, Secretary Samuel Pierce's powerful executive assistant, Deborah Gore Dean, made a point of taking time out to play A Question of Scruples with her associates. In Trump: The Game, the players move pieces around a board, Monopoly style, buying and selling properties such as casinos, airlines, and hotels, Trump style: the lowest bill denomination is ten million dollars. The winner is not, as the cartoonist Gary Trudeau claimed when he pretended to invent Trump: The Game Show, the player who says the name Trump as often as possible but the one who has the most money at the end. This is $25 at Macy's.



One reason it is appropriate for Trump: The Game to be played Monopoly style is that Trump has done some of his major wheeling and dealing in Atlantic City, and, of course, Monopoly's squares—Baltic Avenue, and all that—take their names from Atlantic City's street names. Some years ago, that city's commissioner of public works proposed that the names of Baltic and Mediterranean be changed, thereby causing a national—indeed, an international—uprising. Two hundred and fifty British Monopoly fans signed a letter of protest, petitions were circulated at Princeton by a group called Students to Save Baltic and Mediterranean, and the president of Parker Brothers, which makes Monopoly, wrote to the commissioner saying, "Would you be willing to take the responsibility for an invasion by hordes of protesting Monopoly players all demanding that you



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go directly to jail without even the dignity of passing 'Go?' " The name-changing plan was hastily dropped. Monopoly, with all its familiar nomenclature (and the misleading Depression-era suggestion that you can buy Park Place and the Boardwalk for seven hundred and fifty dollars), is about $12 all over town.

SOMETIMES, when there is talk of educational toys and games, one wonders why the toy industry doesn't consider a creative-writing seminar based on its own history. Certainly it can offer plenty of plots. For example, there is the Selchow & Righter company, which was founded in Bay Shore, Long Island, in 1867, and three years later came out with its first big success—Parcheesi, whose subtitle is "Royal Game of India." It was based on an ancient game said to have been popular in the courts of Indian rajas. Selchow & Righter, in celebrating an anniversary of its having trademarked the game, dug up the fact that in one such court the game was played on a huge lawn marked off like a Parcheesi board. Not dice but shells were thrown, and not small flat disks but live concubines moved along the board at the order of their royal masters. Parcheesi, without concubines, is $14.99 at, among other places, Toy Park. The company didn't have another big hit until 1948, but then it was a true smash: Scrabble. A resident of Queens named Alfred Butts invented Scrabble, and he once admitted that he didn't win his own game very often—he was a terrible speller.

Selchow & Righter's third big hit, thirty-five years after Scrabble, was Trivial Pursuit, which they bought from three young Canadians in 1983. It was credited with having, all by itself, revived the board-game industry, which had been in the doldrums because of video games, then a national passion. In 1983, a million Trivial Pursuit sets were sold. In 1984, the total was twenty-two million, and the company, trying to keep up with the frantic demand, was turning them out at a rate of five per second. In 1985, sales were down to eleven million. One theory was that practically every American household with any interest in the game had one by then. The next year, Selchow & Righter was sold to the Coleco company, best known for the Cabbage Patch dolls, which was credited with having, also in 1983, all by itself revived the baby-doll industry, then in the doldrums—or should one say dolldrums? Thus for a time the two phenomenal toy smashes of the nineteen-eighties—Trivial Pursuit and the Cabbage Patch Kids—were corporate siblings. Another corporate sibling, for an even briefer time, was the action figure Rambo, which didn't sell well, although Coleco called Rambo "America's newest and most universally recognized hero." Variations on and additions to the basic Trivial Pursuit game have come out regularly. The entry this year is a set whose questions all deal with events in the nineteen-eighties. ("Which Brian won the gold medal for figure skating at the 1988 Olympics—Boitano or Orser?") Barnes & Noble has it for $29.95. Trivial Pursuit's new entry is put out by Parker Brothers, though, and not by Coleco, which went bankrupt, its inventory having been ignominiously sold off, last spring.

However, the Selchow & Righter scenario didn't end with the company's being sold to Coleco. Some of the Selchow & Righter people have spun themselves off and are now part of an outfit called the Games Gang. When a former Selchow & Righter employee learned, in 1986, that there was a new game, Pictionary, that Milton Bradley was bidding on, he got in touch with another Selchow & Righter alumnus and, together, they bought the rights. They and other Selchow & Righter alumni then pooled their resources, made a deal with the Western Publishing Company, which manufactures the game for them, and started the Games Gang. Avoiding the widely publicized mistakes made by Coleco—whose over-extension and reliance on the popularity of one main product, the Cabbage Patch Kids, has assured it a place in the history books as a classic American corporate-disaster story—the Gang relies on a royalty arrangement and operates out of modest headquarters on Manhattan's East 4th Street. Pictionary, its most successful product so far, has been on the best-seller list steadily since November, 1988, and at the moment it is the only board game on the charts. Pictionary is a form of the old game of charades; the difference is that the players draw a word instead of acting it out. A second edition of Pictionary words—just the cards—is $15.95 at Penny Whistle, and for $19 the shop has Pictionary Junior, made p of easier words, for kids of seven to leven.

The story wasn't over for the Cab age Patch Kids, either, after Coleco's ollapse. Coleco was, if you remember, he medium-sized computer company hat picked up the rights to an ugly rag oll on the side. The computer went nder, and the company was saved by e doll (what a casting call that would e!) and was then ruined by the doll, hen its sales went into a decline. But ere's an epilogue here: the rights to e Cabbage Patch Kids were bought y Hasbro, and Hasbro is bringing out whole new line of them. If you oubted that the toy-industry people ave generational changes on their inds, take note of Hasbro's public elations pitch. Having described the ids' onetime great fame—it lasted rough 1986 or so—they say, happily, Today . . . there is a whole new gen ration of small children who are less kely to be familiar with the world of e Cabbage Patch"—that is, a whole ew army of tiny customers lining up. new thirteen-inch Cabbage Patch id labelled "Preemie," who comes ith a note apologizing for being ndersized, is $14.99 at the Kiddie ity stores.

Though everything has gone very ell with the Hasbro company lately it took in one and a third billion ollars last year), it did receive one etback of sorts: the last thing little oys can stand to be told is that their .I. Joe action figures (which ac ounted for fourteen per cent of the asbro take) are dolls. Hasbro, too, has sisted they were nothing of the sort; e United States Customs Service vies a twelve-per-cent import tariff n dolls but none on toy soldiers. Now federal circuit court has decreed that e G.I. Joes are dolls, being "a repre entation of a human being used as a hild's plaything." Judge Paul Michel, f the United States Court of Appeals the District of Columbia, wrote, Even though G.I. Joe has lost this attle, hopefully he will not lose his ourage for combat." The truth is that arents who deplore G.I. Joes as a mbol of intractable American milita sm might be surprised if they took a ok at some of the biographies that ccompany them. For example, in the eal American Hero line, G.I. Joe has nemesis called Annihilator, identified a member of the élite airborne ssault troops. These troops, it says on

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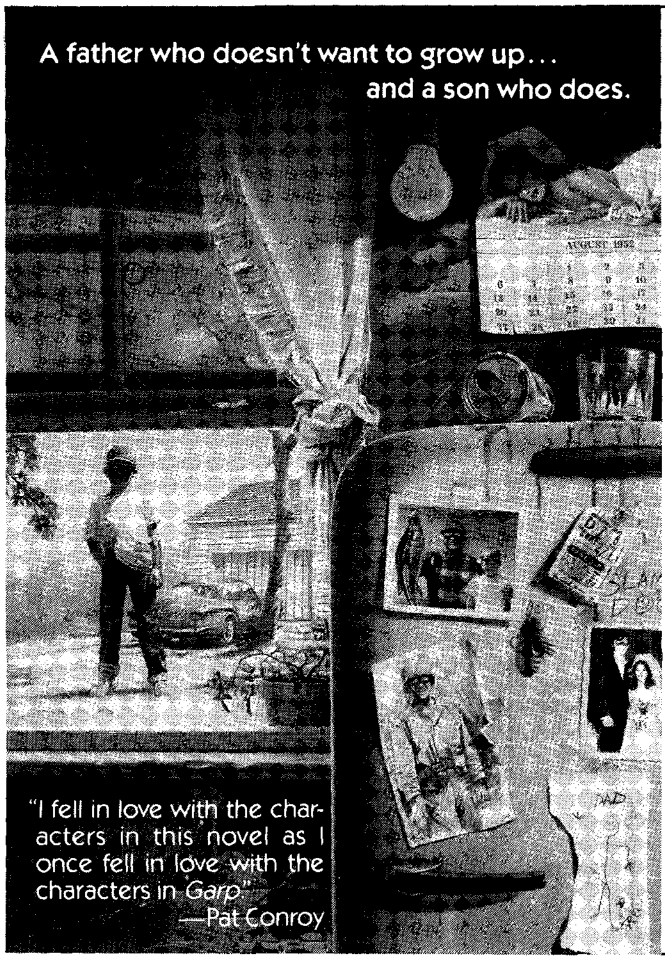
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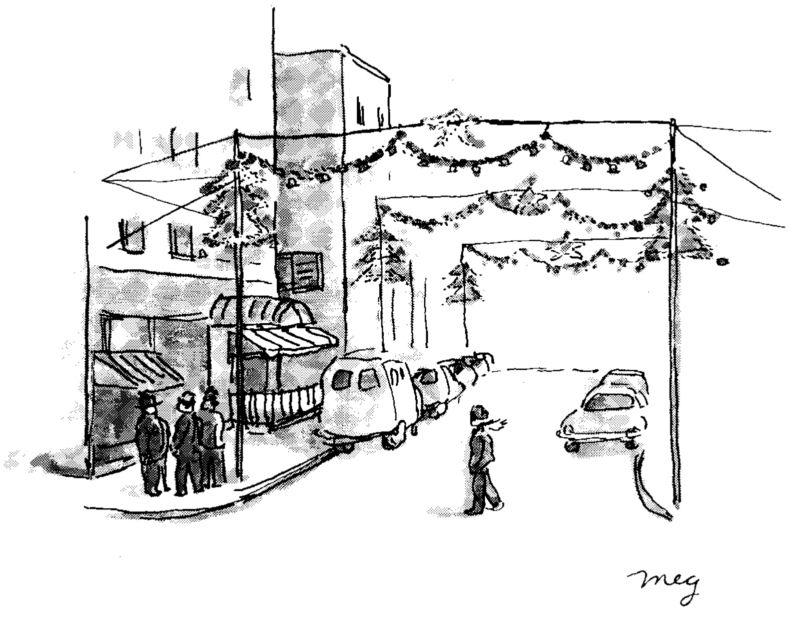
the box, "must serve an apprenticeship as hardsell telephone solicitors procuring sales for . . . M.A.R.S. armaments corporation," which "reinforces their tenacity and ruthlessness." M.A.R.S., it is explained, stands for Military Armaments Research System. "Annihilators," the biography goes on to say, "don't get medals, they get shares of stock in M.A.R.S. . . . These guys are the *ultimate specialists in hostile takeovers!*" Glasnosts may come or go, but there'll always be a military-industrial complex. Annihilator is $5 at Macy's. The people in the toy business seem to be having quite a bit of fun these days.

G. I. JOE is by no means the only prominent toy to be hauled into court this year. "Would that the values of Babar's world were evident in the court papers filed in this lawsuit," Federal District Judge Kenneth Conboy said during a court case over licensing rights to the little king. "In the world of Babar," he pointed out, "all colors are pastel, all rainstorms are brief, and all foes are more or less benign." In a preliminary ruling, Judge Conboy urged the adults in the case to follow the little king's example and play together nicely. The nine-inch plush Babar, which is $22 at Mary Arnold—he even has a gold-colored felt crown—seems to be in his usual benign mood. His manufacturers, the Gund people, inform us that he can go right into the washing machine. However, you may decide not to resort to this treatment for the thirty-two-inch Babar at Schwarz, who goes for $325. Judge Conboy clearly found the Babar problem less troubling than Federal District Judge Abraham Sofaer found a problem that came before him a few years back. The question then at issue was a possible rip-off: whether dolls called Flower Kids bore an unlawfully close resemblance to the Cabbage Patch Kids. To the satisfaction of the lawyers representing the Cabbage Patchers, at one point in the proceedings Judge Sofaer inadvertently mixed up the two exhibits. "I've got to assume that the kids of America are not going to be as dumb as a federal judge," said Sofaer, who not long afterward decided to leave the bench to become legal adviser to the State Department. Although he ultimately ruled for the Flower Kids, we didn't see any of them around this season. In fact, the dolls on view are mostly back to the rosebud-lipped, dimpled types that dominated the baby-doll scene before the rather cross-looking (and rather cross-eyed) Cabbage Patch Kids came along. Certainly Kenner's fifteen-inch soft-bodied dolls called Special Blessings are very positive sorts indeed. They hold their hands together in prayer (or to grasp a bottle, which is provided). They're $14.99 at the Toys R Us stores. The makers of Garfield, that sassy cat, won a federal-court case: damages of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a permanent injunction against four firms who were marketing Garfield-look-alike toys. Of course, some cat lovers may wonder why any plush toy would want to look like Garfield (who can point out that, unlike *their* cats, he has for some years now been a giant balloon in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Peggy Noonan, Reagan's former speechwriter, has said, admiringly, that she thinks of Reagan as a giant balloon in that parade). The *Post* headline over the account of the court victory in the Garfield matter was "FOUR GARFIELD COPY CATS WENT TOO FUR." At the Toy Park, a twelve-inch version of Garfield is $21.99. A recent case involving Winnie-the-Pooh was settle before it got to court. The Walt Disney Company, which sometimes seem to own the rights to practically everything of significance in the toy busines (it just bought Jim Henson's Muppets as you may recall), owns most of th rights to Winnie—that is, to everything with his name on it from movie to key chains and children's sheets—major exception being the A. A. Miln books themselves. The town of Whit River, Ontario, has concluded to it own satisfaction that Winnie was firs of all the name of a bear cub from nea their town whom a British office smuggled to London and eventuall left in a London zoo, where youn Christopher Robin saw him and wa captivated by him. The toy bear abou whom the Pooh books were writte (and whose present home is in the Ne York Public Library) was, of course also named Winnie. The White Rive chamber of commerce, possibly interested in a little tourist business, decide to erect a statue in honor of the town' most temporary resident. The Disne people at first refused permission bu finally gave in. A rather wroth Washington *Post* editorial followe not because of the difficulty of adjustin to the idea of Winnie-the-Pooh as frontier-era Canadian but because th case raised the question "When exactl did the bear named Winnie cease bein a creature and become a cultural product, to be honored only with permission?"—that is, with the permission o Disney. "Maybe," wrote the *Pos* "when he achieved immortality"—a event that, it suggested, probably did nc occur "when Disney Inc., printed his imag on the corner of a bedroom curtain." Tha same week, the *News* in an editorial headed "FREE WINNIE TH POOH," took a simila position. It seems likely that the leaders c the toy business, whos lifeblood nowadays i the character-licensin system ("Batman i very toyetic," an industry consultant note happily this summe referring to the mone his clients hoped t



ake in from licensed Batman items), idn't care to hear any more of that ind of talk, and concluded that not Winnie but certain editorial writers vere bears "of very little brain." If ou care to strike a blow for A. A. Milne's unfettered Pooh, a set of the our Pooh books ("Winnie-the-Pooh," The House at Pooh Corner," "Now We Are Six," and "When We Were ery Young") is $39.95 at most ookstores. The Latin translation of he first of the books, "Winnie Ille u," is $6.95, in paperback. Incidenally, Robert Fulghum, who for a time his year had two books at the top of the *Times*' best-seller list, starting with All I Really Need to Know I Learned n Kindergarten," has on the door to is studio a sign quoting a line from Winnie Ille Pu": "ISTE BOMBUS LIQUID SIGNIFICAT," which transates back to "All this bumbling means omething."

Possibly in response to the spate of itigation in the toy world, the Avalon Hill Game Company has brought out a ew item called "Blind Justice: The Game of Lawsuits," which promises to ubject lawyers to "merciless harpoonng." A player acting as prosecuting ttorney draws a card and reads from it condensed version of an actual lawuit (the real names have been changed to protect the guilty"), doing so with ll the magniloquence he or she can uster. The other players then vote as jury, with the prosecutor able to ppeal by invoking the actual outcome. The suggested retail price for this is 25, but the Avalon Hill people, forthight sorts, point out that "you may be ble to settle for less wherever great amily and leisure-time games are old." At Barnes & Noble, it's $19.95.

Garfield made the Macy's parade, as sual, but we have to report that once gain Olive Oyl wasn't invited. Maybe ou remember how, a few years back— n 1982, actually—the giant balloons, or the first time, included a female: live Oyl. "A GIANT STRIDE FOR OMEN'S RIGHTS" was the headline in he Washington *Post*. Later, Betty oop and Miss Piggy were honored, ut both last year and this it was an allale lineup—Spiderman, the Pink anther, Ronald McDonald (though ot, of course, Ronald Reagan), etc. ven the no-shows—Bugs Bunny and noopy both sprang leaks—were male. h, well. If it's any consolation to

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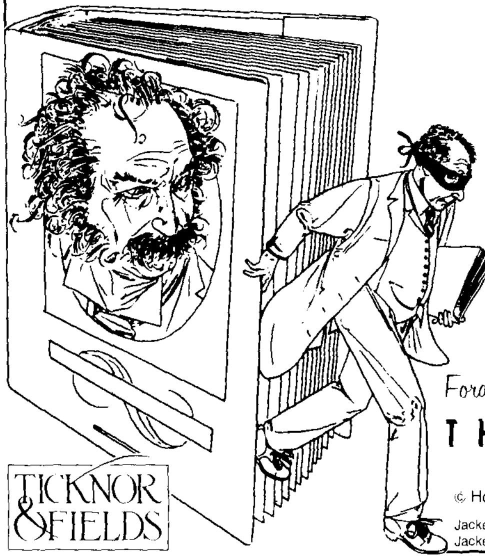

STOLEN WORDS

Forays into the Origins and Ravages of Plagiarism

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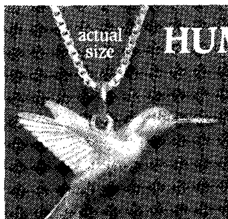

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somebody, the movie "Popeye," with Olive and all the gang, is $14.95 at Tower Records. By chance, it came to our attention recently that the voice of Olive Oyl in the Popeye cartoons from 1933 to 1967 was Mae Questel, who was also the voice of Betty Boop in more than a hundred and fifty Betty Boop cartoons and in the animated movie "Who Framed Roger Rabbit." "I'm not that great an actress," Miss Questel said last winter, "but what with the Olive Oyl and the Betty Boop, I am a legend." Older types who were disappointed not to see either of these well-known ladies in the parade can give themselves a break after a wearing day of shopping and check out the video of "New York Stories." In the Woody Allen segment, "Oedipus Wrecks," Mae Questel plays Woody's mother. Indeed, if you're an alert parent or grandparent with no recourse but to have the cartoons chirping away a few feet from you, you can amuse yourself by noting that the voice of Garfield in the television cartoons is the same fellow—his name is Lorenzo Music—who was the voice of Carlton, your doorman, on the old "Rhoda" show, and that the reason the voice of the nanny in "Muppet Babies" is also familiar is that she's played by Barbara Billingsley, who was Wally and the Beave's mother on "Leave It to Beaver." A videocassette of "Muppet Babies" is $19.95; ten-inch plush hand puppets of Kermit, Miss Piggy, and other Muppet babies—now Disney babies—are $24 to $26 at Schwarz.

Not everybody thinks of toys as reflecting—or reflecting on—the characters of the children who own them, but there are those who do. The columnist George Will is presumably one of the adults who are wistful about the passing of the American Flyer electric trains. He once referred to long-ago acquaintances as "loutish children who preferred Lionel trains." Lionel owners, of all ages, don't, of course, feel that way about themselves at all. The end of an era was reached this year when the Madison Hardware store, at 105 East 23rd Street, closed down. Despite its name, it was known to serious Lionel enthusiasts as the place to go if you needed spare parts—or, of course, a whole train. The father of the owners had founded the store in 1909, only eight years after a young New Yorker named Joshua Lionel Cowen attached an electric-fan motor to a toy railroad car and ran it around a circular track, inventing the electric train. Last summer, the owners sold the store's entire inventory to Richard Kughn, who in 1986 bought the Lionel-train division from Kenner Parker Toys. He shipped the contents of the store to Detroit, where he keeps his Lionel collection whose value he puts at a million dollars. However, the Lionel trains are still widely available elsewhere. The Cannonball Express, for instance—this includes a steam locomotive with headlight, a tender, a flatcar, a hopper, a boxcar, a red caboose, a snap-together extension bridge, and, of course, tracks—is $102 at, appropriately, the Red Caboose, 16 West 45th Street "It's normal, I think, for boys to want to control a miniature form of something that is intriguing in the real world," Dr. Spock writes in his new memoir "Spock on Spock," in which he points out that, as a child, he'd always wanted an electric train but that "it never occurred to me that I could ask for something and get it." The Spock generation, otherwise known as the Baby Boomers, along with their descendants, have, of course, been brought up differently. Some contemporary child may come right out and ask someone to invest in another form of transportation: drag-racing cars. They are about six inches long and come to us by way of the Japanese (again), and they move very fast and require two AA batteries. Those in the Hasbro version are called Record Breakers. One such set—this is the Road Burner series—includes two cars and a plastic oval track for them to run on, and costs $85 at Macy's. These cars go as fast as "five hundred miles an hour—to scale." "We've known for years that what boys want is speed speed, and more speed," Hasbro's senior vice-president for marketing said the other day. The cars can also speed along on a bare floor or a carpet doubtless bringing down the house if the house is full of small boys—or, on a bad day, perhaps, bringing down

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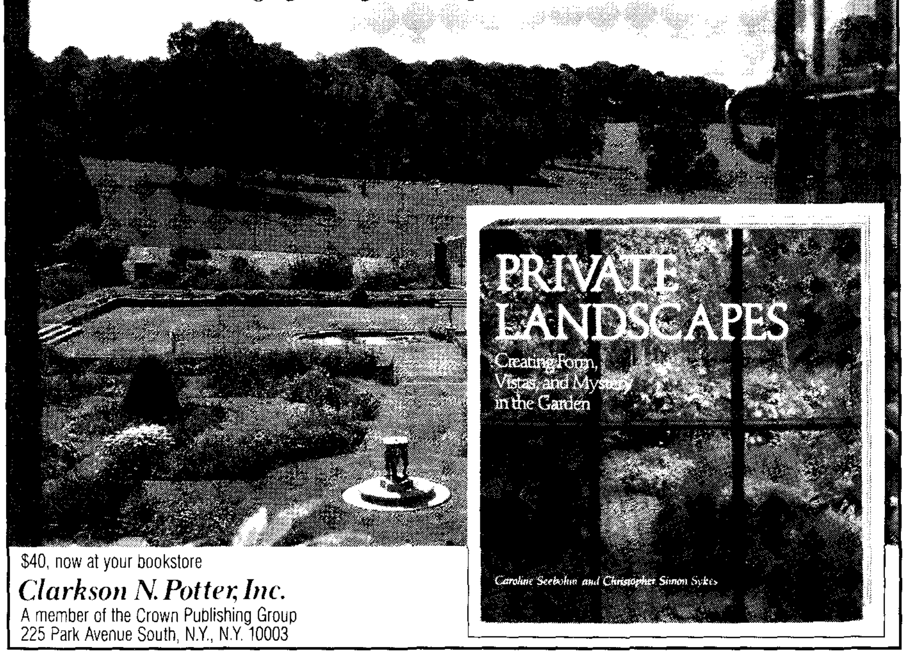
Grandma. In still another toy-transportation field, a very fine, carefully detailed seventeen-inch-long steel fire engine with a snorkel that extends to nearly eighteen inches is available at Mary Arnold for $35. This is one of those virtually indestructible toy trucks made by the Tonka company, which is now the third-largest toy company, after Hasbro, and Mattel (makers of Barbie). Among the products that Tonka is now boss of are Monopoly and Trivial Pursuit.

THOUGH you could hardly say that from a toy-department point of view dinosaurs are becoming extinct (not *again!*), they aren't at the center of things, as they were for a while. Barnes & Noble does have an impressive array of dinosaur toys and games, including an item called Dinosaur Habitats. It's a book that opens out into three-dimensional play settings, allegedly suitable for a Tyrannosaurus, a Dimetrodon, and an Elaphrosaurus, and comes with three plastic dinosaurs of those species; $16.96. Batman objects were expected to be this year's dinosaurs (or Cabbage Patch Kids), but they're hard to lay hands on. Schwarz has had to trot out sixteen-inch molded-vinyl Batmen who, left over from a previous Batman incarnation, are dressed in blue. (They're $24.) The kids will certainly remind you that, in the 1989 film, Batman is dressed all in black. Many toy buyers will opt for the videocassette of the movie, which is available all over town. The producers hope to sell twelve million of them, but that would not beat the record fifteen-million total set by E.T. You do remember E.T., don't you? ("He is afraid. He is alone. He is three million light years from home.") Kay-Bee has a fairly good supply of four-and-a-half-inch jointed plastic figures that resemble, to a degree, the ones from "Batman" and cost $4.99. The Batman figure, they say, is not selling as well as the Joker, who wears a purple suit, has green hair, and includes a device that allows his new owner to squirt water (through an orchid in his lapel) at any attractive target. Water is the liquid prescribed on the card, but a mockup of a newspaper story, also on the card, tells a different story. Under the headline "THE JOKER TERRORIZES GOTHAM CITY!" the Joker is described as "the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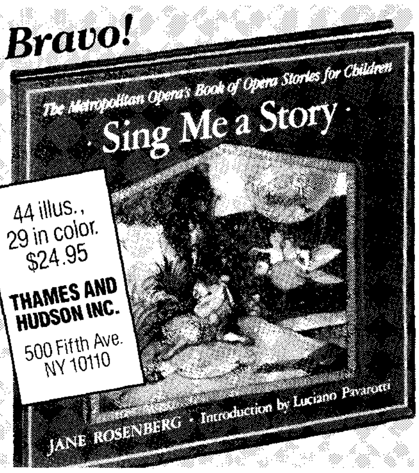
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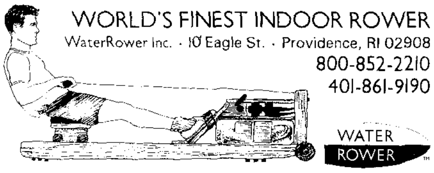

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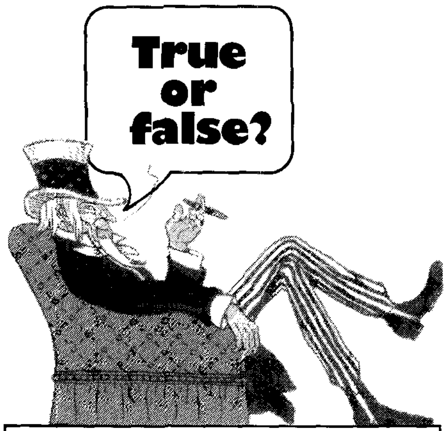
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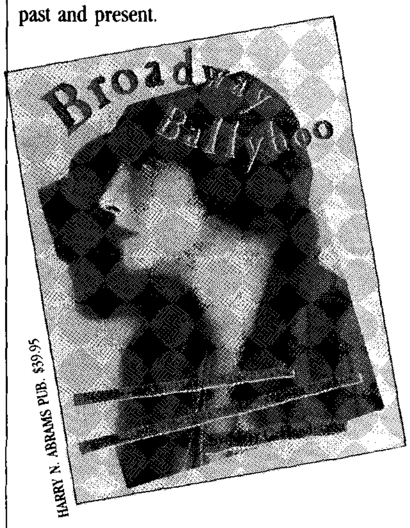

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most dangerous madman on the face of the earth," whose "secret weapon, Smylex" is "a chemical which gives its victims a permanent, hideous grin!" That's not, of course, the smiling face that a few months back dominated the Macy's and Bloomingdale's Happy Face boutiques, in which all objects—tote bags, slippers, T-shirts—were decorated with the famous round face with its upward-curving smile. We thought of sneaking in a doll named Murky Dismal that Mattel used to sell. He was dressed entirely in gray and spent his time chasing off rainbows and spreading gloom. Indeed, he brought along his own little bag of gloom. Turns out Mattel doesn't make Murky anymore. (What we should have done was invite over from Sesame Street Oscar the Grouch, who, as you know, hates everybody and everything—except trash. At the Toy Park, for $11.49, there's a six-inch jack-in-the-box—actually it's an Oscar-in-the-box. The box he pops out of is his garbage can, which, as usual, says on its side "Go Away!" He's grouchy as ever, even though the folks at Sesame Street have so much to celebrate this year: it's the show's twentieth birthday.) The Happy Face appeared on some buttons at a recent Republican fund-raising dinner here, attended by President Bush; they were also decorated with his vote-getting message "Don't Worry, Be Happy!" Of the Democrats' dilemma in attacking the popular President, the Democratic consultant Frank Mankiewicz said the other day, "It's Bambi in the White House." (When people are discussing politicians, figures out of the children's world often come to mind.) Of course, you don't have to register as either a Republican or a Democrat to buy the movie "Bambi" for some children you know. In the video stores, where it sells for around $20, it's the top best-seller for children. Incidentally, David Stern, the man who has said he designed the Happy Face twenty-two years ago for an ad for a savings-and-loan association (*now* we know why those people are smiling), used it lavishly this year when he ran for mayor of Seattle. He lost.

At a time when the world seems to be changing everywhere, some people take comfort in the fact that there is one symbol of stability on the toy scene—or two, really. The words "Barbie" and "G.I. Joe" and "the golden oldies of the baby boomers" go together as "horse-and-carriage" (and, for that matter, "love-and-marriage") used to. G.I. Joe has been around most of the time since 1964. Barbie turned thirty this year. Both have worn well. Barbie is now second on the charts. (There was a terrible time at the height of the Cabbage Patch Kids excitement when she was knocked off entirely.) SuperStar Barbie is $26.99 at the Toy Park, and for another $17.99 you can supply her with twenty-five glitzy accoutrements ("Everything Barbie Needs to Be a Glamorous Movie Star!"). You'll also find in most stores Fun-to-Dress Barbie, wearing only her pink underwear; at Kay-Bee she's $3.99. Laying in proper clothes for her could send you to squares that read "Poverty" and "Ruin," but that's a post-Christmas story. Not all the non-baby dolls are as preoccupied with material things as Barbie is. For years now, dolls representing the "Little Women" (who, if you remember, gave away their Christmas dinner to the poor) have been available, and we've also seen dolls representing the little girls in the "Little House" books. Now the Authors League should be delighted to know that Madame Alexander has brought out Louisa May Alcott and Laura Ingalls Wilder, each ten inches tall. Louisa wears a quite stylish taffeta outfit. Laura is in gingham with a sunbonnet. Talent comes high: they're $78 and $82, respectively, at Schwarz. Representing accomplishment in another field is an "I Love Lucy" doll, fourteen inches tall, of molded vinyl, and wearing a blue-green shirtwaist dress that many older members of the family will recognize; she's $40 at Macy's. A baby doll we forgot to mention is a very nice fourteen-inch, extremely soft-skinned blonde (you can comb her hair), wearing a pink nightgown and bringing along her own bottle; she's $23.99 at Kay-Bee. Her name is Lullaby Tender Love. The principals in "The Wizard of Oz"—Dorothy, the Good Witch the Wicked Witch, the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Man, and the Scarecrow—are from ten to twelve inches tall $59.99 for the lot at the Kiddie City stores. Our favorite, the Lion, wears his well-deserved award, the medal that says "Courage." It's the fiftieth anniversary of the movie's release, as you have surely heard, and a special ideocassette of the movie, with some dditions and outtakes, is widely availble.

SOME last-minute thoughts: We have heard complaints from forner children that Mr. Potato Head sed to come with a lot more funny tems to hang on his head, his nose, his lapping arms. Now at Mary Arnold, or $22, these disappointed sorts will ind Mr. Potato Head and his bucket, vhich contains twenty-seven comic acessories, so children can while away he hours making him look even funier. Plush Sesame Street puppets—all he regulars—twelve inches tall, are 16 to $22 at Barnes & Noble. North tar Records has two fine cassettes that vould fit nicely into a stocking. One of hem, "Time Can Be So Magic," is a ollection of songs written by Bill Thomas for the "Captain Kangaroo how" (which should take some of the lder kids back) and sung by Thomas nd eight others, including Noel Paul tookey. The other is "Olde Mother oose," on which a group called The ubbards sings twenty classic nursery hymes (which should take everybody ack). Both cassettes can be ordered for 11.95 each, including shipping costs, rom North Star, in Providence, Rhode sland (800-346-2706). Two girls vho would be welcome in many houses: he book "Anne of Green Gables" is 12.98 in hardcover at Barnes & Noble; and, at the same place, a arrying case that resembles that old ouse in Paris which was covered in ines holds three "Madeline" books, nd costs $10.75. A fourth book, 'Madeline's Christmas," is $11.86 in ardcover. And there's the latest arival at Schwarz, where, insured by loyd's of London, it's on display nder glass: a Monopoly set commisioned by Parker Brothers. The goldlated board weighs thirty-two pounds. All the houses, hotels, dice, and so on re of solid gold encrusted with gems f one kind or another: Boardwalk and Park Place get huge sapphires, while Baltic Avenue has to settle for an methyst. The money is printed on old-threaded paper. It's nice to know hat this Depression-era game has relly made it. The price is $1,000,000. omething to keep in mind if you are ne gift short on your list.

So there we are. Remember: All this umbling means something. Also: ourage. Merry Christmas!

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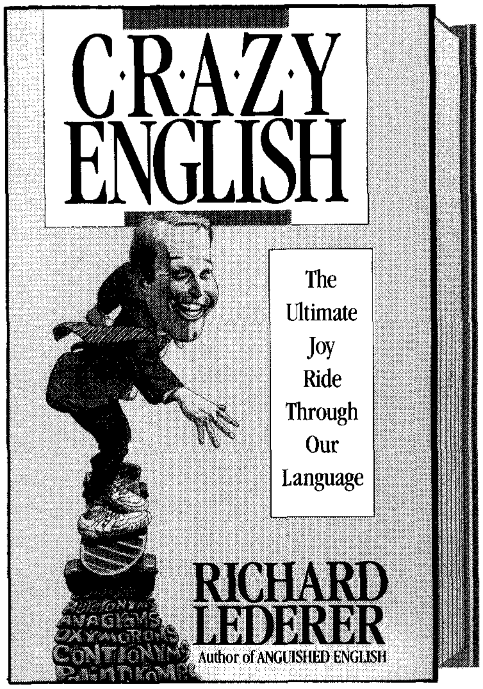
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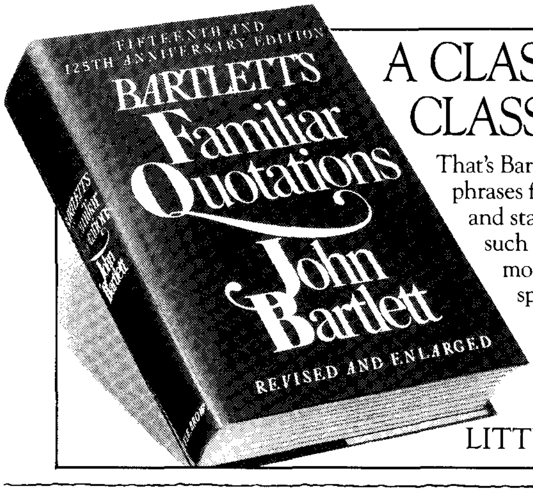
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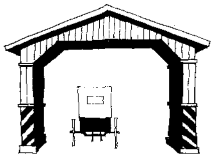

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BOOKS

Never the Twain

David Fromkin's "A Peace to End All Peace: Creating the Modern Middle East, 1914-1922" (Holt; $39.95) achieves an ideal of historical writing: its absorbing narrative not only recounts past events but offers a useful way to think about them. At the start, the author states, "The Middle East, as we know it from today's headlines, emerged from decisions made by the Allies during and after the First World War," and his conclusion questions "whether the transplanted modern system of politics invented in Europe . . . will survive in the foreign soil of the Middle East." He believes that since 1922 no Middle Eastern government has enjoyed the "sense of *legitimacy*" that the Ottoman Empire did. The book is never argumentative or theoretical, however; it's a dense fabric of interrelated stories about diplomats and warriors. The scale is grand, but Fromkin never blurs detail as he follows the doings of a multitude of individuals from various nations—some still famous, others forgotten. Although the book is sprinkled with pithy—and occasionally witty—summings up, the writing is businesslike rather than glittering. The book demands close attention and repays it. Much of the information here was not available until recent decades, and almost every page brings us news about a past that troubles the present.

In 1914, the Ottoman Empire was a polyglot, multi-ethnic assemblage that included modern Turkey, the Arabian Peninsula, and territory that is now Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan, and Israel. (Egypt and the sheikhdoms that bordered the Arabian Sea remained de jure part of the Empire, though they had become British protectorates.) Europeans had whittled away the Empire's territory in Europe and chipped away at its sovereignty. They controlled its finances and whatever modern enterprises (steamships, railroads) existed, and enjoyed extraterritorial privileges. They were convinced that the Ottoman Empire was bound to collapse, but they didn't understand its politics. When the Committee of Union and Progress, also known as the Young Turkey Party, rebelled in 1908 and forced Sultan Abdul Hamid to restore the constitution he had suspended thirty years earlier, the Oriental expert at the British Embassy in Constantinople, Gerald FitzMaurice, diagnosed this Islamic and nationalist movement as a Jewish-Masonic conspiracy. London subsequently rejected the Young Turks' bid for an alliance, and they turned to Germany.

Nowadays, the Middle East (the expression, Fromkin tells us, was coined by the American naval historian Alfred Thayer Mahan in 1902) means oil, but no one suspected how much oil the area held until near the close of the period Fromkin is writing about. Great Britain's interest in the Middle East was protecting India and its own route to India. In 1907, England thought that it had done so by a treaty with Russia, then its rival in Asia. The two countries agreed that Tibet would be neutral, that Afghanistan would become a British protectorate, and that each would have its own sphere of influence in Persia. At this time, Britain was also drawing close to France, which had allied itself with Russia, and the Anglo-Russian agreement was a step in forming the First World War alliance. The immediate effect of the Anglo-Russian treaty was that Britain lost interest in the Middle East. As late as February, 1915, the British and French Foreign Ministers, Sir Edward Grey and Théophile Delcassé, agreed that the Ottoman Empire should be preserved. Within a month, they changed their minds. What happened?

In December-January, 1914-15, Enver Pasha, the Ottoman Minister of War, attacked the Caucasus. Though he was defeated, the Russians panicked,

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LR
Handelsman
KING LEAR AND HIS ACCOUNTANT

and begged their Western allies for help. The Allies agreed, but, even before their assault failed at Gallipoli, the Russians panicked again and, in March of 1915, asked the Allies to give them Constantinople once they had conquered it. During much of the nineteenth century, Britain had tried to keep the Russians out of the Mediterranean, but Grey feared German influence at the Czar's court and acceded immediately. In return, Russia promised the Allies anything they wanted in the rest of the Empire. The Western governments went into a feeding frenzy. The British War Minister, Lord Kitchener, had believed all along that the Ottomans' Arabic-speaking provinces should become British protectorates. He had served in Cairo, and his staff, which stayed behind but kept in touch, mistakenly believed that the Ottomans' Arabic-speaking subjects (perhaps forty per cent of the Empire's population) were ready to revolt against the Young Turks' nationalism and to accept the protection of British Christians. The French claimed (Arabic-speaking) Syria, because French crusaders had once occupied it. When Italy and Greece joined the Allies, they, too, expected to be rewarded with parts of the Ottoman domains. If all the Allies had got what they wanted, only a nubbin of the Anatolian plateau would have remained as an independent Ottoman Empire.

After 1915, several strands of narrative run concurrently. The author helps his readers follow every story by keeping his chapters short—each rounds off an incident or an issue—and by providing chapter titles that reflect continuities. He recounts military campaigns and keeps track of negotiations among the Allies, with all their double-dealing, and of the disputes between the bureaucrats who staffed the British raj in India—and had regarded the Middle East as their preserve—and Kitchener's team in Cairo. Each group had its own plan and its own Arab protégé: India sponsored Emir Ibn Saud, and Cairo's choice was Hussein ibn Ali, the Sherif and Emir of Mecca. In 1919, those two rulers went to war with each other, and the British treasury found itself obliged to subsidize both.

Fromkin doesn't sneer at such absurdities. He disentangles what happened without making fun of his misguided actors. As most readers know, T. E. Lawrence was a liar, but Fromkin doesn't scold him; he just corrects his fabrications. Nor is Fromkin a belittler. During the First World War, the majority of Arabic-speakers who had any political preferences were loyal to the Sultan; Hussein was an exception, because he had learned that the Young Turks planned to depose him. Even with British subsidies, however, he could raise only negligible fighting forces. Fromkin doesn't mock their unimpressive record, and gives them credit for accomplishments that history authenticates, such as the capture of Aqaba.

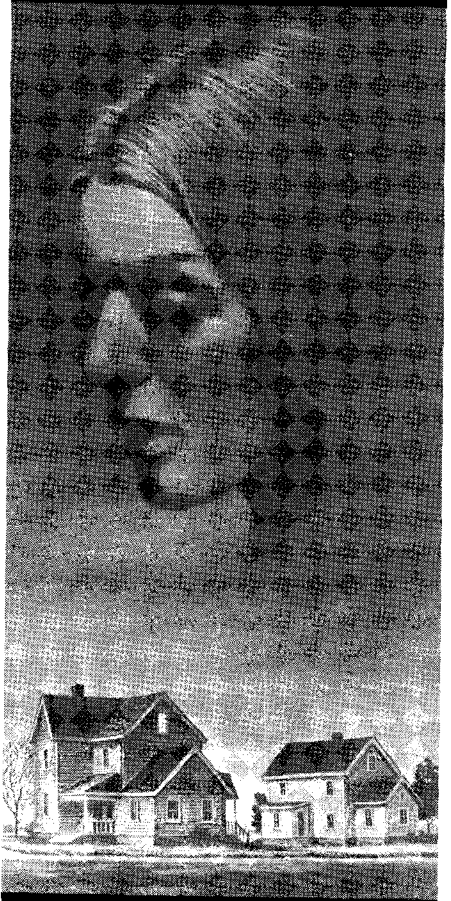
Fromkin also explains why Hussein and his sons could bring the British little support in Damascus and Baghdad, and why local populations didn't greet the Allies as liberators. The book is wonderfully specific about how the Europeans' unrealistic plans unravelled in countless setbacks all the way from the Amu Darya to the Nile. It makes sense out of each collision and demonstrates that the disappointments of this period became the ancestors of later disappointments. For example, conflicting ambitions in the Middle East estranged Britain and France, and they abandoned their wartime alliance to conduct separate foreign policies. We know what that estrangement cost in the thirties. The Fascists in Italy were helped to power in 1922 by the Italians' grievance at having been—so they thought—cheated by their allies of promised Ottoman territory; Mussolini became Prime Minister as an enemy of the British.

Fromkin is not writing either on behalf of or against any present-day claims in the Middle East, nor has he any policy recommendations for the West. His book simply demonstrates that there were no Western political concepts that Middle Easterners between 1914 and 1922 were prepared to accept. In the Middle East, as in Europe, the breakup of the old order was a long, messy, inconclusive process; no Western solution worked—not colonial tutelage, not Wilsonian self-determination, not Bolshevism. Colonial tutelage was unwelcome because the seventy-one sects of Islam all rejected Christian rule. National self-determination was irrelevant in the Empire's Arabic-speaking provinces, which didn't think of themselves as

EDEN CLOSE

by

Anita Shreve



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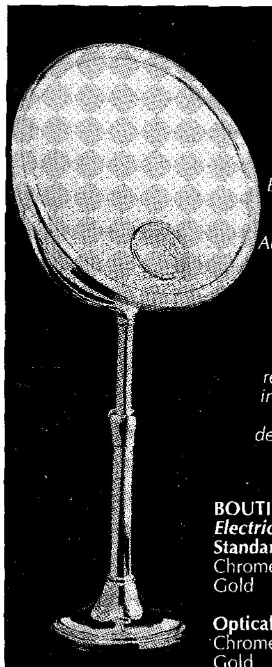

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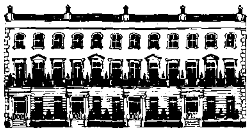

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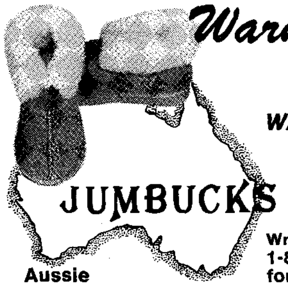

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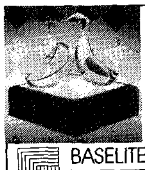

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nations. (The Turks managed to transform themselves into a nation on the European model, but two peoples who might have become nations—the Armenians and the Kurds—lost out through war and negotiation.) Bolshevism, for the most part, meant the Europeans using force. Even at its most sophisticated, it offered little; Fromkin cites the recollections of an Asian leader to whom Lenin patiently explained that colonies would have to remain colonies until they developed their own industrial working classes to lead them to socialism. Fromkin thinks that by 1922 the British government was exhausted by its attempt to impose European modernization on traditional Middle Eastern societies, and had ceased to believe in the policies to which it was committed, such as the establishment of a Jewish national homeland and, in the Arab world, of nation-states that were constitutional monarchies. In the years after the First World War, Britain's leaders (and those of other countries as well) suffered a recurring affliction of statesmanship: policies formulated and agreements made in one era become inappropriate in the next. The Europeans' self-confident faith in their imperial mission had been eroded by the war, and the war's costs also disinclined European publics to bear the burdens of the empires that they had fought to defend and expand.

In chapter after chapter we recognize a place or a name and, with it, a source of contemporary stress or of such phenomena as Iranian xenophobia and Afghan combativeness. We appreciate, too, the depth of Russia's anxieties about its non-Russian populations when Fromkin recalls the peoples it has forcibly annexed within living memory. He cites a calculation that before the First World War Russia had been "conquering the territory of its neighbors at an average rate of 50 square miles a day for 400 years," with the result that the Czar ruled more Turkish-speakers than the Sultan. The Bolsheviks believed that it was wrong for Russians to rule non-Russians but right for Bolsheviks to rule non-Bolsheviks, and with that justification the Red Army reconquered (Christian) Georgia and Armenia and (Muslim) Azerbaijan and the Muslim Turkish-speaking kingdoms of Central Asia, which had reasserted their independence during the Russian civil war. I don't know what it means to Asi today that in 1920 the Red Army, in it assault on Bukhara, burned down th library that Fromkin says containe "possibly the greatest collection o Moslem manuscripts in the world,' but ancient grudges invariably sugges new mutiny.

FROMKIN tells us that when he bega to write he wondered how to organize his mass of research, and friend suggested that he find a singl person whose involvement in the Middle East during this period would unif his narrative. He could have chose any of a dozen men whose effect o Middle Eastern history was decisive, i not necessarily benevolent. He picke Winston Churchill. In this volume Churchill is not the national leader bu a loyal subordinate, frequently doin his best to execute policies not his ow and then taking the blame for thei failure. For example, when the Asquith Cabinet sought a way around th stalemate on the Western Front, he proposed a landing on the shores of th Baltic, but the Cabinet opted for th Dardanelles. As First Lord of the Admiralty, Churchill zealously supporte that assault, and when the troops wer withdrawn from Gallipoli he wa driven from the Admiralty and, late dropped from the Cabinet. In 1922, h lost his seat in Parliament, because, a Lloyd George's Colonial Secretary, h was blamed for the Prime Minister' effort to drag England and the dominions into another war with Turkey this time on behalf of Greece. Perhap Churchill's brilliance made him scapegoat or a lightning rod. He was as we remember him, a star—energetic, imaginative, generous, and gallant. In this volume we notice something that biographers and historian haven't emphasized—his candor. Hi fair dealing shines by contrast with th duplicity of so many other figures Churchill may very well be the mos honest great man of our century.

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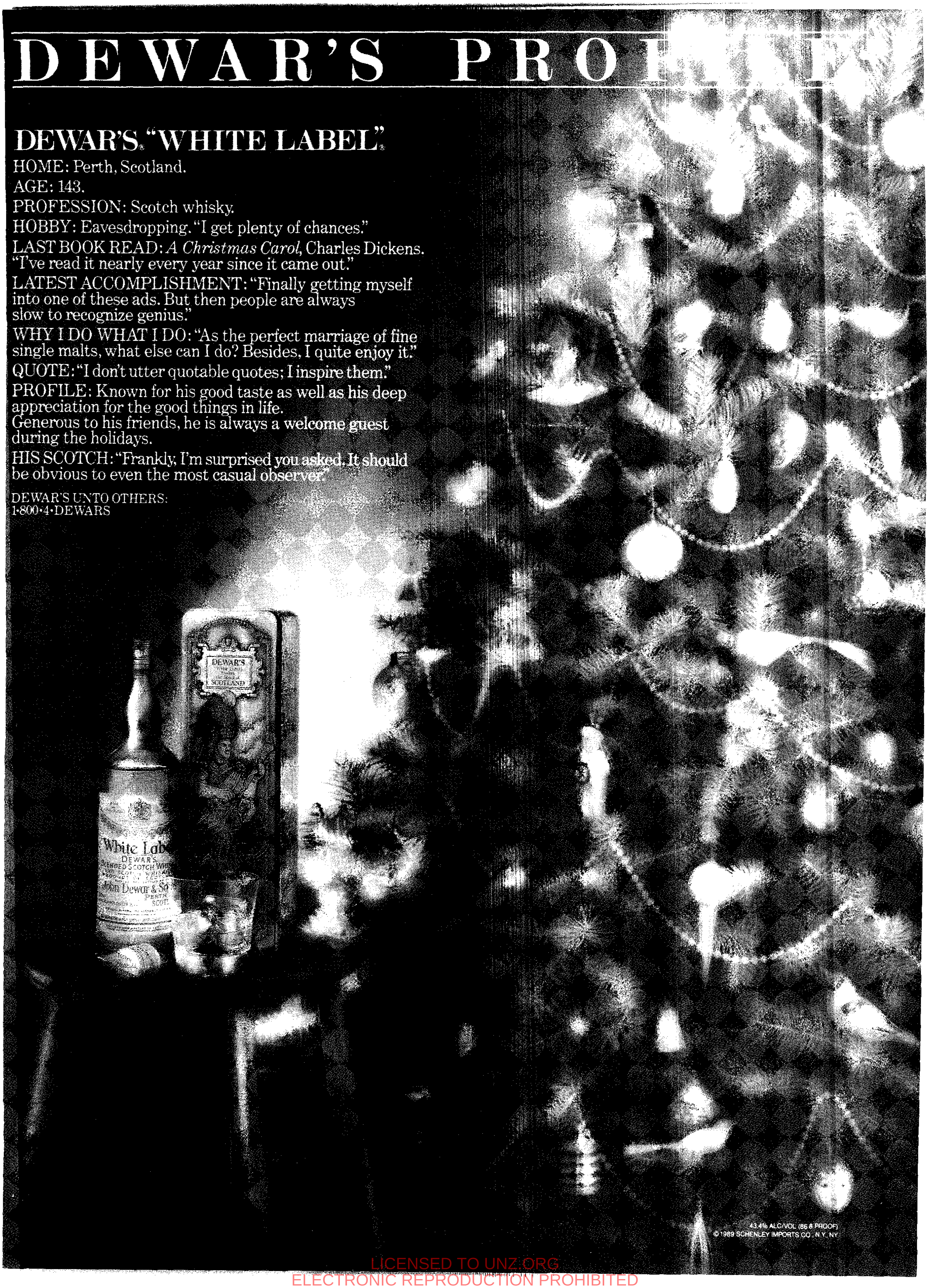

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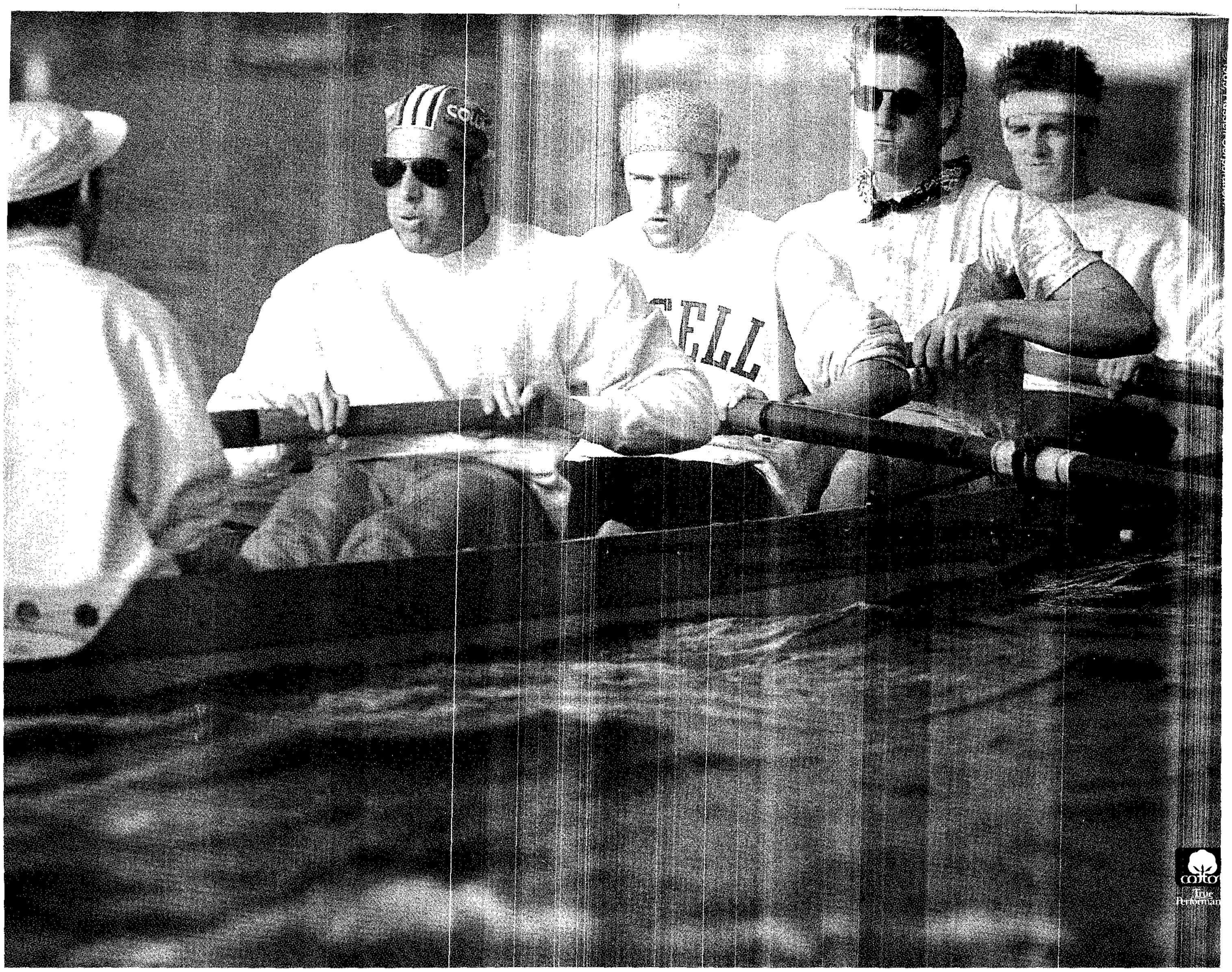

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